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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
ART AND LITERATURE



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Contents of Volume L

NOVEMBER, 1917—APRIL, 1918

ARTICLES.

	PAGE
AGONY OF FRANCE, THE <i>Rev. Dr. Newell D. Hillis</i>	409
BRITISH STEEL, A MOULD OF <i>Arthur G. Penny</i>	297
BROWN, "PEOPLE" <i>Laura B. Durand</i>	291
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES <i>A. H. U. Colquhoun</i>	204
CANADA'S RELATION TO THE WAR <i>John S. Ewart</i>	507
CANADIAN BOAT SONG, THE <i>Chas. S. Blue</i>	367
CANADIAN HEROES OF THE BATTLEFIELD <i>Frank Yeigh</i>	20
CANADIAN LABOUR AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR <i>W. W. Swanson</i>	415
CANADIAN LITERATURE, WHERE IS <i>J. M. Gibbon</i>	333
CANADIAN WOMEN, PIONEER <i>Emily P. Weaver</i>	15, 175
DAHABEAB DAYS <i>Helen M. Edgar</i>	455
DICKENS AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS <i>J. Cuming Walters</i>	89
DICKENS, FAMOUS SCENES FROM <i>F. M. Bell-Smith</i>	118
DONALD MACKENZIE <i>Ernest Cawcroft</i>	342
ENGLAND IN ARMS <i>Lacey Amy</i>	65, 151, 252, 324, 421
ENGLAND'S TRANSFORMATION <i>Rev. Dr. Newell D. Hillis</i>	159
ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS OF PEACE, THE <i>John R. Bone</i>	472
FAMOUS SCENES FROM DICKENS <i>F. M. Bell-Smith</i>	118
FRANCE, THE AGONY OF <i>Rev. Dr. Newell D. Hillis</i>	409
GODS OF THIS NEW ERA, THE <i>Rev. Lorne Pierce</i>	279
GOUIN, SIR LOMER <i>John Boyd</i>	466
HASIEMERE <i>Carlton McNaught</i>	307
HEROES OF THE BATTLEFIELD, CANADIAN <i>Frank Yeigh</i>	20
HIRE MAN, NOW FOR THE <i>C. H. J. Snider</i>	55
HOUSE OF WINDSOR, THE <i>Harold Sands</i>	437
IMPERIAL SPIRIT IN MUSIC, THE <i>Herbert Anteliffe</i>	525
INDIA AND THE WAR <i>Geo. W. Austen</i>	397
INDIAN DANCES <i>W. McD. Tait</i>	43
INEVITABLE QUEBEC, THE <i>H. C. Hocken and Hugh A. Ryan</i>	3
LABOUR AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR, CANADIAN <i>W. W. Swanson</i>	415
LIQUIDATING THE WAR IN CANADA <i>Laura B. Durand</i>	216
LITERATURE, WHERE IS CANADIAN <i>J. M. Gibbon</i>	333
LOMER GOUIN, SIR <i>John Boyd</i>	466
MACKENZIE, DONALD <i>Ernest Cawcroft</i>	342
MERCHANT MARINE, AN OCEAN <i>J. W. Norcross</i>	193
MOULD OF BRITISH STEEL, A <i>Arthur G. Penny</i>	297
MUSIC, THE IMPERIAL SPIRIT IN <i>Herbert Anteliffe</i>	525
NOW FOR THE HIRE MAN <i>C. H. J. Snider</i>	55

CONTENTS

iii

	PAGE
OCEAN MERCHANT MARINE, AN	<i>J. W. Norcross</i> 193
OLD-TIME POLITICS AND ELECTIONS	<i>M. Forsyth Grant</i> 47
PEACE, THE ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS OF	<i>John R. Bone</i> 472
PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN	<i>Emily P. Weaver</i> 15, 175
"PEOPLE" BROWN	<i>Laura B. Durand</i> 291
POLITICS AND ELECTIONS, OLD-TIME	<i>M. Forsyth Grant</i> 47
QUEBEC, THE INEVITABLE	<i>H. C. Hocken and Hugh A. Ryan</i> 3
REJOINDER, A	<i>H. C. Hocken</i> 341
SIR LOMER GOVIN	<i>John Boyd</i> 466
STUDENT FARMER'S RETROSPECT, A	<i>Hilda R. Boyd Collins</i> 29
THRIFT, WAR PRICES AND	<i>Prof. S. A. Cudmore</i> 240
TOM THOMSON: PAINTER OF THE NORTH	<i>J. M. MacCallum</i> 375
TRANSFORMATION, ENGLAND'S	<i>Rev. Dr. Newell D. Hillis</i> 159
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS	<i>The Editor</i> 440
UNITED STATES, CANADA AND THE	<i>A. H. U. Colquhoun</i> 204
WAR IN CANADA, LIQUIDATING THE	<i>Laura B. Durand</i> 261
WAR PRICES AND THRIFT	<i>Prof. S. A. Cudmore</i> 240
WHERE IS CANADIAN LITERATURE?	<i>J. M. Gibbon</i> 333
WHY DO THEY DEFAME US?	<i>Hon. Chas. Langelier</i> 208
WHY ENGLAND FIGHTS TO WIN	<i>Rev. Dr. Newell D. Hillis</i> 37
WINDSOR, THE HOUSE OF	<i>Harold Sands</i> 437
WOMEN WORKERS OF CANADA	<i>Victoria Hayward</i> 386

FICTION.

ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT	<i>May Hutchison</i> 478
ASHES OF DREAMS	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i> 95
BLUESTOCKING, THE	<i>Edith G. Bayne</i> 71
CANADA, MY 'OME	<i>William Banks</i> 171
CAPTIVITY	<i>E. Temple Thurston</i> 285
DARK HOUSE, THE	<i>W. E. Norris</i> 165
DOUBLE INTRIGUE, THE	<i>Edith G. Bayne</i> 129
DREAMS, ASHES OF	<i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i> 95
"GAS"	<i>Harris Merton Lyon</i> 243
GODEEVEY AND THE JITNEY	<i>Madge Macbeth</i> 141
GRIM ADVENTURE, THE	<i>Halliwel Sutcliffe</i> 403
GUEST, THE UNBIDDEN	<i>Blanche Gertrude Robbins</i> 232
GURKHAS, THE	<i>John Russell</i> 107
HONOURS OF DEFEAT, THE	<i>Greendoline Overton</i> 496
INTRIGUER, THE DOUBLE	<i>Edith G. Bayne</i> 129
JITNEY, GODEEVEY AND THE	<i>Madge Macbeth</i> 141
LAST TRICK IN THE BAG, THE	<i>Beatrice Redpath</i> 216
LEANDER: VOLUNTEER	<i>Harris Merton Lyon</i> 315
OLD ARCHIE	<i>Theodore Goodridge Roberts</i> 519
RIDER OF THE VELD, THE	<i>J. W. Williams</i> 428
SCAPEGOATS	<i>Victor Lauriston</i> 120
SOLDIER NEXT DOOR, THE	<i>Kathleen Blackburn</i> 514
UNBIDDEN GUEST, THE	<i>Blanche Gertrude Robbins</i> 232
UNCLE NORMAN'S PORTRAIT	<i>Estelle M. Kerr</i> 489
UNDER MESSINES RIDGE	<i>Eden Philpotts</i> 350
WAITRESS AT SANTY, THE	<i>Horace Annesley Vachell</i> 225

	PAGE
POETRY.	
BOY'S ROOM, THE	Louise Morrey Bowman 52
CANADIAN WINDS	Arthur L. Phelps 117
DECEMBER	Muriel Alberta Merriek 156
EASTER, STANZAS FOR	Cuthbert G. MacDonald 504
LAST MOBILIZATION, THE	George Herbert Clarke 93
MY GARDEN	Annie Bethune McDougald 485
MY LOVE HAS PASSED THIS WAY	L. M. Montgomery 138
OF AN IRISH LEGEND	J. E. Middleton 330
POET, THE	Alfred Gordon 436
PRAYER, A	Louise C. Glasgoze 284
RAINY DAY, A	Norah M. Holland 128
SEA WAR	Arthur L. Phelps 290
SONG SPARROW, THE	Chas. W. Barltrop 400
STANZAS FOR EASTER	Cuthbert G. MacDonald 504
TO HIM	Margaret Yandess Bryan 215
VERSES	Theodore Goodridge Roberts 91
WINDS, CANADIAN	Arthur L. Phelps 117

DEPARTMENTS.

LIBRARY TABLE, THE	<i>Book Reviews</i> 83, 184, 274, 359, 446, 535
NORTHERN LIGHTS	<i>People and Affairs</i> 78, 179, 269, 355, 442, 531
TWICE TOLD TALES	<i>Current Humour</i> 450, 540

ILLUSTRATIONS.

BELGIUM, THE MOTHERS OF	Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 331
BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER	Painting by F. M. Bell-Smith 88
BOW RIVER, BATTLE	Painting by C. W. Simpson 366
CANADIAN PEASANTS BY THE FIRE	Painting by A. Suzor-Coté 105
CHILDREN OF BELGIUM, THE	Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 259
FOR HER SOLDIER BOY	Photograph by Edith S. Watson 192
FOREST, IN THE	Painting by Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret 223
GOLD-FISH BOWL, THE	Painting by Marion Long 278
GOLFING AT ST. ANDREW'S	Painting by G. Horne Russell 2
HARBOUR OF ST. IVES	Painting by Harry Britton 242
IN THE FOREST	Painting by Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret 223
KULTUR	Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 157
KULTUR HAS PASSED HERE	Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 573
LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA	Painting by C. W. Simpson 454
LUNDY'S LANE	Painting by C. W. Jefferys 505
MAGDALEN, THE	Painting by Andrea del Sarto 35
MOTHERS OF BELGIUM, THE	Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 331
PEASANTS BY THE FIRE, CANADIAN	Painting by A. Suzor-Coté 105
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LANDSCAPE	Photograph by W. S. Lounson 313
PROTESTANTISM AND CIVILIZATION	Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 401
RED JACKET, THE	Painting by J. James Tissot 139
SHIELDS OF ROSSLAERE, THE	Drawing by Louis Raemaekers 53
ST. IVES, HARBOUR OF	Painting by Harry Britton 242
STROLLING PLAYERS	Painting by Vincenzo Irolli 295
SUMMER BREEZE, A	Painting by Ivan Neilson 449



From the Painting by G. Horne Russell.

GOLFING AT ST. ANDREWS



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. L

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 1

The Inevitable Quebec

BY H. C. HOCKEN AND HUGH A. RYAN

EDITOR'S NOTE:—No one will deny that the racial animosities always in evidence in Canada have been aggravated seriously by the present political crisis. These animosities appear most portentously among the people of Ontario and the people of Quebec; and although at times they may rest without expression, it requires only an impending general election to give voice to all the complaints that have been bandied about by one political party or another ever since Confederation. As to the merits of these complaints we offer no opinion, but in order that the situation might be revealed we have invited two gentlemen of differing views to set down in writing just how, as each sees it, Quebec stands at the present time in relation to the rest of Canada, particularly to the Province of Ontario. Mr. H. C. Hocken is a Protestant, editor of the *Orange Sentinel*, formerly Mayor of Toronto, and in general the spokesman of the anti-Quebec element in the Province of Ontario. Mr. Hugh A. Ryan is a gentleman, of Toronto, a Roman Catholic, a veteran of the South African and Matabele Wars, and, although he has lived in Ontario nearly all his life-time, he has a sympathetic feeling for Quebec and in this instance stands as its champion.

Striking in the National Extremity

A CRITICISM BY H. C. HOCKEN



FROM the day that General Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, down to the present time, the French people in Canada, led by their priests, have taken advantage of every crisis in the affairs of this country to wrest special privileges from the Imperial Government and the Canadian Parliament. Although the country was ceded to Britain by the French King, and its

inhabitants became subjects of the British Crown, they have never accepted citizenship in the Empire as their ultimate destiny. They cherish the hope that time will make it possible for them to escape from what they are pleased to call "the yoke of Great Britain". The talk of secession from Confederation, in which *Le Croix* and other clerical papers have indulged recently, is merely a revival of the agitation which led to the rebellion of 1837.

True to this policy of striking in the national extremity, they have seized upon the present war as an occasion from which they might reap a racial harvest of concessions for their language. They know how necessary it is for Canada to present a united front to the enemy and how essential it is that the eligible manhood of every Province should be available to maintain an army in the field that will do credit to the Dominion. Faced with the alternative of making the sacrifices required to gain a victory over the Huns or the loss of our liberty through German domination, the Canadian citizens of British birth and origin have responded to the call for men with a measure of enthusiasm that has challenged the admiration of the whole world. Only the French Canadian has held back. And not only has he refused to enlist, but his representatives in Parliament have resisted to the bitter end the attempts of the Government to enact measures that are imperative, if Canada is not to show the white feather at the most critical stage of this mighty conflict.

Extend the language privileges we now enjoy in the Province of Quebec through all the rest of the Dominion and then we shall do our national duty, is substantially the demand of the French clerical leaders. That is the price they ask the British Provinces to pay in order to get them to assume their fair share of responsibility for the defence of the country.

Is it any wonder that there should be bitter resentment among English-speaking Canadians? While their sons are laying down their lives to defend the integrity of the British Empire, and for the preservation of human liberty, the French Canadians stand with outstretched hands, saying, "Give us our price before we move". To force us to meet their demands, they organize riots and threaten rebellion. They even parade the school children of Ottawa before the House of Commons, thinking to

enforce with a bludgeon the claims that cannot be supported by an appeal to the constitution. Let us rule the Dominion or we will not fight for it, is in substance the declaration of their policy and intention.

And for this the French clerical leaders are responsible. These ecclesiastical rulers of Quebec hold the fortunes of every public man in that Province in the hollows of their hands. There is not a single French Canadian political leader who can defy the bishops or refuse to accept his policy from the Hierarchy and hold his place in Parliament. It makes them automaton in the performance of their duty. The representative French Canadian laymen are as much under the thumb of the ecclesiastics as the common people, and they have not the same excuse. Senator David has given pathetic evidence to this effect. He was threatened with excommunication for writing a book in which he claimed that the priests had no right to interfere in politics. He was compelled to recant and destroy the book. When the educated classes among the French Canadians exhibit this childlike obedience to the priests, in the performance of their public duty, how can we wonder at the docility of the habitant? The habitant knows no better. His education is so sadly neglected that he is entirely ignorant of affairs, and his mental processes revolve around the subjects of the barnyard. He is scarcely to be blamed for his docility to bad leadership. He is given no opportunity to develop his own powers of initiative. With an equal chance the French Canadian would be as good a citizen as his English-speaking neighbour. As a race, the French are bright, industrious, frugal and moral. Their intellectual powers are latent, because they are not permitted to develop them. Enough education to read his catechism and his Sunday paper and keep his farm accounts, according to Canon Huard, of Chicou-

timi, is the limit of his educational training.

Is it any wonder that under these circumstances the French Canadians are easily led and easily inflamed by the perfervid orators the priests let loose upon them? Give them a real education, so that they might study the currents of human thought and endeavour in their own day, and they will become a strength to this democracy. To-day their ignorance makes them a menace to the peace and good government of the Dominion.

Sitting at luncheon in a Toronto club a few days ago, one who had spent his holiday in the Laurentian Mountains told this story. He said: "I asked a middle-aged Frenchman living a little beyond St. Agathe who was his representative in the Provincial Parliament, and he replied, 'Sir Wilfrid Laurier.' 'Oh, no,' I said, 'I mean who is your member in the Legislature at Quebec?' The reply came promptly, 'Sir Wilfrid Laurier, just the same.'"

Here was a man who had taken part in elections for years, and he did not know the difference between the Provincial Legislature and the House of Commons, nor did he know the name of his own local representative in either house. The responsibility for this does not rest upon that man, but upon the clerical leaders, who have kept him in ignorance by denying him an education.

The purpose behind all this is to create a voting population that will be easily controlled, so that the ecclesiastical politicians can pledge its support to this or that party in return for legislative concessions. It is a matter of indifference which party the priests work with so long as their demands are conceded. They have pursued this policy for more than one hundred years. They have found it successful in advancing their ambitions, and by patiently pursuing this policy they have created a great political machine in the Province of Quebec which is not concerned with any

other feature of national development than that of extending the influence of the French Canadians in Confederation.

This is what is behind their demand for the equality of the French and English language in every Province. Although they consented in 1867 to making the French language official only in the Province of Quebec, the Dominion Parliament, and Federal courts, they now refuse to abide by this arrangement, and demand that from one end of the Dominion to the other there shall be an equal status for French and English.

These clerical leaders know that their claims for the use of French in the public schools of Ontario have no sanction or support in the British North America Act. Senator Belcourt, in a reasoned opinion, told them that in a public address which he gave in the city of Quebec in June, 1912. The bishops have made him recant his opinion, notwithstanding that it was absolutely in accord with the letter and spirit of the British North America Act. They complain loudly that the Ontario regulations deny to the little French children the right to study in their own language. They entirely ignore the fact that regulation seventeen provides that for the first two years of a child's school life it may be taught in French. The French agitators say nothing about that part of Dr. Marchant's report on bilingual schools which showed that in 260 school sections in Ontario the little English-speaking child was unable to get an education in its own language. Surely the first duty of the Ontario Legislature in the enactment of its school laws is to provide, with absolute certainty, that every child shall get an education in English. The parents of these children in the 260 school sections were faced with three alternatives: (1) To send their children to a French confessional school; (2) to let their children go without education; and (3) to sell their farms at a sacrifice and move to

some part of Canada where the British people are in the majority.

This was the state of affairs in several counties in Eastern Ontario, and in a number of places in Northern Ontario. Is it not an intolerable state of affairs that men who have inherited their farms from ancestors who had the deeds from the Crown when this Province was a dense wilderness, who cut down the forests and brought their lands under cultivation, should be driven off their homesteads by the pressure of an alien race forcing such conditions upon them? For let it be remembered that the French Canadians, led by Sir George Cartier, and with the approval of the French bishops, were parties to the Act of Confederation, which they now attempt to interpret in a way that will facilitate the carrying out of their designs. No graver injustice could be inflicted upon the children affected by these French schools than to leave them at the mercy, so far as their education is concerned, of the French majority in these school sections.

The justice of regulation seventeen is attested by the fact that it was adopted with the consent of both parties in the Legislature. It is not too much to say also that no Government could exist in the Province of Ontario that would submit to the demands made upon them by the French language agitators.

The superficial students of this question assert that this is not a religious issue. That assertion will not stand examination. It is true that Bishop Fallon and his fellow English-speaking bishops in Ontario have opposed the extension of the French schools. But that does not alter the fact that the object with which the French bishops are working is to further the interests of their church as much as the interests of their race. This difference between the bishops of Ontario and Quebec only proves the divergence of their views as to the best method of extending the

power and influence of their system in this country. It indicates also a difference in their policies which, no doubt, is due to convictions which they have formed, individually, as to how they can best promote the interests of the Papacy in Canada. The French bishops are able to point to the exclusion of the English-speaking Protestant farmer from the eastern townships of Quebec by the operation of French schools. They can show that the county of Prescott and several other counties have been made predominantly Roman Catholic by this means. And they argue that it is the most effective instrument that can be used to achieve the end for which they are working. The English-speaking bishops, on the other hand, are able to show that English is the language of this continent, and that any man who is unable to speak that language must continue to be under a serious handicap as compared with those who have facility in English. They are not satisfied to see their people kept in a state of ignorance which makes them hewers of wood and drawers of water for their Protestant neighbours. With a more modern outlook than that which is possessed by the French, they do not believe that the interests of their church can be advanced unless their people have a secular education that will enable them to compete with Protestants in every walk of life. This disparity of view is indicated by the statements of Bishop Fallon and Canon Huard. The Bishop of London places no limit upon the education of his people. Canon Huard says that it is dangerous to give them more education than enough to read their catechism and keep their farm accounts. It is not strange that this difference of opinion should exist between the bishops, but it is undoubtedly the case that the Hierarchy of Quebec is animated in its agitation for French schools in Ontario by the belief that the institution which they serve will benefit by the extension of

the French language and French influence over the whole Dominion.

As stated at the beginning of this article, the French have improved every opportunity that arose since the conquest to extort additional concessions for their language and their religion. Their leaders are fond of saying that they defended Canada when it was threatened by invasion from the United States. These assertions are all of a piece, but we may quote one made by Honourable L. P. Brodeur in a debate in the House of Commons, April 30th, 1908. On that occasion he said:

“When at different times in our history British connection was in danger, it was the French Canadians who were there to defend the British Crown? Who in 1775 stood up in defence of the British Crown if not the French Canadians? Who in 1812 fought the battle of Chateauguay, and repulsed the American troops, if not the French Canadians?”

Sir Guy Carleton is on record as reporting that instead of the French Canadians fighting for Britain in 1775, they supplied the enemy with guides and provisions, and showed themselves to be in sympathy with the Americans. The evidence is beyond controversy that the French Canadians in 1775 rose in revolt when it was attempted to enroll them to fight the Americans. Then in 1776, when the Americans came they fraternized with them, gave them help and supplies without which they could not have come to the gates of Quebec and Montreal. And, finally, several thousand took the oath of allegiance to the new “Republic”, and were enrolled as soldiers under its flag. A year after his sore experience in repulsing the American invasion, when he had time to review the past, Governor Carleton wrote to the Colonial Secretary in London: “As to my opinion of the French Canadians, I think there is nothing to fear from them while we (the British) are in a state of prosperity, and nothing to hope for when in distress.”

With regard to Chateauguay, that cannot be called a battle—nothing more than a mere skirmish. There were less than fifty among the killed and wounded on both sides. The War of 1812 was won at Queenston Heights by General Brock and the loyal British pioneers of Ontario.

It was at this time that the Quebec Act was passed, which extended to the Roman Catholic clergy the right to collect tithes from the members of their own church, and this was one of the principal concessions which they wrested from the Imperial authorities when the fate of Canada was in the balance between Great Britain and the American Republic.

In 1837, when Papineau organized his rebellion with the avowed object of setting up a French Canadian republic, he was encouraged by the bishops to believe that they were with him heart and soul, as no doubt they were. But seeing an opportunity to turn this crisis to the advantage of the church, Bishop Poenet approached the Governor to make a bargain that would be of greater value to the church than a rebellion. He succeeded. By the terms of this arrangement, the Government agreed to leave the seigniory of Montreal in the hands of the Seminary of St. Sulpice; to consent to the appointment of a bishop for Montreal; to give civil powers to new canonical parishes; to drop the clauses in the drafted Union Act about the Crown nominating bishops and presenting *curés*; and to erect the dioceses into corporations. In return for these concessions, which have been used to make Roman Catholicism the established religion in Quebec, the clergy abandoned Papineau. They had encouraged him in the agitation so long as it suited them, and then they made a bargain at his expense and that of his associates. He resented this betrayal with all the ardour of his enthusiastic temper, and declared that “when the English were got rid of, there were black gowns to be clipped,

and there were tithes to be reduced."

There have been many other occasions when similar efforts to extend the special privileges of the French clergy have been made, but space does not permit a full catalogue of all these incidents. It should suffice to take these two periods—the Revolutionary War and the Papineau Rebellion—as corroborative evidence, along with the present attitude of the French clergy in what is perhaps the greatest crisis in Canadian history, to convince the impartial reader that the ambition of the clerical leaders of Quebec has been, from the day of the conquest, to gain absolute control of the destinies of this great country. As a further proof of the ultimate object of the French clergy to establish a French Canadian republic, I take the liberty of quoting Mr. Sellar, who has written the "Tragedy of Quebec":

That distinguished Jesuit, Father Hamon, in his book descriptive of French Canadian missions, spoke of Eastern Ontario being included in that Catholic Republic for which he and his fellows were labouring. Here is his reference to Eastern Ontario:

"None of the obstacles met have checked the settlement of the valley of the Ottawa and of the Province of Ontario. And yet, for the French Canadians, is not Ontario a country different from theirs, both in religion and language, and even in politics, in that, at least, which relates to local interests? In spite of these difficulties, in spite of a tenacious English element, hostile to the invasion and seeking by all possible means to prevent it, the French Canadian pushes toward the end for which he set out. The French Canadians infiltrate themselves everywhere in those counties of Ontario which divide it from the Province of Quebec, and continue bravely to march toward the West. The policy of the Church is to guide the movement, plan and forward settlement, establish the parish system, the parochial school, and the religious and national societies; then to watch and wait for providential developments, that she may mass and lead the people for the effective overthrow of Protestant error and paganism. . . . The French Canadian race is God's chosen people to save North America and to restore its population to the bosom of the Church of Rome. Is

this a dream? No, it is more; it is an everyday issue."

This was written in 1891, and what has been accomplished in the years since is proof that the priests have been persistent in carrying out their design to conquer Ontario. Their campaign to do so started fifty years ago, when habitants began to cross the Ottawa in noticeable numbers to take up land. It was not a case of overpopulation on the Quebec side pushing across the river for existence. The newcomers were largely from a distance, many from lower St. Lawrence parishes, and had been recruited by the priests and led by them to their new locations. The Ontario Government granted lots on easy terms, and helped by giving employment in making roads. There was no need of the habitants moving into Ontario. There was good land to be had free in the St. John valley and other districts in Quebec which had been set aside for colonization, coupled with liberal inducement from the Government. The fact of their being diverted from their own Province and passing in a steady stream into Ontario confirms the statement that the priests had settled on a plan of campaign to bring that Province under their control.

In taking up the study of that remarkable migration, whoever fails to keep in mind what Father Hamon tells, will be unable to account for people, deeply attached to their own Province, wrenching themselves from hereditary surroundings, ignoring the offers of their own Government, and journeying into a country where they knew a majority of the inhabitants spoke neither their language nor professed their creed. The people of Ontario were slow to realize the purpose of the invasion. For years they looked upon it as a genuine colonization movement, failing to recognize that it was due to the far-sighted policy of the master-minds who were guiding those habitants to settle where they did. Thirty years ago Metho-

dist circuit riders sounded the alarm, that on the upper Ottawa and the lakes to which it gives access the foundations of a second Quebec were being laid. No attention was paid to them; it was easy to class them as bigots. Had the habitants come into that region voluntarily, no objection could be made. They were doing a good work in extending the settlement of the country and making what had been a waste productive. There were no finer cavalry in the world than those in the army of Louis XIV.; as soldiers they deserved admiration, but when heading the Dragonades to circumvent the Huguenots, little can be said for them, and much less for Lachaise and his fellow Jesuits who used them as their tools. To tell us these habitants who flocked into Northern Ontario are industrious, simple and kindly does not affect the fact that they were brought where they are with the design to subjugate Ontario to the will of the priests. Regard for the habitant does not blind us to the plans of these of whom they are the unwitting agents.

The present quarrel that the French leaders have provoked with Ontario is a detail of this vast design. They have resorted to methods on this occasion which have aroused the people of Ontario as never before. This is

not to be wondered at. The Legislature of Quebec, dominated by the clergy, and led by Sir Lomer Gouin, has been guilty of making an attack upon this Province for which there is no precedent or parallel in Canadian history. By an almost unanimous vote, at the session of 1916, that body passed an Act permitting every school board in Quebec to appropriate five per cent. of its gross revenues to carry on a war against the authority of the Legislature of Ontario. In the face of this atrocious policy, they have the assurance to plead for the establishment of a *bonne entente*. Sir Lomer Gouin comes to Ontario red-handed, asking for peace and amity between the Provinces. They refuse to respect the constitution, even after it is interpreted by the Privy Council. They insist upon their interpretation, which is contrary to the plain terms of that Act. In other words, they have declared war upon Ontario. They are raising the necessary funds by statute. They refuse to be bound by the constitution of the Dominion, and they use this most critical hour in the whole history of the Empire and of Canada to make this attack upon the autonomy of the sister Province. Can there be any wonder that the people of Ontario are resentful of such conduct?

Fair Play for Quebec

A DEFENCE BY HUGH A. RYAN

SO much has been said and written about the failure of the French Canadians in the Province of Quebec to respond to their country's call, that one, desiring to arrive at a just conclusion, must seek the reason.

It is well to note that we refer only to French Canadians in the Province of Quebec; for the people of that race residing in other Provinces, it is generally conceded, have enlisted in as large numbers proportionately as the other residents. Therefore, it would

appear as if environment entered to a great extent into the situation.

The following article is an attempt to show what there is, not only in environment, but also in past and present history, character and thought, that has led the French Canadians in Quebec to take the stand they have. It is not in any way intended to be a political article, but in as much as it deals with recent events the actions of both parties have to be considered.

In the first place, there is no close

relationship in Great Britain in family ties with Quebec, as obtains in the other Provinces. Most of us apart from the French Canadians have family connections in Britain now, or we had them before the war. Neither have the French Canadians family ties in France. The most one can say is that among the highly educated French Canadians there does exist a feeling of pride in the past history of France, in her art and literature. But among the majority of the people the only feeling they have is that France left them to their own resources, to be conquered eventually by the British. And of late years the deporting of the religious orders from France, and the closing of the churches, has added no love from the pious French Canadian.

Again, in regard to Great Britain, they believe that whatever special rights they have received, they were entitled to as a conquered people, and they do not see that they should be more than ordinarily grateful. Furthermore, the military spirit of the people has never been encouraged. That such a spirit could be fanned into flame is recognized by all acquainted with the French Canadian character; his love of adventure, of romance, of appearing in uniform on any possible occasion. His ability to withstand hardship and fatigue has made the French Canadian the great pioneer. But the militia of Quebec has been a neglected quantity by every Government in power in the Dominion. And the few militia regiments which do exist and are located, as a matter of course, in the cities meet with little sympathy. It is a custom in vogue in Toronto to have a military Sunday service parade at least once a year, when all the units of the garrison, irrespective of creed, march through the streets and attend the one service. As the majority of the members are of the Protestant belief, the officiating chaplain is always a Protestant. To their credit be it said that the sermon is invariably

given on broad Christian lines and does not in the least offend any creed. But we have a recent case in Montreal, where a purely Catholic French Canadian regiment, desiring to have a Sunday church parade, chose the Feast of Corpus Christi for the occasion. On that day it is the custom in Catholic centres to carry the Blessed Host through the streets. The 65th Battalion, the regiment in question, formed a part of that procession and caused by that a great uproar in some of our Ontario papers. Was it treason for them to honour their God? And loyalty for the Toronto soldiers to honour the same God? One would think so, to peruse the comments published. Was that a good way to encourage recruiting, even in time of peace?

These are not the sentiments that prevail in the trenches, where Catholic, Protestant, and Jew are shedding their blood alike, where the Young Men's Christian Association are lending their huts to the Catholic chaplains in which to say mass, where the Catholic chaplain gives consolation to the dying Protestant soldier, where the Jew assists the Gentile.

All these conditions have certainly had something to do with the slackness of recruiting in Quebec. But what has had the most effect in causing that slackness is the lack of education and enlightenment to the proper way of looking at the present situation, a situation that has gone beyond provincialism, beyond nationalism, to a world issue.

It is well known that Quebec is mostly composed of a rural population. And as their speech and literature is French Canadian, so their thoughts and ideas are French Canadian. They know and care very little of the world outside their own Province. They have been instructed on outside matters but once, and it would be better if we could blot that instruction from their memory.

It is a matter of history that previous to the last general election in

Canada the Conservatives joined forces with the Nationalists. While the Conservatives in the other Provinces were "waving the flag", the Nationalists in Quebec were dragging it through the mire, each with the same object in view—to gain votes.

Remember that up to that time the French Canadians in rural districts of Quebec had never been instructed in their duty to the Empire, as members of that great body, and now what instruction did they receive? The best speakers obtainable were sent broadcast throughout the country, to warn them that if Laurier and Liberals were returned to power their sons would be drafted into the navy, to become food for powder in fighting Britain's battles, in wars which should have no concern for them at all. "The flag should be shot full of holes" was a common phrase. These and similar sentiments were dinned into their ears, with convincing oratory, until they were believed. And if proof is needed as to their being believed, we have only to look at the result of the voting. What took place in the other Provinces does not enter into this issue, only in as much as the Liberal party was defeated and the Conservative-Nationals were placed in power.

Now, when the war broke out and it was decided, and quite properly so, that Canada and all Canadians should take part in it, what was the situation in Quebec? The time was so close to the last election that the Government would not go about the country and tell the people that what they had preached to them a few months before, what they had been to such pains to instil into their minds, what they had made them believe, their first instruction in their duty, remember, in regard to the Empire, was all untrue and wrong and only told them from a base and ulterior motive. No, they had to abide by what they had done and said. Can you blame the French Canadian farmer, far from the centre of world thought, if he did

not know of his own volition that in 1912 it was right that he should not take part in a European war in defence of the Empire, but in 1914 he should? As one rising young barrister in Quebec very tersely put it to me, "I am a 'Win-the-War' because I know. Some of my people are not because they do not know."

It has been said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier should have toured Quebec, and by his masterful oratory, his knowledge of his people, he could have brought his compatriots to a proper understanding of their duty. But that very suggestion is an admission that they had been previously wrongly instructed by the present Government. If not, why not send one of their own? There are many able French Canadians in the Conservative ranks whom the Government could have sent. But they would have to retract their own words; therefore the force of their arguments would be nil. A wrong idea, once firmly planted, is hard to uproot.

Another important factor to be taken into consideration is the very small proportion of British-born living in Quebec when war was declared.

We in Ontario must admit that at the beginning, and until recruiting very perceptibly began to fall off, a great percentage of the recruits were British-born. That in itself would cause a greater number to enlist from Ontario than from Quebec, even among the Canadian-born of each Province. We must admit the force of example. And that force played an important part in recruiting in Ontario. If John Jones and Tom Brown, both British-born, were working at the same bench as Tom White, a Canadian-born, and they continually talked on the duty of every British subject serving under the colours against the common enemy, and proved their sincerity by actually enlisting, would not their example have a great influence on the Canadian and stimulate him to follow in their foot-

steps, especially as he had never been told that it was not his duty to fight in European wars in defence of the Empire?

But Quebec did not have this stimulating element, and, furthermore, let us not forget that every French Canadian battalion was composed almost entirely of Canadians, born and bred. On top of that remember that it was unmarried men of military age to whom the strongest appeal was made. And rightfully so, for many reasons, chief among which is the economic reason that every married man killed, leaving a dependent family, entails greater obligations on the country than if he were single. And we must admit that not only are there fewer unmarried French Canadians of military age, but the married ones have larger families than is usually found among other nationalities in Canada.

Of course, all French Canadians are not rural. There are centres where the people are as much enlightened in the affairs of the world as any to be found in any part of the Dominion. Many of these immediately volunteered. How were they treated? In the first place, obstacles were placed in the way of young French Canadians receiving higher commissions; they were mostly reserved for the English-speaking. One of the first regiments formed, instead of being sent to the Front, so that their deeds of valour could be chronicled and made known and read about the fire-sides of their countrymen in Canada, thereby generating a feeling of pride of race, of stimulating others to follow in their footsteps, was sent instead to police a loyal part of the Empire, Bermuda, an island far from the zone of war. Was that French Canadian Colonel Lessard, a tried and proved soldier, even placed at the head of a French Canadian regiment to lead them to glory? No, he was relegated to routine duty in Canada, which could have been done by a much less efficient man. And if

this was not enough to quell any desire on the part of the French Canadian to enlist, the Government sent a Methodist minister as chief recruiting officer amongst a Catholic population. There is nothing to be said against the officer as such, and certainly nothing against his religious beliefs, but under the circumstances the choice does not seem to have been the most appropriate.

There is also the position taken by the clergy in Quebec. It appears as if the Hierarchy were in favour of the people participating in the war, but not so all the parish priests or *curés*, as they are called.

Anyone familiar with the Province of Quebec is familiar with the sight of the benevolent, kind and courteous *curé*. He apparently has only one care in life, and that is the welfare of his beloved people. Their welfare, both physically and spiritually, is his one thought. He must have strong motives to allow him to disregard the opinions of his superiors. It was this: he was afraid his people would be injured physically and spiritually, not by the bullet of the enemy, for that would be a clean injury and one to be proud of. But another injury that they would possibly receive before ever meeting the enemy, that loathsome injury of which so much has been written lately. Add to all this the continually insulting paragraphs appearing in Ontario papers, together with the fact that few war contracts were let to French Canadians, and the only rifle factory in Quebec closed, and you can hardly blame the French Canadians for their lethargy and apparent indifference in this great crisis.

And as if all this still was not enough, newspapers in Quebec, some of which were hardly earning enough to buy ink, saw a chance to make capital out of the mistakes and errors of judgment that had already taken place. They saw a chance to enrich their coffers at the expense of the nation's welfare, at the expense of the

reputation of the French Canadian. Those false ideas which had been sown in the minds of the people some few years before were nourished by them. And still there was no one sent by the Government to refute them.

The Government was in a bad position, bearing in mind what had been exploited in 1912. They did make a belated effort, but through just this reason they met with little success. This was forcibly brought out on the occasion of the Honourable Mr. Blondin making a speech, in favour of recruiting. One of his hearers remarked to his neighbour that it was a fine speech, but the man addressed said it was not as good as the one he had made against it, before the election.

Now we appear to be on the verge of a general election. The Conservatives have taken the stand on conscription. Some Liberals also favour conscription, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is opposed to it without a referendum to the people. But bear in mind we are all united in our desire to win the war. We may have different ideas as to the means, but if Germany wins they will make no distinction in their treatment of us.

There seems to be one point in favour of the volunteer system in Quebec as against conscription. By conscription only certain classes are taken at a time, the unmarried men first; and it is a fact that the percentage of unmarried men of military age in Quebec is small. Therefore if the French Canadian could be made to see that his duty is to serve, there is a possibility of getting a larger number of recruits than by the draft system. But first they would have to be re-instructed in their duty, and it does not seem as if the present Government are in a position to do that. But that is a question for the future to decide.

Above all things let us try to be fair. This war is for justice, not only in Europe but throughout the world. Then let us have justice and fair play at home. We have seen the

disadvantages that Quebec has been under. Now let us consider what in the face of these disadvantages she has accomplished. Comparisons are odious, but one must use comparisons sometimes to illustrate truths. And just here let me observe that many who are in sympathy with Quebec make allusion to the Papineau Rebellion. Was that a greater crime than the Mackenzie Rebellion? And is not Papineau the name of a war-scarred veteran of the famous Princess Pats? Will not the descendants' sacrifice atone for the ancestors' frailty?

According to *La Presse*, of Montreal, out of the first 150,000 recruits from Ontario about 42,000 only were Canadian-born, and 1,000 of these were French Canadians living in Ontario, while at the same time Quebec had mustered 20,000. *La Presse* also proves by mathematical calculation, taking into account rural and urban population (the latter being invariably the chief source of supply) the percentages of married and unmarried men and the percentages of foreign-born inhabitants that the proportion on the basis of recruiting in Ontario should have been 42,000 Canadian-born, as against 25,000 from Quebec. Therefore we see that Quebec was not very far behind, after all.

Again, according to the same paper, we find, at a stated time, five Ontario battalions actually at the Front and seven in reserve, while at the same time there were eight Quebec battalions at the Front and one in reserve, which fact does not detract from Quebec.

But enough of comparisons. It is not the object of this article to belittle the efforts of either Ontario or Quebec, nor to laud one at the expense of the other. Let us look at the situation impartially; let us remember the conditions which obtained in Quebec when war was declared and how those conditions arose; in short, let us in Ontario mentally place ourselves in the same position as Quebec found herself, and can we hon-

estly say we would have done better?

Let us not forget that the French Canadians have the same average qualities and sentiments as the rest of humanity. Do we English-speaking Canadians endeavour to find out their better qualities? Do we read their responsible newspapers, or are we satisfied with clippings which are inserted in some of our own papers, inserted to mislead us in so far as the real character and thought of the French people are concerned? And not satisfied with that, but their bitterest enemies (and in my opinion these are also real enemies to the unity of the Empire) continually slander their religion, and their loyalty. The very idea of saying that the conduct and thoughts of the people would be conducive to good citizenship if it were not for their mentors, the priests. But these slanders have been so often confronted and exposed that they are losing their sting in Quebec. And in Ontario they only appeal to the ultra-bigoted and the illiterate classes, and so do not even merit being brought to the notice of fair-minded, intelligent readers.

Are we to take the speech and actions of a few hot-heads, young bloods and rowdies, yes, and sometimes ticket-of-leave men, to represent the feelings and thoughts of the cultured, refined French Canadian? One might as well say that because our city scavengers refuse to clean our streets and remove our garbage we are a dirty people.

Do we think that being continually antagonistic will ever get us to live more peaceably with one another? No, the majority of us, both native-born and otherwise in Ontario, know far too little about our fellow French Canadian. We hardly take the trouble to form an opinion of him by our own efforts, until we get a wrong impression in some racial, political or religious controversy, and very often that impression is never altered, because we do not take the trouble to

find out the truth. In this I may be wrong, but I firmly believe that if Quebec had been instructed properly in her duties, if more encouragement had been given by the Militia Department, the old chivalrous, adventurous spirit of the Frenchman would have been aroused and they would have flocked to the colours in as great numbers and done as great deeds as are the Frenchmen in old France.

The French Canadian is in the minority in Canada, and like all minorities, he feels he has to be constantly on his guard to preserve his rights. It does not add to his feeling of safety to find out that he is lauded and praised one day and slandered and criticized the next, as the exigencies of politics arise.

By solemn treaty he is to have certain rights as regards franchise, religion and language; yes, and even laws. But only the other day it was advocated in some papers that this should be revoked and even their franchise taken away. And then we expect them to fight for us, for liberty and justice. And they will fight if given a fair chance. They are naturally loyal. They have proved it.

Did they in the past join with the revolting American colonies? No, they remained faithful to their new masters, they stood by their plighted word.

In that time-pressing expedition in Egypt commonly called the Relief of Gordon, we find that French Canadians were there striving with all their strength and skill to carry that much-needed relief force over the rapids of the Nile. The French Canadian river songs sounded strange on those waters. They were loyal pioneers of our great Empire long before that phrase was misused and abused.

Later, in the Riel Rebellion, did not the 65th Battalion from Montreal assist in quelling the uprising, although many of their own race and creed were involved in the misguided and deplorable affair. In South Af-

rica, when the military transport was in a mass of confusion, we find Colonel Girouard placed at its head. At Coureelette the old French Canadian cry of *En Avant* was heard. In the Matabele War in Rhodesia, when we buried that brave soldier, Captain Finucane, on the battlefield it was a French Canadian Jesuit who said the prayer for the dead hero. Braving the cold and ice of the frozen north, we find the intrepid Captain Bernier each year adding another strip of red to the world's map. Follow along the line of the new Transcontinental Railway, through the wilds of Northern Ontario and Quebec, and you see the hardy French Canadian taming the wilderness and gradually turning that hitherto unproductive territory into another granary for the Empire. Is not all this true loyalty. But even

loyalty must have encouragement. And to gradually treat them as if they were alien enemies, to endeavour to assign to them every evil, treasonable motive will not help much towards keeping that loyalty alive.

Conscription does not seem to be meeting with great success, even in Ontario. On the front page of *The Globe* (Toronto), of October 16th, under a conspicuous headline one finds that in Windsor out of one hundred and seventy-five unmarried men of military age, one hundred and seventy-four applied for exemption in one day. And the lone one willing to serve was a French Canadian!

If this article assists in any way to bring about better feelings, if it helps in any way to clear any misunderstanding and so create a greater unity between the two races, it will have served its purpose.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

X.—MOTHER HANNAH: FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERHOOD OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE



It has been said that the profession of nursing is "the outcome of religious enthusiasm", or, as Florence Nightingale more strikingly put it, "Christ was the author of the nursing profession".

In Canada, as elsewhere, the way of the modern trained nurse has been pioneered by sisters nursing in the

hospitals of religious orders. Almost three centuries ago, French nuns laid the foundations of hospitals in Quebec and Montreal. That was but the beginning. The ministrations of the *religieuses* were extended with the march of settlement, and in peace or war-time generations of "sisters", trained by their predecessors to serve deftly and patiently, kept their vigils beside the sick or wounded, long be-

fore the woman, outside such communities, had any opportunity for professional education in the care of the sick.

Canada's first secular training school for nurses was established in connection with St. Catharine's General and Marine Hospital about 1873. Ten years later the Toronto General Hospital sent out its first graduating class. Since that date thousands of Canadian women have trained for the profession in the schools of their own country and of the United States; and many of the hospitals of the sisterhoods now offer regular courses of training leading up to a professional diploma.

It is, however, with a special aspect of nursing that we are concerned in this article—an aspect of intense interest in these grim days of war. The magnificent work of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War not only did much to stimulate public interest in the whole subject of nursing, but it proved beyond a doubt that, if fighting is a task for men, the work of caring for the wounded demands the special gifts of women. A decade was allowed to pass after the war, however, before the War Office began to employ nursing sisters in the military hospitals at home.

In Canada also the military authorities first availed themselves of the services of women nurses in an emergency. In the spring of 1885, after the outbreak of the Riel Rebellion in the Northwest, there were many wounded soldiers in that wild country who sorely needed care.

The Anglican Synod of Toronto Diocese resolved to offer help, and a telegram was sent by the Bishop, asking if volunteer nurses were desired for the base hospital just beginning. The reply was: "No volunteer nurses. If you can send an organized body under a recognized head they will be welcome." The Reverend Doctor Langtry was deputed to call upon the Sisters of Saint John the Divine, urging them to undertake the work.

The Sisterhood was of very recent organization, having been founded in 1889, "at the urgent request of church people—notably the Reverend O. P. Ford, Mrs. Broughall, Miss Grier and Mrs. McLean Howard—for life and work in the Canadian church".

The foundress and first superior of the community is a woman of remarkable personality, impressing those who best know her both with the strength and the graces of her character. A daughter of the Reverend John Grier, Rector of Belleville, she was born in 1837. In 1859 she married Mr. Horace Coome, a civil engineer, and till the death of her husband, in 1878, she lived in England. Returning to America, she passed through the noviciate of the Sisterhood of Saint Mary at Peekskill, in New York State, but instead of entering that community, she founded the new one in Toronto. At first the Sisters of Saint John had no thought of taking up hospital work, but they were led gradually into it, and it is now an important part of their activities.

The beginning of their hospital work was made in the then tiny settlement of Moosejaw, some sixteen hundred miles away from their quiet community house in Toronto. "After quick preparation, the Mother Superior, with three members of the Sisterhood and three other ladies (who were graduates of the Training School for Nurses at Bellevue Hospital, New York), set out on their long and rough journey. The railway was very new and very "jolt". Dr. Canniff conducted the party by steamer from Owen Sound to Fort William, thence by railway to Moosejaw, where a large, unfurnished, wooden building, intended for a hotel, had been taken for the hospital, with a cottage, also unfurnished, close at hand, for the sisters.

"On arrival at the station the party was met by General Laurie and Surgeon-General Roddick and conducted to the door of the intended hospital.

where the keys were formally handed to the Mother Superior.

"The aspect of the interior was not cheerful. The walls were lined with black paper held in place with rows of laths, the only decorations being conspicuous white labels with big black letters, stating "Smoking Strictly Prohibited!" It was not long, however, before a more comfortable appearance was made, and by the evening of the following day all was in order, and the forty beds were filled with sick and wounded men.

"The poor fellows were brought in by 'ambulances', which were merely rough farm wagons, very different from the beautifully-fitted ambulances of to-day. The men must have suffered much during their transport across the prairies in these rough conveyances, but no complaint was heard—only such an expression of relief and comfort came to their faces, as they were laid down in the little white camp-beds. The arrangements at first were crude, and the only room unoccupied by beds served the double purpose of dining-room and kitchen, where cooking with an oil stove did not diffuse an appetizing odour.

"The first need, however, was a recreation room, for wounded men are not always sick men, and when their wounds had been dressed the patients would usually have been able to move or to be moved had there been any place for them to go, away from the wards. At the request of the Mother Superior, a large marquee was pitched close to the hospital porch. Cots, mattresses, pillows were sent in and quickly converted into couches, neatly covered with the striped blue and white awning material which had been used for packing. The carpenter made a large table in the centre of the room and several dozen chairs were sent in. Then came the opening of packing-cases which the good ladies of Toronto had sent. Magazines, newspapers, chess-boards, cribbage, backgammon and packs of cards were brought out. Above all, to delight

the soldiers, were pipes and tobacco in plenty. No prohibition of smoking appeared."

No one was allowed to enter the new recreation-room till all was in readiness, but great was the delight of the men when they were invited to take possession of the bright pleasant place. From that hour the wards were deserted save by those who could not leave their beds, and a very cheerful spirit pervaded the hospital.

Nothing in this unassuming record of a fine piece of patriotic work is more interesting than the evidence of the sympathetic endeavour of Mother Hannah and her assistants to provide congenial diversions for their patients, many of whom were mere boys in age.

The sisters were fortunate in having the ungrudging co-operation of the officers in charge. Every morning General Laurie visited the hospital, and everything asked for by the Mother Superior was promptly supplied, if possible. Soon a round tent was put up for a kitchen, and a substitute was found for the objectionable oil stove in a wood stove, purchased in one of the three small stores on the prairie that then represented the business part of Moosejaw.

Some things that the Government stores could not provide were sent in as gifts to the hospital. The ladies of the Presbyterian Church at Portage la Prairie, offering help, were invited to send fruit, new-laid eggs and fresh, light cake, and the hamper which came from these generous helpers provided another pleasant surprise, when the wounded men were set down to feast on piles of delicious cake and pyramids of boiled eggs.

Plenty of difficulties, great and small, tried the patience of the sisters; but the Mother Superior at least looks back to her three months in the hospital at Moosejaw as one of the happiest times in her life. Some very serious cases caused her great anxiety, but there was not one death amongst her patients. As for minor annoy-

ances—such as gophers invading the cottage, and the inconvenience of having to direct by signs the squaws who used to scrub the huge wards in their own peculiar fashion—they are recalled only to be laughed at.

The Indians used to come for treatment to a dispensary in connection with the hospital. One morning there came in a man named "Black Bull", brother of the famous "Sitting Bull", and the doctor, who had heard that the man was a clever draughtsman, but could not induce him to display his skill, sent for the Mother Superior. Perhaps her dress reminded him of some sister of the Church of Rome who had shown him kindness. At any rate he bowed to her and said, "Good squaw, good squaw! Black Bull know," and then at her request he drew an excellent picture of a buffalo, but made it clear it was for herself, and not for the doctor.

When the rebellion was checked the number of patients was gradually reduced, and all had so far recovered as to be able to travel to their distant homes, with the exception of one very sick man, whom, it was decided, the sisters should take down, when they went, to the hospital at Winnipeg. There he soon afterwards died.

Its work accomplished, the base hospital was closed and the sisters prepared to return to Toronto. Just before leaving, they dined with General Laurie, though they do not as a rule accept invitations to meals outside their own house, and they found the road to the station lined all the way with soldiers, who cheered them tremendously.

And still many a man cherishes a grateful remembrance of the gentle, kindly women, who made the base hospital at Moosejaw a very haven of rest and brightness to those brought there to be nursed back to life and strength after the hardships and wounds of the campaign.

Only a year ago, when the Mother Foundress was in a street car on her way to one of the missions established

by the Sisterhood, a man with grizzled hair seized her hand and exclaimed, "Don't you remember me? I was the fellow in the bed next to the kitchen door at Moosejaw." When the sergeants of the Royal Grenadiers celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of the battle at Fish Creek, they sent the reverend mother a copy of their programme as a memento.

She can claim the distinction of being the only lady in Toronto entitled to wear a military medal, for she was presented by the Government with the medal given to those who served in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885.

After their return to Toronto, the sisters were asked more than once to allow sick ladies to stay with them. Presently they took a pretty cottage, at the corner of Euclid Avenue and Robinson Street, to enable them to accede to this request. Before they were settled in it they had to shelter three patients undergoing operations. At first the sisters did all the nursing themselves, but after removing to Major Street, where the present Saint John's Hospital for Women was built in 1888, they began the training of young women as nurses. The curriculum now extends over three years.

In addition to the hospital, the Sisterhood has organized and takes charge of the Church Home for the Aged, and of Bishop Bethune College at Oshawa, and has founded the missions of Seaton Village and of All Hallows, East Toronto.

A specialty has been made of church needlework, in which the Mother Foundress herself is an adept.

In the year 1916 Mother Hannah retired from the arduous post of superior of the community, and the associates and friends of the Sisterhood took occasion to place in their chapel a pipe organ "as a thankoffering for the life and work of the foundress".

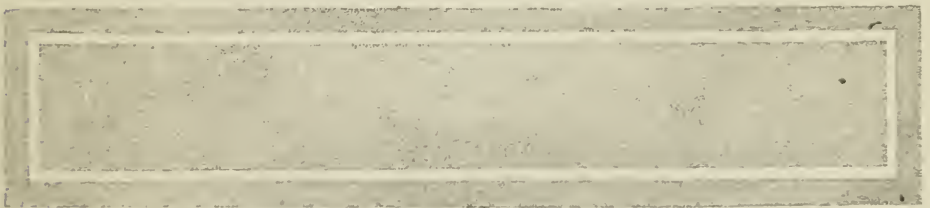
Although Mother Hannah was a pioneer in nursing in Canada, she has been followed by many younger wo-



MOTHER HANNAH
Foundress of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine

man who have risen to positions of great responsibility in hospitals in the United States and other countries. Canadian young women seem to have a peculiar fitness for nursing, and it is a fact that in this particular calling at least their nationality is always a strong recommendation when they apply for positions either at home or abroad.

The subject of the next and concluding sketch of this series will be "Miss Roberta Catherine MacAdams", elected soldiers' representative in the Alberta Assembly.



Canadian Heroes of the Battlefield

BY FRANK YEIGH



HIS is a brief tale of heroism and bravery as found in the Canadian, in the man from Canada, specimens of these sons of Empire who have added lustre to its history and rerown to its Anglo-Saxon family, not on the plains or prairies or among the mountains of this Britain of the West, but on the war-churned fields of Flanders and France.

It is a story that thrills not alone for its revelation of individual courage, not alone for its national and empire significance, but for the side these men took and for the part they played and the sacrifices they made for civilization, freedom, honour, aye, Christianity in its essence. A treaty is not a scrap of paper, but a solemn pact: a woman was not made to be crushed to earth after being dishonoured, nor a child spit upon a bayonet-point. Ocean-beds were not intended as graveyards, outside of "acts of Providence", and nurses were meant to be sustained and honoured and not shot down like dogs.

So these lion-whelps sprang to the leash when the great call came, as others sprang from every red spot on the Empire map; hence these tales of truth, the subjects of which deserve more immortality than the printed page or the marble monument can give.

One would like to preface these pages with a recountal of some acts of essential bravery long before the test of blood came on a battlefield or in a muddy trench—the test of the home decision, of the severance of home ties, of cutting the tiller from all one's previous life; the test of leaving a certainty so far as life holds it, for an uncertainty, the facing of a future that might as easily hold death as life in its programme, with high-lifted brow and undaunted spirit.

O, the look in the eye, the springy step, the forward facing of these boys of our Canadian land as they marched away to war! No wonder they showed the stuff of which they are made in the great day of testing; no wonder none are wounded in the back! "These terrible Canadians" is the reported name given them by enemy troops, who had only too good reason to know their mettle. "These men who never run and never surrender," according to another German tribute.

For sheer pluck, combined with instantaneous resourcefulness, commend me to the two exploits of Captain Frederick William Campbell, of Mount Forest, Ontario, of the First Canadian Battalion. The first incident occurred during the battle of Langemark, where he was in charge of a machine gun section. He had

taken two machine guns over a parapet, reaching the first German line with one of them, where, amid a furious combined heavy rifle, machine gun and bomb fire, he maintained his position. His detachment was nearly all killed or wounded. His bomb supply had also become exhausted, and only one machine gun was left, even the tripod having disappeared, when Lieutenant Campbell (as he was then) grabbed the gun part from a falling man. With him was the only surviving man of the party—young Virtue—who had the ammunition. Campbell and his corporal found themselves in the rear of the retreating line and directly in front of the German advance. The situation was precarious in the extreme, with seemingly all the chances against the two men. Then it was that Campbell, falling on all fours, made himself into a human tripod, had the corporal strap the gun on his (Campbell's) back, and then, facing the foe, had a thousand rounds fired, and in so doing held back the attackers. The brave fellow thus carried the gun until the heated barrel burned through his uniform and shirt to the naked flesh. "But Campbell turned the tide," runs the record. His gun, spitting bullets at the rate of 650 a minute, moved down the Germans like sheep, and though they sent rank after rank in a wild effort to break through, they failed; the brave lieutenant had saved the battalion of Canadians.

When it was all over, Campbell fell unconscious, not from a wound, but from the pain of the burn along his back. He recovered, however, only to perform the same feat a few days later, when some of the Canadian force was in a tight fix at Givenchy. The difference was that this time the trench had been blown up by a mine and was in such a mess that there was no place to set the tripod. Again he carried the gun on his back, again he helped to save a dangerous situation, but not before he had received



CAPT. FREDERICK WILLIAM CAMPBELL, V.C.
Who performed several feats of exceptional gallantry.

a wound from which he died four days later in a hospital. And when the widow showed me the Victoria Cross that was awarded her husband after his death, one felt that none deserved it better than its brave winner, and none deserved to retain it as a precious memento for her trio of children than the wife and mother who gave him up to his country.

Campbell's gallant acts were, by the way, on all fours with the brilliant manner in which he saved a cannon from capture by the Boers in the South African War. The spokes of one of the wheels had been smashed and the gun could not be moved. Campbell thereupon got some table-legs from a near-by Boer house, fitted them into the wrecked wheel, and thus got the gun out. The wheel is now in a museum at Quebec, where it is deservedly labelled "The Campbell Wheel".

Another Victoria Cross Canadian is John H. Trynor, the "Michael O'Leary of New Brunswick". After serving in the Boxer Rebellion and the Boer and the Japanese-Russian Wars, he enlisted with the Black Watch for the present war in the engineer corps, taking part in the



CAPTAIN F. A. C. SCRIMGER, V.C.

Of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who risked his life to save a wounded comrade.

battle of the Marne. One day he was sending a sap in toward the German lines when halfway across No Man's Land a big shell exploded over the end of the sap, uncovering the twelve men to the rifle fire. Let Trynor tell his own story:

"I was the only man in the bunch who could navigate at all. The rest were knocked out. I had my left arm badly injured, but I managed to get a man on my back, and lug him into our own trenches. I wasn't the weak-looking man you see me now. I weighed 180 pounds then, and was as strong as a horse. Well, when I got to our own trenches there lay ten poor devils behind me, helpless under the fire of the German rifles. I started back and got a second one on my back. The Germans brought a heavy fire to play upon us. We got in, but on getting into my own trench I found that the man on my back had been shot while I was carrying him. Well, to make a long story short, I made ten trips and brought in all the fellows who were out there, but in that ten trips the Germans got me eight times."

Sergeant Trynor's left arm is a mass of scars where a shell splinter got him. He wears a silver plate in his head where his skull had been fractured; twice was he shot in the abdomen and once through the chest,

whilst the third finger of the right hand was also shot off. A second man was killed on his back whilst he was rescuing his comrades, and a third one shot through the foot.

Some of the most thrilling episodes have occurred in connection with bomb-throwing. Private W. Sherlane, of the Second Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, of British Columbia, was awarded the Military Medal for picking up a German grenade that had landed in his trench, and to protect his comrades, although at the risk of his own life, picked it up and threw it over the parapet.

Private Frank H. Vaughan, of the same battalion, performed a similar deed, but in doing so made the great sacrifice. When he tossed a bomb it struck the parapet and fell back into the trench. Without a second's hesitation Vaughan threw himself on the bomb, which exploded and killed him, but his sacrifice saved many lives. When shall the glory of such a deed fade?

During a bombardment of the lines held by Canadians at St. Eloi, in the first week of May, 1916, a Western Canada cavalry battalion was subject to specially heavy fire, two thousand shells being dropped in a small area in a four-hour shelling. A large German shell fell close to a machine gun, crashing through the fire stoop. Instantly Lance-Corporal John Peacey, of Vancouver, dashed forward, picked up the heavy missile and tossed it out of the trench. As it cleared the parapet it exploded in the air. But for Peacey's bravery, the machine gun and its crew would have been annihilated.

During the same engagement a breach in the parapet made dangerous and difficult the task of carrying away the wounded, in the face of a constant fusilade of bullets from enemy snipers. Scores of brave incidents marked the scene. No less than three times Lieutenant E. H. Latter, of Yorkton, Saskatchewan,

entered the danger zone and carried a wounded man out on his back. Private Chivers Wilson also crawled three times into a demolished trench under shell fire and rescued the wounded.

"Conspicuous gallantry", in the phrase of the official "Eye Witness", marked Stretcher-Bearer J. C. F. Cassidy, of Montreal, who, during a heavy German bombardment, went out voluntarily to exposed points and waited on injured men, although severely wounded himself. It was at the same time that a relief party of the Canadian Medical Corps hurried to an advanced dressing-station, when three were killed and five wounded. "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do—and die".

This willingness to risk life for one's comrades has had literally hundreds of illustrations. Take these as examples: Two privates, F. Watson, of Chatham, Ontario, and W. Payne, of the Canadian Scottish, saved the lives of several while risking their own, winning the Military Medal. Both belonged to a trench mortar battery. The foe had concentrated an intense fire on a line of dug-outs and support trenches. In the absence of stretcher-bearers, rescue work was undertaken by Watson and Payne, who went under the heavy fire no less than nine times, applied first aid to several injured and carried them back to cover.

It was in the second battle of Ypres—the battle Canada will never forget—when a bombing party ran out of bombs. "I want four men to volunteer," cried Lieutenant James. Four stepped forward and, climbing the parapet, soon met their fate. "Four more," again shouted the officer, and again another quartette entered the gateway of death. Three were done for by one shell, soon the other curled up as though he had fallen asleep. Still a third party rushed forward, and they, too, joined their comrades in the death heap.

"One more man, and I'll go with

him," James called, and Private Large (oddly enough the smallest man in his battalion, and the butt of his company, "a meek little hike who never hollered", was his reputation) responded. The two men escaped the first curtain of fire and got as far as the bomb storage trench, when a shell "did for" Jones. "Large made that terrible journey three times more to get bombs for us," a survivor of the battle wrote. "He seemed tickled to death—just like a kid when he's made good at his sums—that he'd been able to come across with the goods. The last time he came he brought word that Lieutenant-Colonel Becker had bled to death. When it was all over he wiped his sweaty forehead and smiled his pasty smile as he said: "Hot work, boys! And ain't it too bad about the lieutenant and the colonel!"

Captain Costigan, of Calgary, the chief bombing officer of the 10th Battalion, was the hero of another Canadian exploit. He asked thirty-five men to volunteer for an attack on a German trench, but the whole battalion offered. Choosing the required number, the men stole out of the trench in a torrent of rain, crept within fifteen feet of the enemy trench, where they had to cut through a barbed wire entanglement. Seeing a large white platform in front of them which looked solid, Captain Costigan and his brother officer sprang upon it. when to their horror it gave way and they were precipitated head foremost into the German trench on the heads of three German sentries. The latter were more surprised than the Canadian officers, and before they could recover themselves, Captain Costigan and his pal had shot two of the sentries dead, and the third, who was wounded in the flesh of the leg, ran down the trench screaming for help.

The Germans started to pour out of their dug-outs into the trenches, but by this time the rest of the squad had sprung into the trench, loaded



SERGEANT MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C.
Formerly of the Northwest Mounted Police.

with bombs. Each of the two ends of this sector of the trench was blocked by a Canadian armed with wire entanglement bombs. The artillery kept a circle of fire back of the trench, so that the Germans in this section could get no assistance from any other section.

As fast as the Germans came out of the dug-outs they were met by bayonets. Each of these had a strong electric light attached, so that while the Germans were exposed under a bright light, the Canadians were in complete darkness and invisible to them. The result was inevitable. Thirty-five Germans were killed, twelve taken prisoners, and bombs were thrown in all the dug-outs where the Germans refused to come out. In twenty minutes the whole operation was over. The Canadians were back in their trenches, and while the German artillery and machine guns opened up a terrific fire on empty ground, the Canadians were able to sit safely in their own trenches and smoke a quiet pipe. Not a man of them was killed or even slightly wounded! The officers and non-commissioned officers of the party were sent for by the King, who conferred upon the officers D.S.O.'s, and upon the sergeants D.

C.M.'s. Each man was given twelve days' furlough for his participation in the storming of the trench.

Most of the heroes thus far referred to were English-speaking Canadians, but what of the French Canadians? What of the 14th Battalion? It was a month before the second battle of Ypres. An advance German listening-post had been giving trouble. Volunteers were asked for the ticklish job of wiping it out, when a whole French Canadian company volunteered, of whom five were chosen. It was their first experience. After an hour's wait the five tumbled back into their trench just as the German machine guns opened fire. They had reached the enemy's advance post, finding it deserted; destroyed the parapet and then hustled to safety, having done their work well, though most of them have since fallen.

But a more fiery trial awaited these Quebec boys. They shared the undying glory of the Third Canadian Brigade at Ypres. They who died there fell, in the literal sense, in defence of France as well as of Canada. Major Hercule Barrie was one who was severely wounded in the leg, but had strength enough left to crawl into a ditch, where two French Canadian stretcher-bearers found him and carried him, under a terrific fire, to a dressing-station. Barrie was later on board the *Hesperian*, in charge of fifty invalided soldiers, when it was torpedoed and sunk. He handled his men with characteristic coolness.

Another French Canadian who should not be forgotten is Captain George Vanier, a Montreal lawyer, who volunteered to lead a small force against a German outlook. They crawled out at dead of night, cut the German wire without discovery, and blew the work up with a blasting charge. Captain Vanier had the assistance of Lance-Corporal L. Rancourt and Private Watt, both of whom had on several other occasions done splendid work in No Man's Land,



LANCE-CORPORAL FRED FISHER
The first Canadian to win the Victoria Cross.



SERGEANT-MAJOR F. W. HALL, V.C.
Who lost his life trying to rescue a wounded comrade.

and who displayed, on the night of the 22nd and 23rd, great courage and coolness.

More spectacular perhaps was the deed of Private E. Leger, on the 20th of January, in replacing a broken telephone line fifty yards in the rear of the trench. Private Leger went out twice into the open ground behind the trench, under constant fire from snipers, and climbed a pole and repaired the wire.

Many other deeds of courage by individuals can be recorded. There is the gallant dash of Privates Leblois and LeBrun into "No Man's Land", to pick up one of their scouts who had been wounded in the dark by a German sniper, and lay out in agony for hours without being missed by his comrades, until daylight revealed both him and his rescuers to friend and foe alike.

Not without a certain dash of humour are two other incidents. Private Brunelle, a typical Quebec backwoodsman, disregarded the orders against a Christmas truce, and carried out a daring reconnaissance, in the course of which he made friends with a party of the enemy, talking to them in French, and as an ex-

change for maple sugar and Canadian postcards, returned laden with cigarettes and German souvenirs. Brunelle's commanding officer was by no means pleased with his performance, and he was told that as he appeared to have a talent for reconnoitering, he had better apply it to business. He was then, as a punishment, sent out against a very troublesome gang of snipers, located them, and with expert assistance soon made their hiding-place too hot to hold them.

At one time there were two small cottages about 1,500 yards behind the firing line of the 22nd Battalion, one being occupied by a little old woman. When the shelling of the building became so severe that it was decided to make a move, the old lady absolutely refused to go. At last, under heavy shell fire, two French Canadian officers, Brown and LaViolette, volunteered to take her away. They found her in bed, shaking with terror, but still reluctant to leave. The reason was soon apparent. All her valuables were in the mattress. The two officers, however, nothing daunted, picked up both the old woman and the mattress and carried

them to safety, just in the nick of time.

One need not look back to the Ypres days for the existing evidences of Canadian gallantry. There is the defence of the St. Eloi positions in May of 1916. At no time or place has the contest been keener or the test greater. Every conceivable form of fighting was used. At one time twenty-five shells a minute came from the German guns.

A party of Germans succeeded in getting into one of the disused trenches on the front of a New Brunswick battalion. A patrol consisting of Lieutenant Mowatt and Privates Bamsey, Kennedy and Chatterton stumbled on the enemy. Private Bamsey, who was leading as guide, was suddenly hit on the head and fell. Almost at the same instant the explosion of a bomb wounded Lieutenant Mowatt in both feet, while another bomb hit Private Kennedy in the chest, but fortunately failed to explode. Private Chatterton, who alone of the patrol was unwounded, started to the lines for help. Sergeant Henderson started out at once with reinforcements, when the enemy retired and the wounded were brought in.

When the Germans launched their overwhelming attack against the craters, Sergeant H. S. Naylor, of Toronto, was in command of a machine gun crew in a detached post, when the enemy advanced. The trench had been practically obliterated by the enemy's bombardment and the gun jammed with mud. Heavy fire from three sides was soon directed on the small party, but the sergeant succeeded in withdrawing the gun to a point where it could be cleaned and again put into action. From the new position fire was once more directed on the enemy, checking his advance, but finally the gun became so badly clogged that it could not be righted. A new gun was then secured and manned by the remnants of the detachments under Sergeant Naylor.

On the following day this gun was also put out of action, being repeatedly struck by shell fragments and choked with mud splashed on to it by exploding shells. While it was being cleaned and repaired, the emplacement was converted into a temporary dressing-station for the wounded. Later the gun was fired with good effect from an improvised shelter, but this position was also struck by a shell and the gun buried. Once again Sergeant Naylor succeeded in repairing the weapon. Through four days and nights of strenuous exertions, Sergeant Naylor remained in the front lines, working or repairing his gun. When eventually he left to rejoin his unit he had with him only two of his original detachment, Private Arundell and Lance-Corporal Rose, and both these men were so exhausted that they required medical treatment.

Lieutenant E. J. Brooks, of a Nova Scotia battalion, a clergyman before the war, held a crater with a small party for forty-eight hours and repulsed two German attacks. At the end of his turn of duty he went back over the zone swept by the enemy's fire and assisted in the rescue of wounded men.

In the confusion of the fighting for the craters at St. Eloi, many deeds of high courage and devotion were performed by Canadian troops. Lieutenant J. F. Arbuckle, with Corporal Woods and Private Batson, of the 31st Battalion, Calgary, undertook a reconnaissance, penetrating several hundred yards into German territory. Separated from his men by the darkness and wounded in the face by the explosion of a shell, Lieutenant Arbuckle managed to regain the trenches, bringing in valuable information as to the German defences. Private Batson was hit in the ankle; Corporal Woods stayed with him and bandaged the wound, but a little later was killed by a shell. All through the following day Private Batson lay in concealment within the German

area and after dark crawled back to the lines.

Privates A. B. Davis and L. R. Seymour, of the 31st Battalion, moved to and fro between the craters occupied by the men and the trenches held by their company. They carried in several wounded men. In one dug-out two brothers were buried by the explosion of a shell. Davis and Seymour tried to dig them out, but another shell struck the same place, killing both brothers and wounding Seymour. Davis lifted Seymour on his back and working his way through mud which reached over the hips, carried him to shelter one hundred and twenty yards away.

Lance-Corporal Everett, 29th Battalion, Vancouver, was out on patrol on the morning of April 26th when an attack started. He was badly wounded, but after lying out all day regained the trenches on the night of April 27th, using two shovels as crutches. Sergeant James Harvey, 29th Battalion, made fifteen trips under heavy fire from the support lines to the craters; each time he took fresh men with him and each time brought in a number of wounded.

An incident out of the ordinary is worth including in this record. Lieutenant A. H. Campbell, of Toronto, being wounded, was carried on a stretcher to the clearing-station. On arrival an attendant asked if he were dead, and the stretcher-bearer replied, "He's dying". But an unlooked-for interruption came from the "near-corpse" in the shape of an emphatic, "You're a liar". And Campbell still lives to tell the truth of his words.

This six-footer's injuries were caused by a bursting shrapnel. His head had to be trepanned, that is, a silver plate put in, for it appears when he was picked up his skull was smashed open and brains actually protruding, as well as his body wounded in many places, but fortunately his face was intact. The surgeons stated that almost any human being would have



MAJOR W. A. BISHOP, V.C., M.C., D.S.O.

Canada's hero of the air.

died, but Campbell is progressing splendidly.

There should be included, in any record of military achievements on the part of our soldiers, a reference to the other Canadian winners of the coveted Victoria Cross, only a bit of bronze, but bearing an inscription, "For Valour", that gives it distinction and immortality. Lance-Corporal Fred Fisher was the first Canadian to receive the medal, a nineteen-year-old lad at the time of his exploit, who faced the enemy with a machine gun, and with intrepid courage held a mass of Germans off long enough to enable the guns to be withdrawn. This took place in April of 1915 in the heavy fighting around St. Julien.

The next day the second Victoria Cross was won by Colour-Sergeant Frederick William Hall, of Winnipeg, who made a most heroic attempt to rescue a wounded soldier who fell a few yards in front of the British trenches. During a second attempt to reach the fallen fighter, under a heavy enfilade fire, poor Hall fell mortally wounded. The third recipient of the honour was Dr. Scrimger, of the 14th Battalion, in the St.



MAJOR FANE WENDELL McDOWELL, V.C.
Who, single-handed, captured sixty Germans,

Julien engagement. Captain Scrimger was working in an advanced dressing-station when German shells began to fall on it. All the patients were removed except Captain MacDonald, whom Captain Scrimger carried out and down to a moat fifty feet in front, where they lay half submerged, the doctor protecting the wounded man by leaning over him, though at imminent risk of his own life.

Other winners of the Victoria Cross

are Lieutenant J. G. Campbell, of the 5th Battalion; Private Leo Clarke, of the 2nd Battalion; Private J. C. Kerr, of the 49th Battalion, and Lieutenant A. W. Northover, of the 28th Battalion. Sergeant Ellis Sifton was one of the brave lads who did not live to wear the coveted honour. This son of an Elgin county farmer met his death at Vimy Ridge. Major Fane Wendell McDowell, a graduate of the University of Toronto, won his Victoria Cross in a remarkable manner by, single-handed, capturing sixty Germans.

Lieutenant F. M. W. Harvey, of Alberta, brought honour to his native Province in winning the Cross, as did Private William J. Milne, killed in action.

One of the most recent winners of the Victoria Cross is Major W. A. Bishop, of Owen Sound, Canada's greatest airman, who at an early age has won the Victoria Cross, the Military Cross, and the D.S.O., and is now chief instructor in aerial gunnery.

Such are a few, and only a few, of the brave Canadians whose deeds deserve to be long remembered. They are merely illustrations of thousands of examples of heroism, mostly appertaining to the earlier years of the war, and who shall do justice to the host who are equally deserving of lasting recognition?



A Student Farmer's Retrospect

BY HILDA R. BOYD COLLINS

NOW that the summer's work has become a thing of the past and the student spares a moment now and then, maybe by a grate fire or maybe during the solitude of a quiet walk, to recall all the pleasure, all the interest, all the profit gained during the months spent with the farmers in the fruit-growing districts of Ontario, it is found that the experience has been a liberal education.

It was known by us in a vague, indefinite manner, that the tempting, pleasant-looking heavily-stored windows of the green grocers in our Ontario cities drew their supplies of peaches, grapes, berries, cherries, largely from that fertile belt known as the Niagara Peninsula, but the *how* and the *why* of their growth, development, distribution, were things remote, things outside the circle of our interests.

But now all that is changed. In a very definite way we know where the best peaches grow, under what circumstances they thrive, under what conditions they become prolific or otherwise; we know the histories of the sweet, luscious, juicy, fahey cherries which so successfully satisfy the craving of our parched palates in the hot, dusty summer weather; we know the necessity to the grape of the intense, almost unbearable, heat of July; we know the differences of value in effort between one fruit and

another, between currant and cherry, between strawberry and raspberry, even between plum and plum.

Walking along any of our commercial streets, not the least interesting of sights to our "returned farmeresses" is a well-stocked, neatly-arranged green grocer's window. They see not only plums or peaches, but a Burbank and a German prune and a Washington and a Lombard, or a Yellow St. John or Crawford, as the case may be, each recalling the days when picking was rapid or slow, when climbing was high or low, when ladder-lifting was frequent or rare.

The question of climate and weather is no longer one of geographical science only—to us. Wages and profit, rural depopulation, the farmer and the middleman, and the much-discussed and pitied consumer are questions removed from the place of indifference to that of vital interest, because, during the time of this great war social and economic conditions thrust upon a certain class in the community the privilege of doing what they had never done before, and what they hope they will be privileged to do again until the industrial reconstruction and reorganization takes place.

But there were contrary circumstances to be fought and antagonisms to be overcome before this change was wrought. Looking back, it is hard to decipher, even within ourselves, when and where the city green-horn



GIRL STUDENTS ON THE WAY TO WORK IN THE COUNTRY

ceased to be and the experienced farm-helper came into being. We know only there was a delightful sense of satisfaction experienced during the latter days of the season when the farmers were heard clamouring for their own experienced helpers. And this feeling of satisfaction might be pardoned if outsiders but knew of the opposition encountered at the beginning, of the scoffs and unconcealed disregard, of the antagonism, openly expressed, of the lower order (or the few obscure would-be profiteers anxious to raise unnecessarily the price of labour); of the skepticisms regarding the stamina of the college-bred girl, and all the thousand and one petty prejudices infesting the minds of those who, unke the Athenians of old, do not like to hear of or venture on any new thing.

Of this we are sure, however, that if a change has taken place in the mind of the student, a change also has

come over the farmer in his attitude toward those who are being granted the privileges of higher education. And the farmer would be an ungrateful and unjust man did he not render honour and justice where honour and justice are due. He would be unworthy of sympathy did he not justly commend those who unflinchingly and thoroughly and *cheerfully* stood by him through heat and cold, rain and shine, willingly hoeing or weeding, cultivating or picking, packing or doing any helpful thing at his request during the period of his greatest activity.

But the farmer has expressed his satisfaction and conceded praise. We do likewise! For according to the memory of sixty or more girls who worked the summer through at Winona, Ontario, that place is a veritable garden wherein appears nothing rank or gross in nature. If ever there is a spot of beauty anywhere, that spot



A VINEYARD AT WINONA, (TOP)

A POPLAR-LINED ROADWAY AT WINONA



LUNCHING IN THE SHADE AT WINONA

may be found at Winona—"The Warden of the Shadow", the place where mountain and lake vie with each other to delight both eye and ear; the place of singing birds, of fragrance from florescent meadows and bypaths, of cool refreshing breezes, of silver maples and birches and poplar-lined walks, the place of beautiful ever-green hedgerows; and, most important of all, the place of well-cultivated, neatly-planned, carefully-ordered orchards and vineyards delightful to work in throughout the bright days of golden summertime.

When it was first intimated to us that we would be sent to Winona, speculation was rife. We wondered and wondered whether we would be in town or country: and when on arrival we found it to be a place fortunately located, with just the necessities of commercial life (a post-office, church, bank, school-house, railway station, telegraph and tele-

phone services) we were greatly pleased. There was just enough of modernity intermingled with rural conditions to enhance the cheerful outlook and the optimism which would not down in spite of the uncertainty of the untried experience.

The old Club House, a large, spacious summer hotel, housed us and provided us with room in which to live and move and have our joyful being in work or play for the season. From the gates wended, morning after morning, girls in groups of fifteen, a dozen, half a dozen, or maybe in couples, all clad in comfortable, picturesque khaki uniforms, all vigorous and ready for the day's work. To the reposefulness of this summer home, with its wide verandahs and broad cool corridors and tree-sheltered lawns, they returned at night, often weary and tired, but never without the encouraging laughter and good-humoured jesting which made the



GIRL STUDENTS PICKING BLACK CURRANTS, (TOP) A GROUP OF GIRL FARMERS AT WINONA

residence life, with all the intimacies and comradeship, a most enjoyable feature of the summer's experience.

And no wonder there was gayety and gladness throughout our days, for was not our work pleasant and interesting? There was a peculiar joy in seeing at the end of a ten-hour day a fruit-house stacked with well-filled baskets of richly-coloured fruit all ready for shipment.

There was satisfaction in the stripping of every fruit tree heavily laden with its yearly offering to the life of the world. There was enough of charm and variety and interest in the work at Winona to subtract from the ten hours of labour all the discomfort of the sweat and dust of toil and all boredom which might have been overwhelming had we not the kindest, most considerate, most likable men with whom to work.

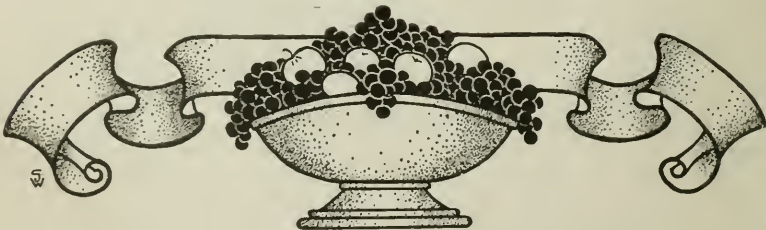
It may be here mentioned that the most pleasurable thoughts of Winona are not only those connected with the physical beauties of the place or the good social qualities of the farmers and employers, but one most gratifying thought rests in this, that we worked for and helped a people of honour.

Winona is a place where one gets men who guarantee the genuine

article. One man there known in the market from Montreal to Winnipeg guarantees for every imperfect tomato found among any sold by him an entire basket in repayment. The E. D. Smith Company guarantees the jam bearing their name to be strictly pure, and the girls who worked for them can ratify any statement regarding its truth. The Winona Fruit growers' Association guarantees well-graded and perfect fruit carefully packed; the Niagara Fruit Growers' Association, likewise, also the private firm of Messrs. J. W. Smith and Sons.

So, all in all, the summer's toil at Winona is crowned with happiness by the assurance that not only did we expend our efforts and best endeavours to put on the market a most healthful and necessary article of food, but that in that expenditure we helped the best and among the most honourable of men in their time of need.

And what is our only desire now that our work is done for 1917? Only that in the hearts of our fighters and others engaged in performing the great, overshadowing, spectacular deeds we may be accredited the honour of doing a modest duty thoroughly, whole-heartedly and sincerely in order to help win the war.





THE MAGDALEN

From the Painting by Andrea del Sarto in the National Art Gallery of Canada

Why England Fights to Win

BY THE REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



E the reasons what they may, to-day England is fighting for her life as once the Greeks fought at Thermopylae. The motherland has staked her last guinea, her last ship, her last son, and the last drop of blood in her veins, upon the issues of this war. If England is starved out by German submarines, it will be because she has lost her navy, with all her mine sweepers, nets and destroyers. When England loses her navy, she will lose the wall and the moat that for three hundred years have safeguarded her treasures against invading armies. When her walls of defence are broken down, and foreign armies march and counter-march across her fields, she will have to retreat to Canada, the United States and Australia. History tells us that Carthage fell with the defeat of her ships. From the hour that her admiral surrendered the navy, and the home capital was unable to send fresh supplies and men to Hannibal, the great soldier knew that his army had already been lost. Now that two and a half years of the great war have passed, the outlines of the battle royal between England and Germany begin to take on form, like lines of ink, hitherto invisible, and brought out by the heat of war. In former years many Americans have

watched German officers and merchants rising to their feet, lifting their glasses, and drinking to "The Day". The books of Bernhardt and the speeches of the Kaiser now tell us that "The Day" meant the utter destruction of the English Empire and the disruption of the French Republic. Not until one half of the Pan-German plan had been actually achieved did England wake up, or the scales fall from the eyes of France. All Europe was to be Germanized and ruled from Berlin as a central city. The method proposed was the twenty-year preparation of armies, navies, battleships, cannon and guns. By war Prussia cut her way through to the Baltic; by war Prussia captured Austria's coal mines in Silesia: by war she took a part of Poland on the east, of Alsace and Lorraine on the west. By military force she captured Belgium, loaded on her trains the furniture, pictures, books, clothing, treasures of her merchants' houses: by war she stripped the factories of Namur and Liège of their machinery and carried them east of the Rhine. The officers of the invading army seem to have had the same motto written in their notebooks: "Belgium in one week, Paris in three weeks. London in six weeks." Three hundred years ago Shakespeare celebrated England's safety through isolation.

The North Sea took the place of wall and moat. He sang of England's noble breed of men, of the royal isle, of the "precious stone set in a silver sea, this earth, this world, this land of such dear souls—this dear, dear land". But at last the hour has struck when Englishmen are fighting for hearth and home, for wife and child, and all that makes life dear. For the first time in modern history men know what the battle of Armageddon really means.

Men who think in terms of the human race and of the world often speak of "the four spheres of influence". By this they mean the North Sea, controlling the English harbours; the Mediterranean route, via the Suez Canal, controlling the trade with India and Asia; the Dardanelles, safeguarding the trade at the point where two continents meet, and the Panama Canal, which is to-day the least important sphere; but when the centre of trade is transferred to the Pacific it will be its most important, the key to the richest treasure of the earth. At present, by reason of the fact that the most powerful and richest group of states front upon its shores, the North Sea is the coveted sphere of influence. With the control of that sea began England's greatness, commerce and wealth, and the loss of that sea will be followed by her decline in power. It could not be otherwise. France reaches the Atlantic, via Bordeaux and the Mediterranean, and reaches Germany and Italy by her railway. Germany sends her railways out into all the capitals of Europe. England cannot build a railway across the North Sea. Her sole means of communication is through her ships. The time was when Great Britain was united with the Continent, but the northwest wind and the ocean's waves cut away the isthmus, and left her thirty miles out in the ocean. But the northwest wind and the ocean storms left no harbours on the Continent's side, save in the low Netherlands. All the har-

bours are under the lea of the chalk cliffs of England, where the ships find shelter from the north winds and the winter storms. Napoleon looked longingly toward England; for six weeks he waited impatiently at Boulogne and said that if he could only have seven hours of darkness and a fair wind he could invade England and change the face of the world. The hero of the *Temeraire*, Nelson, understood for he used to say that winter and the northwest wind would protect England for five months in the winter, leaving his fleet free to destroy England's enemies. In 1914, in August, Von Kluck laughed at Napoleon, baffled as he looked longingly across the English Channel, and also at Nelson, serene through his sense of security. Von Kluck expected to set up his forty-two-centimeter guns at Calais, and drop his shells within the English fields and villages for five miles beyond Dover, and under cover of those shells, to protect his transports, landing his hosts on England's shores. The wave of German invasion is steadily retreating eastward, and every month is farther and farther from the English Channel. Defeated in the first plan, Germany says she has staked all upon her submarine war, and if she succeeds where Napoleon failed, then indeed will the whole course of history be changed.

Fighting for the safety of her home treasures, England is also fighting for her colonies and her foreign trade, through which she has her life. Great Britain owns one-sixth of all the good farming land of the world. These colonies belt the globe. Webster said that England's signal guns greeted the rising sun and advancing keep step with the procession of the hours, marching round the globe. The outer and visible exhibition of this fact is seen in England's All Red Line. Leaving London behind, the traveller upon the deck of an English ship finds the Union Jack flying at Gibraltar, even as it flies at Malta, and the cliffs of Cyprus, off Italy and

Greece. The first object that greets his eyes, as he approaches Egypt, is the British flag, and leaving the Red Sea behind, that flag is the last thing seen, as he sails across the Indian Ocean toward Bombay, the second largest city in the English Empire. Going north, under the shadow of the Himalayas, he finds that flag the symbol of safety, peace and justice. Lingered midst the rustling palms of Ceylon, or crossing the sea to Burmah, with her ruby mines, everywhere the traveller finds that flag. Turning southward, he remembers the great English colonies on the eastern half of Africa, and thinks of the men who are grading the track and laying the railway ties from Alexandria and Khartoum straight through the heart of Africa to the Southern Cape. Out in the middle of the ocean lies England's colony of Australia, bulking as large as the United States, rimmed with land that has forty inches of rainfall a year. The first circle is one of wheatfields, a second circle of grazing pasture, while the interior is filled with gold sapphires, opals and mineral treasures. Soon his steamer touches at New Zealand, stops at the Gilbert Islands, the Fiji Islands, and steams from port to port toward Vancouver, in Canada—at once, England's wheat bin, lumber yard, coal mine, iron reserve and fur depot. And not until the traveller has left Newfoundland behind, with the memory of England's great pulp mills, with her ships laden with white paper, food for the London presses, does the traveller realize England's wealth through her colonies that belt the globe.

But just in proportion as a country sends the lines of its trade and finance out into the ends of the earth is that country truly cosmopolitan. Because the trade of the United States is between States we are in a sense provincial. England, incidentally, exchanges goods between Glasgow and Liverpool, but essentially she trades with foreign states. Some years ago in a

London bank I witnessed a transaction between the representative of an Asiatic company and a manufacturer in England. It so happened that the cable outran the sun. At noon the Englishman made his payment in the bank, and the money, by cablegram, was paid the company of the Asiatic out in Shanghai two hours before the contract was made. Wonderful the central telephone office in New York, with wires running out to the towns of the north and the south and to San Francisco on the west. But far more wonderful London as the world's financial centre, with its lines, financial and commercial, throbbing and pulsating with the thoughts of the men who sit at that English centre from which all business radiates. By this trade and finance England lives, and for the sources of her life England is fighting. When, therefore, submarines cut off England's ships the motherland will starve to death. England produces two-thirds of her own food, buying the supply for four months from Canada and the United States, bringing her meat from Buenos Ayres, and her wheat from Melbourne. But not only her food, but the raw material for her factories, comes from foreign lands. Millions of her people live upon the raw cotton brought from our Southern States, other millions handle the wool brought from Australia and New Zealand. England buys her hides and leather from the Argentine Republic. She brings her oil from Mexico, her sugar from the West Indies, her coffee from Brazil, her rubber from Ceylon, her tea from China, her copper from the United States. In India the banyan tree has roots in the soil, but as soon as the boughs and branches begin to grow they drop the end of the branch into the soil and it takes root, so that the life is a circular life, as the sap moves from the soil to the top of the tree and back through boughs and branches, with the same soil to be again replenished. England's trade is a banyan tree that re-

touches the earth for its own rejuvenation.

In the latest indictment of Great Britain, by one of the bitterest German opponents, England is called the "land pirate" of history. This assault is savage, for no weapon is overlooked, and no epithet is spared. Defending Germany's attempt to seize Belgium, North France, Poland, the author calls the roll of the new colonies, seized recently by England. English troops, he says, have recently taken possession of a little province in the centre of Africa, extended their rule in Thibet, pushed into the hill country of Burmah, not to mention her movements in Afghanistan. But a certain consideration should be remembered. It is one thing for the United States, alarmed by the wars between the Sioux Indians of Dakota and the Indians of Montana, with endless massacres and scalplings, to force these Sioux Indians back upon a reservation, and compel them to lead decent lives, and it would be quite another thing for the United States to make war upon Canada, a law-abiding people, simply to satisfy the lust for territory. Again and again the United States has by force of arms taken possession of the lands of savage Indian tribes, but with what result? Witness the Choctaw Indians. By arms they have been held upon their reservation. When smallpox broke out, our Government sent physicians and stayed the ravages of the plague. When they developed tuberculosis, hospitals were built, physicians and nurses maintained. When a part of their lands was sold, the Government invested their money and they are to-day the richest people in the world, averaging \$30,000 per individual. Can any foreign critic honestly say that our progressive settlement of lands once held by savage Indians is a parallel to Germany's seizure of Belgium and North France? But England's lines have been pushed toward the centre of Africa to stop savagery through poison arrows, hu-

man sacrifices, organized slavery conducted by the Arab traders. England built over eleven hundred miles of railway into the Uganda, and in opening up the trade safeguarded the lives of the people, and gave them their first door of hope. And look at the attitude of England's colonies! Recently a great public meeting was held in a city of India, and that meeting later was repeated in Calcutta, Bombay, Lahore and Benares. Indian gentlemen, for the most part, made the speeches. And this was the line of their argument: "Suppose England withdraws all her troops, officers, and legal representatives, to strengthen her war forces in Europe. India is broken up into fragments, through scores of languages and many and diverse religions. The Mohammedans and Parsees and Brahmans are always clashing in the streets. When England goes, what if Japan, needing territory, comes with her armies? If England goes, what if a little later Germany comes with her forces to carve out a colony? If England should desert us, what if the Arabs join the Mohammedan forces of India for civil war?" In that hour, native audiences voted their taxes, enlisted their soldiers to win and keep England's friendship and protection. But can you imagine a Belgian audience in an outburst of enthusiasm raising money to keep the executioners of Edith Cavell in power? Think of the university faculty of Louvain voting gifts to the men who burned their libraries, looted and then fired their university buildings. It stirs the note of humour, to think of men soberly trying to argue that England's beneficent work in uncivilized forests of Africa, and the lawless savage regions of India, the jungles of Asia, and the islands of the sea is to be used as a parallel to Germany's destruction of states like Belgium, highly civilized, liberty-loving, democratic and free.

But many of England's best friends condemn her policy in Egypt, and

some her policy in South Africa. Financial considerations dictated her Egyptian policy. France and England lent large sums of money to the English Khedive. Unscrupulous, wild, reckless, a political adventurer, the Egyptian ruler spoiled his people and was imperilling the value of the Egyptian bonds. Alarmed, lest they lose their interest and perhaps the principal, the French and English bondholders pooled their interests and brought about the military occupation of Egypt to save their investments. All this, too, was done in the face of an uprising of the people of Egypt for the overthrow of the Khedive, the organization of a parliamentary form of government. But because it was easier for the English financiers controlling the English Governor to use a Khedive than to handle an Egyptian parliament, the movement toward self-government was put down by force of arms and the Egyptian despot was kept in his place. Then concessions, enormous tracts of land, were given out to English companies. Dams were built, cotton mills were built. Dividends of from thirty-five to fifty per cent. a year were paid to the English and French bondholders. But in order to pay these dividends the Egyptians were worked twelve to fifteen hours a day, paid oftentimes from nine pence to a shilling. Children from ten to twelve were worked fifteen hours for sixpence. (See "Steel and Gold", by Brailsford, London). In a country where the land produces three crops a year the farmers still live in mud huts, with barely enough wage to keep body and soul together. Finally, in the dispute over Morocco, England traded France the colonial rights over the vast iron and mineral treasures of Morocco, and in return France withdrew from Egypt, leaving England in sole possession. Lord Cromer was a giant and wrought immeasurable benefit to Egypt. Lord Milner also, in his study of Egypt, pays England a striking tribute. Few

men know the country better than Mr. Leigh Hunt, with his long experience in Corea, China, South Africa and Egypt. But this great American has called attention to the mistakes of England. Witness this new book by Brailsford, the English scholar, "Steel and Gold", in which he sets forth, as a representative Englishman, the wrongs of the Egyptian people that call for the reforms of some Shaftesbury, some Cobden and Bright, and Booker Washington. No one man like Cromer and Milner and no one generation can right all wrongs in a day. But having defended England as to one-half of the German indictment, it remains for us to confess that her enemies' indictment of England for her policy in Egypt has been in part supported and established—English authors like Brailsford themselves being the judges of Germany's indictment of Great Britain.

It remains to emphasize the fact that England is not fighting to kill all Germans. More than sixty volumes have been published by Englishmen, setting forth their aims, and the spirit of their defence, and in no volume and upon no page can I find evidence showing that any Englishman of any position has ever proposed the destruction of Germany. Beginning with the defence of the home land, and of her trade and her colonies, and the support of her solemn covenant to stand with Belgium in the event of invasion, England is now fighting to destroy Prussian militarism. Great Britain feels that her people cannot carry longer the tax burden involved in militarism on land, or the Dreadnought programme for the sea. The ploughman in the furrow staggers with the soldier upon his back. The strength of the workman is consumed by the loom, without the load of war taxes. If Germany is allowed to maintain a standing army, every other nation in Europe must undertake like military burdens. England's movement, therefore, is against Berlin's war cabinet,

Prussian militarism. England proposes, therefore, disarmament, and Germany has steadily refused. And now England and France and their colonies have determined to fight this war through, and settle the question once for all. They have decided not to accept overtures, not to equivocate, not to retreat, and whether it takes one month, or one year, or two years, to go steadily on, until the Krupp works are destroyed, Germany's forts blown up, her army disbanded, and a compact signed with financial and trade guarantees that neither Germany nor France, nor England nor Russia will ever again attempt to organize the state on the basis of militarism.

The method proposed after the war is over is non-military coercion. The genius of the plan is a modification of Mr. Taft's League of Peace, enforced by a little international navy policing the seas, and an international army policing the land. Because there are police in New York no one is to think that New York is not controlled by the decrees of its courts. England proposes a league of all the nations, with an international supreme court to adjudicate disputes between Germany and England or Germany and France. Should Germany or Russia or any other country become recalcitrant, then first, all the other nations in the league are to close their ports to her ships, to close their mails, cables and telegraphs to her business, and close all exchanges to her finance, and make her an outcast from trade. If all the banks and clearing houses and wholesale stores of a great city declined any commercial relation with any great factory or store, how long could that establishment stay out of the court of bankruptcy? An international police there will doubtless be for the new international league of the nations, international police on the sea and international police

on the land, but ultimately there must be a coalescence of England's plan of non-military coercion with Mr. Taft's League for the Enforcement of Peace. This will realize for the world when this war is over the parliament of mankind, the federation of the world and the beginning of a better day and perhaps a golden age.

Meanwhile the United States is drifting. Like Micaber, we are still waiting for something to turn up—or go down. Some of our Congressmen are like the man who said he "wished his wife would die, or something", and they also wish that an American ship would reach Liverpool—or something. But the day has gone by for national isolation. Nations either war in groups or trade in groups. Forty years ago Germany alone could make war. Now, she cannot fight without Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. Even the wolf hunts in a pack, while the cattle go in herds. The nations also buy and sell in group relations, and organize wars in groups. At a time when every moment is big with destiny for our future commerce we are overlooking the group principle in modern commerce, and international movements. Meanwhile England is strengthening herself. She is knitting more and more closely her colonies to the motherland. She is organizing for the capturing of the world's trade after this war, and her commercial travellers, manufacturers and bankers will keep step with the commercial leaders of France, Italy and Russia, and many neutrals. Her colonists love old England. For her they will live and for her they are ready to die. Her judges have given just judgment, in foreign capitals; her people feel that in England's cause is hung armour of invincible knights. No one doubts her final victory for peace. Militarism must be annihilated. And autocracy must be slain.

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Indian Dances

BY W. McD. TAIT



WHEN Columbus landed in the New World in 1492 he was greeted with a dance. It was a war-dance executed by the red men. The Indian has never broken away from this early custom, and to-day we find great occasions celebrated in a manner similar to that first demonstration to the white man.

In the minds of many people all the dances of the North American Indians are war-dances. As a matter of fact there are numerous Indian dances, all extremely interesting and most of them very old. Women as well as men participate in them, and they have nothing to do with war. Strange to say, in none of these Indian dances is there any contact with the sexes. The bucks dance in one circle and the squaws in another. Few dances are wholly social, although some of them have that element. Practically all of them have a religious origin, and to-day they retain their religious significance.

Indians are very musical and have many songs in their own language. The drum seems to be the principal instrument among them; but when they have opportunity they learn the white man's music and the use of his instruments, rendering the most difficult music with great sweetness. On the Blood Reserve of the Blackfoot tribe, in Alberta, there is a brass band of twenty-one pieces, lead by the issuer of rations. This band gives concerts in the towns surrounding the reserve. Another band of fifes and

drums on the same reserve has given whole entertainments that were very pleasing.

The red men have war-songs which they used to sing before a battle; others, intensely sad, which they sang after the battle. Their love songs are not considered of a very high order. Each family has its own songs; each individual has his, usually composed by himself. Some of their songs are sacred.

Some teachers, in their mistaken zeal, have crossed or smothered everything distinctly aboriginal in the young Indians. Franklin K. Lane, the Canadian-born Secretary of the United States Department of the Interior, in a letter directing the appointment of Geoffrey O'Hara as instructor of native Indian music, said:

"I think that it is the part of wisdom to develop in the young Indian an increased respect for all those things of beauty which their forefathers produced. Our efforts should be to make this generation proud of their ancestors and keep alive in them the memory of their wholesome legends and their aboriginal arts."

Music for dances is supplied by a trained band of singers. The only accompaniment is a drum made by putting a skin over a circle of wood and allowing it to dry tightly.

The Sun-dance is, perhaps, the most barbarous of all the orgies of the Indians and has been observed in every known tribe of red men on the American continent. The time was when all sorts of cruelties were the main feature of this gathering, which was held in the spring-time as soon as the

snow cleared and the earth began to warm from the sun's rays. The dance was the ceremony through which the Indian lad stepped from boyhood to the status of a warrior. It is too horrible for words. Ugly gashes are cut in the chest, skewers are thrust through these, and rawhide lariats attached to the ends and fastened to the sun lodge pole. The youth must tear himself loose by dancing around the pole and tugging until the strips of flesh to which the thongs are fastened give way. If the aspirant passes through the ordeal without exhibiting signs of pain or fear, he is declared a full-fledged brave and eligible to sit in the councils of his nation.

Another method was to cut the flesh on the back and tie leather thongs through these flesh-loops and then fasten buffalo skulls to the thongs so that they would dangle clear of the ground. The candidate was to dance about till he had succeeded in tearing the loops and allowing the skulls to fall to the ground. This method was not as popular as the other because the brave could not afterward see the marks of the ordeal. It was always a great pleasure to the brave to bare his breast and exhibit the scars made by the tearing process.

Indian mothers were as anxious that their sons should go through the ordeal as they were themselves. An incident is told by a western writer which shows how the Indian mother looked upon it. An Indian lad was being put through the buffalo skull method but his strength was not enough to tear out all the flesh-loops. He was about to faint away when his mother rode into the circle on a pony, and seizing the skull that still elung to the back of her son, she dashed away on the horse, dragging the boy with her. Soon the flesh broke and the young Indian boy was saved from the humility of failure.

Before the ordeal comes many back out. Sometimes after the thongs or skewers are put in, the victim loses courage. The wood or buffalo hide

must then be removed by cutting the flesh-loop, since it is against all law to draw it out endwise after it has been inserted in the flesh.

The United States Government has long since forbidden the Sun-dance, but it was continued on Canadian reserves till the coming of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police about 1890. As a consequence the annual gathering of the Indians in the spring-time results in nothing more than dancing the old-time dances, chanting the brave acts of by-gone days, and propitiating the sun by the bestowal of gifts, which are fastened to the top of the central pole of the Sun-dance lodge.

The Give-away dance is ranked by the Government authorities with the Sun-dance as very demoralizing, and has been stopped on most reserves. The Round-dance of the Crees in Western Canada is a pleasure dance. Women are allowed to take part in it, but before their first dance they must give a substantial present to the leader of the dance. This present seems to make the person a sort of life member of the Round-dance. Squaws and bucks dance separately without any contact.

In nearly all the tribes of the North American continent there are many dances representing animals. The buffalo dance is a most interesting affair. In it the hunters illustrate what they have gone through in the chase. Instead of bragging with their tongues, as does the white man, they use pantomime. Stealthily they describe the sneaking process of stalking game and dragging it home.

In another dance a man represents a dog. He is made to look as much like one as possible, and is led forth by an Indian maiden, who has tied her sash about his body and leads him as a lady does her poodle, except that they are both keeping time to the steps of the dance. He constantly struggles to break away, and she makes rhythmic efforts to hold him. Sometimes he succeeds and rushes in-

to houses for meat, bites persons on the leg and otherwise carries out the idea of a dog on the rampage.

The Eagle-dance is especially dramatic. The Indian who takes the part of the eagle is wonderfully made up. Over his head is drawn a sort of black cloth that covers the hair and is pulled forward to form a beak. A red line makes the mouth of the eagle. On the body there is no clothing except a short apron and patches of eagle or hawk down attached by gum to the flesh. The arms are made into wings by means of a cord strung with long hanging feathers stretched from hand to hand across the back, and a bunch of feathers at the back make a tail. His hands are painted yellow to look like claws. He is lured forth by the dropping of grain, and as he follows the trail he uses his arms as an eagle does his wings, and with his entire body he swoops and moves like the bird he is picturing, but always in time to the music. There is a dance to the bear and moose and many others, always with the combined dramatic idea and dancing movements.

Among the Indians of the far north, during the winter months of each year, a big ceremonial dance is given in the "Hoo-go", or public meeting hall. This is to please and propitiate the animal spirits. It is a real dance with feasting from early winter till almost spring. There are the most peculiar customs attached to this dance period. During the first day visitors have the privilege of asking for whatever they may desire in the line of food. The particular delicacy is "ice-cream", which is simply a mixture of frozen blueberries and tallow. After the first day visitors must eat the food their hosts set before them. Each tribe tries to outdo the other in contortions, endurance and dancing costumes. Each animal is impersonated by a dancer, who is trained months ahead for his work. These men are dressed in skins and fully represent the seal, bear and

walrus. They dance slowly in a circle made by the spectators and imitate the movements and cries of the beasts each impersonates. They sing a sort of chant in which the onlookers join.

The Snake-dance given every second year in the Hopi Pueblos of the far south is a dramatized prayer for rain at an appointed season. It is a grim and startling ceremony, real live rattlesnakes being used as messengers to carry to the gods of the underworld, who are supposed to have power over the rain cloud, the petitions of the Hopis. To the onlooker it seems impossible that venomous snakes can be handled so audaciously without inflicting deadly wounds, yet it is positively known that they are in no wise deprived of their power to do so. There are those who claim that they have seen the dancers bitten by their rattlesnake partners, but that the priests possess a secret antidote to which they resort in case of snakebite. To secure the snakes the priests go out in pairs with digging sticks and canvas bags, following their trails in the dust and dig them out of their holes.

The Indians of the Mississippi valley hold a Corn-dance, which is a feature of the growing season, where blanket Indians reside. Just when these dances will be held the white man never knows. Just how the festivities are conducted his eye is never supposed to see. Secretly the word is sent out and as secretly as possible the redskins gather. But the monotonous thrumming of tom-toms, the intermittent yell of squaws, the shrill squeals of juveniles and the more dignified chantings of the braves carry the tidings unmistakably when once the dance is on.

These ceremonies are peculiar to the Mississippi Valley. Members of the tattered remnants of what were once powerful tribes, who are familiar figures on the streets of nearly every Mississippi River city periodically become imbued with the desire to hold a tribal dance. Dirty, dusty

and travel-stained, and often as not ravenously hungry, descendants and associates of the families of Winnishiek, Rain Cloud, Hawke Eye, Big Moon, Winnebigoshish, Waheta, Little Crow, Rain Maker, and many other greater or less chieftains respond to the call and are promptly on hand to take part in the big feed, which is usually an important adjunct of dance festivals. The Corn-dance is something akin to the Snake-dance in that it is to propitiate the rain god.

While not in the strict sense of the term a real dance, the potlatch of the coast Indians has dancing connected with it. Recent efforts to suppress a celebration of the curious ceremony on Vancouver Island were bitterly resented by the Indians through their chiefs. They contend that the custom is one that concerns the Indians alone and that it should not be interfered with. The potlatch is a sort of carnival of unselfishness in which the chief who gives away the greatest amount of goods and trinkets receives the most honour. Naturally the tribesmen delight in being showered with gifts by the chiefs, and the latter wish to maintain the right to give away as much as they like to whom they please. At the

close of the giving of presents, a big dance and feast is held.

The strangest of all Indian dances, perhaps, are those given underground. These are common among the Tewos, in the Southern United States. No white man, it is said, has ever been permitted to see one. During the preparations for and progress of the dance, a careful guard is kept so that there may be no possibility of a white man stealing in. Large dugouts are made, with long underground passages, and these, too, are carefully guarded to see that none but a Tewa is allowed to pass.

The Indian will always dance. The desire to shake his feet is inborn, and no amount of civilization seems to uproot it. The character of Indian dances has necessarily changed considerably. Social dances are becoming more common, and on some of the reserves large buildings are being erected in which the more modern Indian dances are taught to the young Indians. None of the treaty Indians of either the United States or Canada have been known to adopt any of the white man's dances. The tango and the bunny-hug are foreign to them. They have not yet learned to dance in each other's arms.



Old-Time Politics and Elections

BY M. FORSYTH GRANT



ALL my life I can remember elections. Both my grandfathers having been prominent public men, and my father also in public life from almost his youth, elections and politics were to us youngsters all in the day's work, and very different were both from what they are now. Liberals and Conservatives were the bitterest enemies, the parties having nothing to do with each other, and we as children were taught to look on "Grits" as the meanest of creatures. I can well remember a frightful row I had with Mrs. James Plummer, or rather, Miss Annie McConkey, of Barrie, as she was then, when as children playing together she said something about George Brown. Now, the name of George Brown had always been represented to me as something vile and too horrible to live, and the idea that, as my playmate said, he was a kindly gentleman, was one which could not be allowed to exist for a moment. Accordingly, we had a violent quarrel, which ended in a forcible separation by the governess, whose contemptible tone I can hear now saying, "The little geese have been talking politics".

I wonder how many children would do that now. Mrs. Plummer and I have had many a laugh over that violent controversy. Elections lasted then for two days at least, and the

reports of the canvassers were often brought to my father, who ran for West Toronto, that constituency then taking in the half of the city, with St. John's and St. Patrick's Wards. The former was the property of my grandfather, Hagerman, the names Christopher (his own), Elizabeth, Hayden, Teraulay, etc., being old family names, and was inhabited chiefly by the negroes, who were the general whitewashers and barbers of that day. An old man named Lewis, a huge, fat man, black as a shoe, was left by the mistress of a well-known house here, that of the late Honourable J. Hillyard Cameron, to do a lot of whitewashing during her absence in the summer (and there was always a great amount of whitewashing to be done each year), but to her horror, on returning, Mrs. Cameron found that old Lewis had actually induced her cook, an English woman, to marry him. Old Taylor (a frequent visitor to *The Globe* office, where Mr. Biggar had an excellent portrait of him), and an old couple of the name Warren, were some, I remember, but I was always terrified of them. Mrs. Chamberlain, mother of Miss Fitzgibbon, wrote a delightful article on "The Coloured Citizens of Toronto", published in the transactions of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, and as she lived in Avenue Street, where the General

Hospital is now, she saw a lot of these curious folk. Many of them were my father's constituents, and I can remember well his having a number at Sleepy Hollow. One evening he had an oyster supper for, I suppose, some of the prominent voters. The table was set with a huge dish of oysters in the shell, which were opened by the servant as wanted, and we could hear the "Yah, Yah" as stories were told. My mother had gone to bed, but presently my father came rushing upstairs, saying, "I want you to come down and sing for these fellows." My mother, I suppose, demurred, but he said, "Oh, put on a dressing-gown, and sing in the hall!" and so she did; and I shall never forget the picture remaining with me of her standing in the long hall, close to the dining-room door, ajar, and singing in her glorious voice, "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Home Sweet Home", songs which invariably brought down the house, and were received with rapturous enthusiasm by her unseen audience that night. Doubtless the election was won. On the election days there were always immense crowds at the polling-booths, one big one being St. Patrick's Market, in Queen Street, and there was some doubt of the ward, so my mother, who always drove round to the polling-places, ordered old Scallion to get his big double cab and white horses (such a handsome old man with silvery curls), and I was put into a blue dress and jacket and huge leghorn hat with feathers, and allowed to go, too. My mother had had sent to her from Ireland a large piece of peat, and, from an Irish admirer of her singing, a huge brooch made of bog oak, with a gold harp in the centre, and "Erin go bragh" put on, fastening the elegant "Burnoos", a long embroidered cloak then worn. The peat, a dried-up, brown turf, the size of a loaf of bread, was also taken. When we got to St. Patrick's Market, in Queen Street, just opposite to Beverley House, the home of my grandfather, Sir John Bever-

ley Robinson, and where my father was born, a seething crowd was jostling in hundreds in front of the voters' place, and a rather tough-looking lot, too, probably mainly of foreigners spoiling for a fight. Our carriage drove up, and my mother spied Mr. James E. Smith, late Mayor of Toronto, and beckoned to him. He came up at once, his white teeth shining in the sunlight as he smiled and raised his hat. My mother handed him the piece of peat, asking him to give it to any Irishman who would care for it. He promised, and held it high up in his hand, and as we drove away my mother smilingly touched her great brooch, saying, "Erin go bragh" to the watching crowd, and the next moment Mr. Smith was overwhelmed by the rush of Irishmen crying for "a bit of the culd land". Many of them were crying, and he had much to do to prevent himself from being injured in the impulsive, home-loving crowd. And the election was won.

I remember a most amusing scene on the Hustings, which was in York Street, opposite the old Rossin House (now the Prince George), where we watched from a balcony the forming of a long procession to escort the successful candidates. While waiting, looking at the enormous crowd, a negro suddenly made his appearance on the platform, which was built out of the window above a large warehouse door. He attempted to speak, but the crowd objected, and roared and shouted so strenuously that not a word could be heard. I shall never forget the violent gesticulations, the throwing up of arms, the bobbing of the woolly head, the gleaming teeth and whites of his eyes, the evident enjoyment of the man himself, and not a word was he allowed to give. It was certainly a funny pantomime. A beautiful carriage was decorated with flags, and with its four horses stood ready for my father, who was presently carried out shoulder-high in a big chair completely wreathed with flowers. The bearers stopped by

the carriage and he leaped lightly in from the chair over the door, whereat there was another burst of cheering from the crowd, who then followed up to Beverley House, where my grandfather came out on the upper porch and gave an address. I have a dim recollection of seeing him standing there with his beautiful face and snowy hair, and then giving the order for a cask of ale to be brought out on the lawn.

No doubt there was much drinking at the elections, though I cannot say that I remember anything of it.

Another election won by my father and the Honourable John Crawford, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, was also the occasion of a great procession, when the two members, I suppose, representing the Roman Catholic and Orange vote, were carried in a big boat on wheels, splendidly decorated with flowers and flags, and stood clasping hands. That must have been the election when my mother, a life-long friend of Mrs. Crawford's, drove to York House, where Mr. Crawford lived for many years (my Grandfather Hagerman's home, on Simcoe and Wellington Streets), and insisted on Mrs. Crawford ordering her carriage and driving round to the polling-booths of her husband's division, as there was some fear of non-election. Mrs. Crawford, a tall, dignified, but very shy woman, finally consented to show her personal interest, and again the election was won.

There was a bad character in the town, whose actual name I forget, but it was something like Feegan. He came up one afternoon late to Sleepy Hollow to say my father was to be shot if he came up through the Queen Street avenue that night. This was in the midst of canvassing and my father, of course, was out busy with the electors. My mother was nearly frantic. There were no telephones then, and servants, with a cousin, Frank Joseph, who always lived with us, were sent in every direction with

messages to warn my father not to come home. After hours of searching he was found in a small grocer's shop, sitting on an up-turned barrel, eating a sandwich and drinking a glass of beer. Having a confab with his electors, no doubt. He was a very powerful man, but such was the reputation of the then neighbourhood of Queen's Park and the avenues that he always carried in his pocket at night a short but frightfully heavy leaded stick with a blunt end, which would most effectively have laid a man out. Probably the Irishman who threatened may have heard of the instrument, for I do not remember any further trouble.

There were some clever cartoons made of the elections and public affairs generally, in which a man known as "Bob Moodie" figured often. I cannot recall the reason for his distinction. Mr. John Baxter was another well-known political friend and alderman. He was the most enormously stout man I ever saw, with a fat, jolly face and wheezy voice. My father liked to entertain his men friends, and as a tiny child I remember the great suppers, always set in the drawing-room, I suppose, on tables arranged for the occasion, as the room was thirty-four feet in length, and to this day the scent of the delicious spiced fruits, then such a feature of any banquet, figs and raisins such as one never sees now, huge boxes of French plums and other confections, comes to me. We children used to peep in at the doors when the gentlemen were all seated, and I shall never forget seeing John Baxter take a huge orange and calmly eat it as though it were an apple, peel and all, and then help himself to the contents of a great jar of pickles.

Sunday afternoons in the summer were popular at Sleepy Hollow for a gathering of men friends, social and political, and somehow one grew up in an atmosphere of city and country politics unlike, I think, anything the young people are accustomed to now.

When Parliament was moved to Quebec, the whole family went, too, for the session, and the travelling was so primitive in the winters, I can remember. Small enough to curl up on an ordinary car seat for the long night journey to Point Levis, I recall being carried out either in the gray dawn or twilight from the train to immense rowboats, baggage and servants also, which were drawn up on a steep, icy slope. When all was ready the men heaved and pushed, and away we went, down, down, until the heavy boats slid into the waters of the St. Lawrence, which was covered with broken ice. The men bent to their great oars, singing their French boat-songs, and every now and then one would jump out, hanging on to the gunwale, and trample the ice down under the water with his huge boots. For years we had rooms in Quebec with an old Mr. Keating, who was well-known to everyone, and devoted to my father and mother. The first I recall were on Parliament Hill, and my brother and I often would run over to the Buildings and get into the gallery and sit there listening to the speeches, little or nothing of which we could have understood. Sir Allan Macnab was Speaker one session, I can remember, and we both knew his fine head and dignified figure, in his robes; and the one incident I recall is while watching and listening to the speeches, we saw our father approach the steps of the Speaker's throne with some papers in his hand. As he bent with one foot on the lower step, Sir Allan leaned forward and asked a question, at the same time looking up at us, who were, no doubt, conspicuous, as children in seats where there were many grown people. We saw my father glance up at us, nod, and apparently answer Sir Allan, and in a few minutes a messenger came up and told us we were to come into the Speaker's gallery by Sir Allan's orders. So we two mites were gravely ushered with due ceremony into the small gallery opposite

the chair, and doubtless did not like the distinguished seats as well as those to which we were accustomed.

The walk on the Durham (afterwards Dufferin) Terrace was the proper thing to do, and at mid-day a great gun boomed from the citadel, the ball falling into the water, to my infinite dread and terror. All the fashionables used to walk up and down, the place was brimful of military people, and, with a splendid band playing, it was a brilliant scene, with the bright colours and flashing roofs of the old city and the glorious river beneath. I can remember a strange acquaintance I picked up in an odd way. One morning I heard a bugle sounding its silvery tone apparently high up behind the big house in St. John Street. I ran up some stairs to the roof and in some way got out on the gravelled top and across many other roofs. I spied a soldier leaning on a stone parapet blowing away on his bugle. It could not have been far away, so I ventured a friendly remark, to which the soldier, no doubt highly amused, made reply, and we became great friends though we never came nearer than the roof-tops. He would play all manner of calls for me, and I never spoke of the friendship to anyone.

I remember a Good Friday in the old city, the nurse taking me to every Roman Catholic church we could walk to, and the, to me, awful figures and paintings of the Crucifixion, in life-like wax, with the sacred wounds and blood all shown in crimson. They haunted me for many a day and night.

Colonel Paynter was the commandant one year of our stay, and he was very kind to me, taking me for drives round the city, and as he came near any of the famous gates we could hear, in sonorous tones, coming from the "non-com." "Turn out the guard", and almost invariably the colonel would call out at once, "Turn in the guard", though sometimes for my amusement he would allow the file of men to come out and gravely take

the salute. There was something in being a person of consequence in those days! The society in Quebec was then very delightful. I have heard my mother speak of it as being so. Chief Justice Bowen, the first Lady Rose, who was so charming and hospitable, always being prepared for six guests at dinner in case Sir John Rose wished to ask friends without notice; the Price's beautiful old place on the St. Louis Road, behind which Wolfe came up the bank two hundred years ago; the Montizamberts, the Stuarts, the Forsyths, are all names of old friends. Sir Edmund Head was in Government House, and we were allowed to go to the soldiers' riding-school to see Miss Head taking the jumps in masterly fashion.

Later on I remember an occurrence which doubtless at the time was of great political significance. My father—always a man of the Conservative party, and of influence in it as to deep party spirit—had some bitter dispute with Sir John A. Macdonald, and was unforgiving to the point of refusing to run for an election. He thereby roused the anger of the Premier, and one evening, when Sir John A., who was then occupying a house in St. George Street, sent a message to my mother that he was coming over to see my father, and he wanted her help. My father at first refused to see him and my mother had to entreat that the visitor might be received, and when Sir John came he begged my mother to intercede. We were all in the library, my father having gone to the drawing-room, and from whence, Sir John having been taken there by my mother, we presently heard loud and angry voices in argument. After a time the Premier came out and almost went on his knees to beg my mother to intercede, which, I suppose, she did, and to effect, for my father did not appear. Sir John came into the library, and as he was then on the temperance ticket. I remember the tea-tray being

ordered in and his quaffing the strong, fragrant beverage out of a bowl, as we had no cup large enough for his taste. I can see the thin figure, with untidy head, with its scattered locks, the ugly, clever face, and the charming deferential manner to my mother, and hear the vehemence of the tone in which he said to her, "John *must* run. You will have to make him!" My father always thought he made an enemy of Sir John A., as when Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario he assented to the bringing on of an election by Mr. Mowat (afterwards Sir Oliver), which he considered a constitutional measure, irrespective of party, as Lieutenant-Governor. Sir John never entered Government House during his term there. Lady Macdonald was an enormous help to her husband, and every day and night was at the House during the session, and though a curiously-mannered woman, was a most devoted wife. She always made a point of calling on the members' wives, who then thronged the Russell House in Ottawa, and I have seen her come into the drawing-room there, stately in velvet and furs, send her cards to the various rooms, and presently be the centre of a large ring of women, each, of course, as she entered, under the impression that she was the only one called on! Her conversational powers were great, and she was never daunted by numbers, and would chat and talk to each of the wide circle as though she was the only one of importance. A great gift, truly! She was thoroughly versed in politics and had many devoted friends amongst Sir John's adherents, and whom she spoke of as her "aide-de-camp". Lady Macdonald must have witnessed some wild scenes in election times, unknown to the women of the present day of ballots, and no doubt she helped by her untiring devotion to win many.

We children were accustomed to the details of party fights, and knew all about the meetings which, when weather permitted, were held in the

open air. One still June night we all assembled on the verandah of Sleepy Hollow to listen to my father's voice in a speech he was making at the corner of Queen Street and what is now University Avenue. There were no buildings to speak of between us, and now and then, though we heard no words, the stentorian, distinguished voice could be distinctly heard.

THE BOYS' ROOM

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

THE sunshine was spattering over the floor
 In a frolic of golden rain,
 And the little green leaves were whispering
 And tapping outside the pane.
 There were their college banners and books;
 And, hung on the plain gray wall,
 Sir Galahad, shining and tall,
 Waiting there for his vision,
 In the dream-filled days of yore.

But now *they* have seen a vision
 And shall they come back no more?
 Through the open door
 I heard the step of the brave little brown-eyed mother,
 And though she smiled on the threshold,
 In her eyes the big tears gleamed.
 "I've been such a happy woman!
 We've always dreamed
 That little grandchildren might come some day,
 And get out the old toys, and romp and play
 Just as *they* used to. But now, you know,
 There is something greater than that, and, oh,
 Sometimes one almost grows afraid to dream!
 "Fred writes, 'You taught us to "Follow the gleam",
 With gay old Galahad there on our wall.
 Cheer up, mother. This life's not all'.
 Think of Fred—our joker—writing that. Well,
 We must go down to lunch, dear. There's the bell."

And so we silently closed the door,
 And left the room as it was before,
 With the sunshine spattering over the floor
 In a frolic of golden rain,
 And the little green leaves a-whispering
 And tapping outside the pane.

But now when we talk of the war, I see,
 Above the horrible, death-filled gloom
 That rises before me, "the boys' old room"—
 A vision whose beauty shall never pale;
 A *temple* that still guards the Holy Grail.



THE SHIELDS OF RÖSSELAERE

"It is proved that the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire."

—Report of Lord Bryce's Committee on German Outrages.

How for the Hired Man

BY C. H. J. SNIDER



RS. ONTARIO met me at the railway station. She was a douce matron on the sunny side of forty, comfortably clad in crisp cool summer clothes of the same style and cut as those of prosperous city sisters. She had a venerable Bucephalus—aged thirty-one, she told me—and a two-seated buggy. I presented my identification disc—I mean my Ontario Government Employment Bureau card—and she made room for me and my leather handbag. Soon we were grinding cheerfully along the gravel, while on either side streamed by fields brown in stubble, golden with grain, or green with clover, lucerne, or 'sike. Overhead bi-planes droned, bound to and from the aviation camp, a hundred miles away. From the fields came the clink of whetted scythe, as someone prepared to "cut the corners" of a field ripe for harvest, or the purr of a "self-binder", slicing down the standing grain and tossing it off in twine-tied sheaves. Horses' heads were now and again visible above the grain, but the only sign of humans was the occasional appearance of the yellow brim of a straw hat.

"They call this No Man's Land," said Mrs. Ontario. "There's nobody left on the farms hereabout but oldish chaps and boys and women. If we could only get help—but all the

hired men and farmers' sons are off to the war!"

After a quarter of an hour we turned into a lane and reached a red brick house with white trimmings, all embowered in lilaes and apple-trees, and sentinelled by Lombardy poplars. I was led in through fly-screened doors and the cool darkness of green shades to a small bedroom.

"You can leave your valise here," said Mrs. Ontario. "This is your room. Would you like to change your clothes?"

I would, and I did, marvelling the while at the contrast between the expected and the actual in this hireling's boudoir. The room was not so small as to be crowded by a large mirror and dresser, two chairs, and a "three-quarter" bed. It was carpeted and there were plump white pillows. On the wall hung a framed "motto", worked in coloured wool on perforated cardboard, exhorting praise to God from whom all blessings flow.

These details I noted as, behind the closed door, I slipped out of my business tweeds and into my hired-man's costume. There was a coat-hanger for the preservation of my padded shoulders, and plenty of hooks. I opened my bag and got out the gear I had brought. It had this order of merit: One toothbrush, one tube tooth paste, two pairs of wool-

len socks, two pairs of gloves, two suits of light underwear, one linen hat, property of my wife, two soft shirts, one pair of duck trousers, one duck coat, one camera, one woollen sweater. Oh, yes, I had soap, towels, a few collars and handkerchiefs, and a comb and hairbrush, besides. Still, my whole outfit, including the leather bag, did not weigh more than fifteen pounds.

My change of costume did not occupy ten minutes. Fortunately my brownish duck suit was already well stained with a season's sailing usage. My hat—or my wife's—looked glaringly clean, I knew, and I was also conscious of the fact that my long-practised habit of wearing my socks outside of the legs of my working trousers would be a decided innovation. Still, I knew the hat was wonderfully cool, very light, and sure to stay on my head; and my style of sock-wearing was one of which I had proved the efficiency. It is only the puttee plan simplified.

"You look the part all right," was Mrs. Ontario's somewhat enigmatical compliment as I re-appeared. "You'll find Mr. Ontario over in the oat-field, where you see the horses with the binder."

I started off briskly, for there was still an hour or so of the forenoon left. I had gone a hundred yards when I remembered my gloves, so I ran back and got pair number one—harvest mitts of greenish leather, with black wristbands. They had stalls for the forefingers as well as the thumbs, and they cost fifty-five cents a pair.

I soon heard the binder, and overhauled that noble craft rapidly, as it appeared to be making heavy weather of a tempestuous sea of oats. In fact, it was hove-to, with the three horses that drew it making an extempore meal of oats-in-the-sheaf while the driver bent over it and applied an oil-can vigorously. So far as I could judge at a distance, from a back view of a pair of blue overalls

and a wide straw hat of the cow's-breakfast variety, Mr. Ontario wasn't a very broad-shouldered man nor very big, and his ankles looked very trim in low white shoes and white stockings.

"Good land!" thought I, adopting the metaphor of the soil as rapidly as possible. "Have I been fooled into working for one of those silk-hosiered gentlemen farmers? Well, I'll hail him anyway."

"Good-day," I hailed, "Are you—" At this, with a final flick of the oil-can the binder-driver straightened up and turned round.

"Miss Ontario?" I finished, executing a mental somersault so rapidly that my tongue almost tied in a knot.

"Yes," said Miss Ontario, for, as Bab the Sub-Deb would say, "It was indeed she".

She had smooth brown hair and frank blue eyes. Her mouth was kind and sensible, and her cheeks glowed with a healthy outdoor flush, heightened perhaps a tiny bit by consciousness of her outer garments.

"I'm Jerry Fromtown, the new hired man," I said. "At least I hope I am. Where's Mr. Ontario?"

"Papa's over there, shocking," answered the young lady, hopping on to the cushioned binder-seat with a serene ignoring of the fact that she herself might have been said to be similarly employed. "See the man and the boy past the corner of the oats? Get up, Queen!—Doll!—Jack!"

And forthwith she and her three-horse-power chariot plunged into the fray with the oats again, leaving behind a wake of yellow-headed sheaves and an admiring hired man.

Around the corner of the dwindling oat-sea I found Mr. Ontario and Young Toronto. Mr. Ontario was a little grizzled, but much too vigorous to be taken for that purely mythical creation of the cartoonist, Old Man Ontario. He might have been Old Man's eldest son. As a matter of fact the gnarled old figure of the cartoonists represents the retired farm-

er whose home is in the county town: and he would never have got into the papers if somebody hadn't first drawn Uncle Sam. But this is all by the way.

I told Mr. Ontario I was Jerry Fromtown, proved it by my bureau employment card, and confessed to utter ignorance of farming. Time was when the best this would have brought me would have been an opportunity to work "for my keep", but times have changed.

"But you're strong, all right, ain't you?" Mr. Ontario inquired hopefully.

Having acquired much muscle driving a leadpencil twenty-five years, I replied by telling him to show me a job.

"Well, Young Toronto and me's shocking while we're cutting, and my daughter—that's her you saw on the way down—drives the binder. If you think you can shock, take hold."

"Sure," I said. "What are you paying?"

"Two, some of 'em two and a half a day, according to what experience a man has."

"Give me two, then," I said, "until I'm worth more. Are there many thistles in the oats?"

"Not bad," said he. "Maybe you won't need mitts, if your hands are hard. Now, my man, watch me and do as I do."

Having already cast aside my pride, I stripped to my undershirt and proceeded to seize a sheaf.

The sheaf—heraldic. Emblem of order and symmetry, level-based, cylindrical, girdled with a goodly band of its own straw, with golden heads depending gracefully like tassels from the Bible-cushion of the old-fashioned pulpits. And then, the sheaf—actual. A flattish bunch of stalks of all lengths, tied in the middle with a hempen string and protruding in all directions, making all angles except a right-angle, describing all curves except a circle. And garnished, moreover, with cockle and

thistle, and dear knows what not. This, the sheaf actual, was what I was required to "shock". Verily, whatever shocking might mean, it was the sheaf that was doing it just then, not I. I tried to stand one up, but it was like balancing an egg on end; and for the moment the sheaf seemed as fragile. I had a horrible feeling that a complete failure of the oat crop was going to result, due to destruction in handling by unskilled help.

But Mr. Ontario and Young Toronto came to the rescue promptly. From their instruction I learned to grasp the innocent masses of straw, tuck them under each arm, and with the assistance of thigh and knee, if necessary, slam them up, heads together, butts apart, until they stood in a tent-like row of five pairs, with the wind blowing merrily between their separated feet. Young Toronto was willing to locate the tent-sites and give general instructions. He had a cast in one eye, but a good heart and more manners than most Toronto school boys. He had been on the farm since leaving school in the city in the spring, and he was carefully concealing the fact that he was going to have a sixteenth birthday "some time next week". In this part of the country birthday congratulations take the form of cold water applications, liberally supplied by all who can get within throwing distance.

The first hour's shocking was the longest farm-work I did. It was not that the sheaves were heavy, but they were—rather, I was—awkward. And the walking was terrible. In ten minutes I had adopted the heavy stumbling gait of the Shore Acres stars, and I never released it until I reached concrete sidewalks again. Laugh at it if you like, but it is the only way to save yourself as you plough through clods, weeds and stubble, with both arms engaged. Around and around that blessed field we trudged, overtaking the binder when the knoter or the knives or the slats or some

other part of that machine, or the grain itself, gave trouble, and falling behind when things went smoothly for Miss Ontario. Whatever happened, she was always able to remedy matters for herself, so that we had three pairs of arms for the shoeing and began to use up the overplus of scattered sheaves that had accumulated. But ere that occurred I was dripping with perspiration, blind with the heat, and firmly convinced that the shoemaker should stick to his last and city men to the sidewalk.

I was either too hot or too tired to hear the call when it came, but Mr. Ontario announced in a casual way, "Dinner. Unhitch them horses and drive them up," and the binder ceased its song. Miss Ontario drove her steeds before her, trotting behind them with careful steps as she picked her way through the stubble to the lane: and we three lured after, engaged in a complicated discussion on how many balls of binder twine would be needed for this harvest, and whether it would be better to buy now against a possible price advance next year. Miss Ontario, over her shoulder, had the affirmative—but Mr. Ontario had the casting vote.

After the horses had been watered, stabled and fed we arrived at the house. Here I encountered a great profusion of those twin luxuries in the country, hard and soft water. Personally I never did like either. Soft water always smells of decaying vegetation, and hard water always tastes bitter—to the city man. Probably we miss the taste of our beloved chlorine sterilizer. However, Mr. Ontario's wells were excellent of their kind, the water coming up clear and very cold, and his cistern yielded a bountiful supply of yellowish fluid which lathered easily and proved very acceptable. There was plenty of soap and plenty of towels, and we made extensive use of both. Then we fought past an army of flies that besieged the screen doors and sat down to dinner.

I was lucky, having Mr. Ontario, the base of supply, on my left, at the head of the table, and Miss Ontario on my right. Mrs. Ontario sat at the other end of the table, Young Toronto opposite me, and a rosy-cheeked miss of fourteen or so, who was sojourning on the farm, sat beside him. A little Dublin-born colleen of the same age waited on table. She had come to Canada as a baby, but retained enough flavour of the Liffey to explain to her mistress that the reason she had left so many eyes in the potatoes was that they might see their way into the pot.

Dinner costumes varied. Mrs. Ontario was the pink of propriety in the cool starched things aforementioned. Miss Rosy Cheeks wore a pinafore. Miss Ontario retained her overalls. Mr. Ontario and Young Toronto wore their working shirts. So did I.

The festive board was smiled upon by a framed photograph of Queen Victoria, and restrained from frivolity by a portrait of Gladstone on the opposite wall. Above the door leading to the hall was the text, worked in wool like the one in my bedroom, "God is Love". There were also on the painted walls two framed lithographs, a summer scene and a winter scene, an unframed picture of very gorgeous fruit beside a bowl of goldfish, an insurance company's calendar, and an early Victorian print entitled "The Lover's Reconciliation", which emphasized the difficulties of endearments during the reign of crinoline.

The table was covered with a white linen cloth. It had an asparagus fern in a brass bowl in the centre, and Mrs. Ontario struck a little bell when she wanted the Dublinette.

Glasses were filled from a freshly pumped pail of cold water, which stood at Mr. Ontario's right knee on the floor, the food and drink and conversation circulated in a rapid stream, Mr. Ontario being the recognized source and fountainhead for all three. The menu consisted of sirloin

steak with brown gravy, boiled potatoes, carrots and beets, with a salad of sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, very pleasantly cool from the refrigerator, and apple pie for dessert. There was tea in plenty, with white sugar, and cream from the farm. The butter came from a neighbour's, the bread from a baker's, and there were two varieties of home-baked biscuits; also cake. I have detailed this first menu because it was typical of our dinners while I was a hired man. They were always different, but always as ample.

A bell rang ere the gravy had been served. It was not the call for the Dublinette, and I looked around incredulously, reminded of the desk telephone I had left several million miles behind me. Yes, there on the wall behind Mr. Ontario sat auld Nick, in shape o' 'phone—

"A towsy tyke, black, grim and large,
To gie the music was his charge"—

and he did it, in an almost continuous series of combinations of long and short rings.

"It's a party line," Miss Ontario explained as she helped me to tomatoes, "and everybody's using now that they're in from the fields for dinner. That's the ring for Hazel's place. She's just the same age as I am, and she's cutting this year, too. Our ring's a short and a long. She's cut forty acres so far, and I—there's our ring"—as a short-and-long tintinnulation interrupted.

Mr. Ontario, it appeared, had about as much seclusion in the privacy of his domestic board as any desk-slave who tries to swallow sandwiches at noon hour. In the intervals between helpings of apple-pie and beefsteak he, by telephone, bought a cow and calf, three miles away; sold the calf for ten dollars; received an S.O.S. call from a neighbour who needed a rope spliced; arranged with another neighbour to take his milk to the station the following morning; found that the tra-

velling threshing outfit would be able to give him a half-day next week; agreed to splice the rope while the rope owner drove his newly-purchased cow in for him.

The meal was not a hurried one—for anyone except Mr. Ontario. The wash in cold water and the stretching of my legs under the table had largely restored my energies—as the vanishing steak attested—and I had plenty of leisure to follow the railway signboard's advice to "Stop—Look—Listen". Miss Ontario was neither self-conscious nor conceited. She laughed at my confession of amazement at my first sight of her, and her mother explained that the year before, when her daughter's overalls made their first appearance, everybody professed to be aghast at them, but now they were being adopted by many of the girls on the farms.

"It isn't for their looks," Miss Ontario explained, "for goodness knows they are ugly enough, but you really can't get on and off the binder-seat with skirts and keep the hem out of the machinery."

And this seventeen-year-old slip of the good Canadian maple tree, who had cut half a hundred acres of grain in the last fortnight, was, ten months in the year, a smart-frocked high school girl, rising at six o'clock in the morning to catch a train for the city, and returning to her lilac-sheltered homestead, school books in hand, around seven o'clock at night. She had worked at the haying, and she was going to work in the mow when hauling-in began. She could talk as well about Charlie Chaplin, the First Hundred Thousand, or the antics of a "tin lizzie", as she could about the price of binder twine or how to cut a field of rain-beaten oats. She believed hats and shoes and gloves were the essentials of a costume, and would rather have things simple and plain and very, very good, than frilly and cheap. And so on. All of which, or most of which, I

learned, not in conversation with her, but with her mother, or from the conversation which raced between them while the telephone claimed Mr. Ontario's attention.

It was an hour and a half from the time the welcome dinner call had interrupted our shocking operations till we resumed them. That interval proved to me a very helpful respite. Of course, in addition to getting our own dinners, during this period, we had also fed and watered Queen, Doll and Jack, the three binder horses, and pumped—with the assistance of a three horse-power gasoline grunter—a trough full of water for the seven dairy cows and half-dozen calves and steers that formed Mr. Ontario's herd. It seemed odd that Mrs. Ontario should be buying butter with this source of supply so near at hand, but the explanation lay in the fact that the milk was shipped daily to a dairy in the city.

I began my trudge after the binder thoroughly refreshed. Two o'clock came, and three, and four, and I was again perspiring and stumbling along, with no energy left for anything but the next sheaf, when there was another hail from heaven, so to speak, and Mr. Ontario announced "lunch". We forthwith adjourned to the house again, and sat down to an elaborate tea. That is to say, we had the helpful fluid named, and bread and butter, tomatoes, biscuits, cake and preserved cherries. This meal was one of the more elaborate of its kind which I experienced in my farming; as a rule it was carried out to us in the field where we were working, but it was always quite substantial—hot tea or coffee, or lemonade, or cocoa, buttered biscuits, cake, pie and preserved fruit. It occupied half an hour or less, and we rose from it as giants refreshed.

I was surprised to find that as the sun sank lower, glorifying a sea of stubble with his slanting beams, my tired muscles seemed to swing into tune and I worked faster and more

easily than before. Not only on this first day, but on all full days of my toil did I notice this phenomenon; my last hour and a half went the most easily of all.

We worked in the field until the sun dipped; then trailed stablewards, to feed the horses and cattle and seventeen pigs, and put all the live stock to bed. Milking had been in progress for some time, under the auspices of the Dublinette and Miss Rosy Cheeks. Mr. Ontario finished it. Being unskilled at this task, I was exempted. Instead, I got hay for the horses. I was amazed at the bulk of their provender—it measured by the cord and weighed by the ton—and at the difficulty of abstracting the apparently loose blowy material from its lurking place in the stack or rick. It was the first time I had had a fork in my hands, and I was awkward. How awkward I could be with a fork I was yet to learn.

It was near nine before we were through our chores, but although it was the third meal in eight hours even I had no compunction about sitting down to the supper that was spread. This meal was something after the fashion in many English homes, and its menu—a composite from many evenings, this is—included fried potatoes, eggs, cold meat, or fish, bread, biscuits, cake, pie, fruit salad with whipped cream, preserved fruit, or ice cream. After supper, while Young Toronto read the morning's city paper, Mrs. Ontario played a dozen standard airs on the parlour piano in the liveliest fashion, Mr. Ontario smoked his pipe, Miss Ontario ironed out some of the filmiest of summer costumes, the little lasses washed the dishes, and I—I secured a huge basin of hot soft water, and to quote the immortal Sub-Deb. again, "retired to my chamber". A shave and a hot sponge bath and footbath can be negotiated in wonderfully small compass if you are careful about splashing.

I completed my toilet without spil-

ling a drop of water on the floor—but alas, the place looked like an unswept granary with the oat-heads, chaff and thistledown I shed from sleeve and sock and shirt as I moved my clothing! Then I remembered the carpet-sweeper of the morning, and gently induced that worthy instrument to perform for my benefit; for, apart altogether from motives of pleasing Mrs. Ontario, I knew I would have to negotiate that bedroom floor in my bare feet. I emerged for long enough to bid the others good-night, and then dived into the inviting sea of cool sheets spread over a feather mattress.

I suppose I must have lain an hour and a half in a sort of trance. I knew I was desperately sore and tired. I seemed to be on fire, from the roof of my head to my toes, but I was too heavy to even try for ease by tossing about. Every inflamed muscle I had clamoured for recognition, but my brain seemed bent on nothing but sleep. Probably I did sleep; at any rate I suddenly heard the clock strike twelve and became wide awake. Then I realized that the fever of my body had died down. I felt I was master of my muscles or was going to be; and I dozed.

Next thing I knew there was a gray light in the room and the clock was striking five. Immediately I heard the voice of my master at Young Toronto's door, saying, "Young! Young! Are you awake?" He had told me he would not call me before he needed me; and it was six o'clock before the summons came.

And when it did come it brought with it one of the greatest triumphs of my career. Knowing the custom among country people in America of first-naming everyone on farms, I had told Mr. Ontario when I made my bargain that my name was Jerry. For the first half-hour he had "My manned" me, whereat my soul writhed. For had not I been for a decade or two a man set under authority, having under me those to whom I could

say go, or come, or do this, and they would go or come and do—so long as the ghost walked regularly? So to be hailed as "My Man" galled, but I didn't let it show, and it didn't last long. After the first half-hour my employer Jerried me and I was well content; for while Jerry is not the name of a good workman, it carries with it a certain flavour of companionship, I was hailed this morn by my employer—and ever afterwards by him and all on the farm—as "Mr. Fromtown!"

I never was proud of that title before, but I swelled with satisfaction as I tumbled out of bed and answered, "All right!" I had made good, and I was glad.

I had noticed Young Toronto addressed Mr. Ontario as "Boss", and was half tempted to follow his example; but as a youngster I had learned to "Sir" skippers and mates without blistering my tongue, so it came easy to use that vocative when I wished to vary from "Mr. Ontario". Neighbours called him "Jim"; and Young Toronto called Miss Ontario "Alice". I stuck to "Miss Ontario", although I was old enough to have called her daughter.

The reason for my indulgence in the matter of sleep was that Mr. Ontario and two horses had to make a trip to the train with the milk before the day's work in the fields commenced, and he and Young Toronto and the Dublin lass sufficed for the milking. I startled the last-named member of the household, who was presiding over the breakfast ceremonies, by asking for a dipperful of cold hard water and using it up in toothbrushing before plunging into the basin of soft water she had ready for my morning ablutions on the verandah. (We men always washed at this one spot, there being a washstand, basin, waterpail and towels kept there for the purpose; and the cistern pump was hard by, or, I should say, soft by, probably).

Breakfast consisted of oatmeal por-

ridge, with plenty of cream and brown and white sugar; eggs as required, and bread, butter, biscuits and preserved fruit or marmalade. Let it be understood that because I enumerate thus faithfully these menus, it does not follow that I exhausted them all. As a matter of fact, I was never able to completely sample any one of them; and I established a reputation of being a "slim eater" simply because in self protection I had to leave many a tempting dish for further reference. Had I attempted to eat all the hospitable Ontarios urged me to try I would have been in the city hospital or a country cemetery within a week.

After breakfast I helped Young Toronto feed the stock and clean the stables and cut wood for the kitchen until Mr. Ontario and his horses returned from the railway station. Some mornings it was half-past seven and some mornings half-past eight before we got to our field work; and Miss Ontario usually appeared an hour or so later, taking her father's place on the binder-seat. The women of that household rose later than the men—and worked later at night.

My second day's shocking left me as tired as the first, for I worked three or four more hours; but I had less complaint from fevered muscles when I ceased work, and I got to sleep readily and slept easily. But I had all my purgatory over again when Miss Ontario had the last field "down"—that is, the grain all cut—and we commenced to "draw in" from one of the fields where the barley had been drying in shocks for a week or more.

The manner of "drawing-in" was on this wise. Young Toronto was stationed in the mow in the barn, to arrange the sheaves—and this is as much an expert's job as window-dressing. The sheaves around the borders of the mow must be arranged side by side, butts pointing outwards. The inner rows are arranged in the opposite fashion, the heads outwards

and overlapping their fellows to the extent of the band or binding. Young Toronto had Miss Ontario to assist him. She was also ring-mistress for the good horse Doll. The latter had to hoist the sheaves up into the mow. Mr. Ontario and I sallied forth for the sheaves themselves, in an equipage known as the "rack", drawn by Jack and Queen. The rack was a collection of four stout iron wheels, a great number of broken boards gathered into a general platter-shaped quadrilateral, an assortment of bolts, nails and scraps of wire, and an utter absence of springs. Two wide frames known as "ladders" rose from either end of the rack, to hold the sheaves in. It was a tooth-shaking carriage when empty, but very comfortable when loaded.

Armed with forks, Mr. Ontario and I drove down the farm lane to the barley field and halted at the first shock. Then he spread the first sling-rope, a double-ended affair fastened at the extremities to either side of the ladder at the back and stretched so that the eye marking the middle of it lay in the centre of the rack. I had to stand on the ground, spear the sheaves with my fork, and toss them up to Mr. Ontario on the rack. He caught them with his fork and arranged them in tiers upon the sling-rope. It was really a very simple operation, but until you have tried to handle twenty pounds of barley straw on the end of a six-foot fork you have no idea how clumsy you can be. The sheaf goes everywhere except where you want it to go, and the fork which enters it as though greased stays in it as though glued. Moreover, the first sheaves have to be lifted shoulder-high, and the next higher, and so on; so that, ere the load was built I was heaving sheaves the length of my fork-handle above my head, or higher. All this brought a new set of wrist and foot and shoulder muscles into play; and by the time the first sling-load had been pitched I was biting my lips to keep

from breathing through my mouth and yearning for deliverance. There was a moment's blessed respite as the rack was driven and I walked from shock to shock; and there were several such moments every time a fresh sling-rope had to be adjusted. We used four, two in the back half of the rack and two in the front, and each held three courses of sheaves.

I had heard terrible tales of the building of sky-scraper loads, and was pleasantly disappointed when from his airy perch on top of the sixth course, Mr. Ontario called down "That'll do. Give me your fork!" The load wasn't so very high—at the most ten feet above the ground. "Climb up," said he, and I climbed up the one-runged ladder at the back and flung myself panting on top of the sheaves, grateful, oh, so grateful, for the fifteen-minute ride that lay between me and the barn!

When we got there I had recovered my wind and was able to take a lesson in unloading. Overhead, in the barn, a metal carrier travelled on a track under the ridge-pole. From the track depended a hook and pulley and chain. The ends of the chain were hooked into the ends of the sling-rope and hove taut with a dog-and-ratchet pull. Then Miss Ontario drove Doll off at a smart pace, and, Doll's whiffletree being attached to the fall of the hoisting tackle hook, pulley, chain and sling-load soared towards the barn roof and ran along under the track to the required spot. A pull on a trip-rope released the whole bundle of sheaves, and they fell in a loose pile upon their earlier gathered brethren in the mow. Here Young Toronto, with such assistance as every disengaged fork could give, straightened them out, or in a technical phrase, "mowed them away". Mowed, by the way, rhymes with crowd, not crowded.

This hoisting arrangement was far from working with the dull perfection of the description given. Once we lost a quarter of a load on the barn-

floor and broke a sling-rope, through a bight of the latter catching on a corner of the rack. Once we lifted the rack half way off its axles through a similar mishap. Sometimes the trip-rope would foul and refuse to open the hook, and once we parted the hoisting tackle. That appeared to be the main trouble of the farmers in the neighbourhood; and as my employer was the only man in the countryside who could splice a rope—except myself—we usually heard of such mishaps, very often by telephone. Half an hour later a buggy bearing a shame-faced neighbour and a frayed rope would heave in sight, and operations would be temporarily suspended.

By noon I was very, very tired, and my hands were beginning to blister. I have always made a practice when doing new manual exercises, of making each hand learn to do the other's work. It is not hard, when both hands are unskilled, to change from one to the other frequently, and it is a big help. I had done this carefully in my fork-handling, and so had the strain well distributed; and another thing Mr. Ontario told me helped save my skin. On his advice at noon I bathed my hands thoroughly in cold water from the barnyard pump and then rubbed them with salt from the barrel in the feed bin. It hurt a little, but the swelling had all disappeared before I started work in the afternoon.

Nor did I hesitate, after dinner, to don my number two pair of gloves—housemaid's cotton finger gear. They were very loose and soft, and, combined with the salt and water treatment, which I repeated several times, were the salvation of my hands. It was not that I minded blisters, but I knew that unless I kept my hands in working shape I would be of no use whatever to Mr. Ontario; and as Young Toronto was too light for pitching, as my job was called, it was rather essential that I should stay fit.

Five o'clock lunch was a most welcome relief that afternoon. I did not eat much, but I dipped three cups of coffee out of the pail kept warm between the sheaves; which is more coffee than I had ever drunk at one sitting. Mr. Ontario had to take Young Toronto's place in the mow as the sheaves rose to the rafters and careful packing was required, so Young Toronto took his place on the wagon. As I pitched the sheaves to him he placed them by hand instead of with a fork. This was slower, and therefore easier for me; and perhaps it was because of this that I felt my usual rush of extra steam in the last hour and a half, although we worked until it was so dark we could not see the sheaves. I was tired when I sat down to supper; so tired I could not eat, and I could have drunk the ocean dry. But I munched something and drank as much tea and as little water as I could, and crawled off to bed after as short an interval as was decent.

And the next day it rained! Oh, blessed rain! Mr. Ontario didn't see it in that light, but I never heard sweeter music than the drip of the water from the eaves that morning. I kept my muscles from relaxing with all sorts of chores, from digging potatoes for dinner to loading coal at the railway siding three miles away, in preparation for our coming threshing; but it was an off-day, and I had time to re-read half through the First Hundred Thousand, which Miss Ontario lent me.

After the rain was over we spent half a day turning the shocks to hasten the drying process, before resuming drawing-in. We worked hard that day, and the next, and the next, and so on. But my muscles were now in tune and my hands tough, and I

could pitch as long as the horses would stand up in the harness.

I found farm work a great deal harder on the muscles than city toil, but—perhaps because I had no responsibility—much easier on the head. At any rate, no matter how wearily we went to bed, we always got up refreshed in the morning. The drawback to farm work as a permanent occupation was that it only left a man time to eat and sleep.

I was frankly sorry when my engagement was up. So were Mr. Ontario and the Ontario family. They all said so. I bestowed my harvest mitts on Young Toronto, and my housemaid's gloves on the Dublinette. They cost fifteen cents, and wearing them had saved fifteen blisters and also my fifteen-dollar wrist watch. I found the latter in the sleeve of one of the gloves one evening when I went to climb up on the last load. I had broken the strap, unknowingly, out in the fields, but the cheap bit of cotton had caught the little timepiece and held it. Mr. Ontario thanked me for coming out and paid my wages in full and said he hoped he would get as good a man from the bureau in my place; and in the sweet serenity of a Sunday morning Miss Ontario, pretty as a cover design in her voile skirt and sports coat, drove me to the station. A buxom dame, who acted as post-mistress and station agent—for we were still in No Man's Land—gave me my ticket and collected the silver with one hand while she fluttered a green and white flag with the other. The train was—alas—exactly on time. I waved adieu to Miss Ontario, and an hour later was finding the concrete of the city sidewalks strangely unsympathetic towards the plodding feet of the ex-hired man.

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

VII.—THE FOOD PROBLEM



TO date the problem faced in the feeding of the people of the British Isles is not that of food shortage, but of food distribution. To the foreigner that assertion may seem to deprive the situation of most of its seriousness; to us who live through it and watch its development therein lies more menace than in the expressed hopes of the Kaiser. British ingenuity may be depended upon more confidently to overcome the enemy than to alter internal affairs in order to cope with unusual conditions. Nothing is so powerful against the Englishman as his habits and system.

No one in the British Isles has felt the pinch of hunger. And it is not likely that anyone will. What suffering there has been arises from the temporary shortage of unessentials and from high prices. Sugar and potatoes sum up the total of national deprivations owing to the war, and never did they approach privations because there has always been something to take their places. Before there is actual want the British will have solved the submarine. But after three years of a situation that has continually pointed to food as one of the vital factors in the winning of victory they are only now nearing the solution of a situation with which the enemy has nothing to do—which

is, indeed, indigenous to the British race, but more particularly to that section of it residing in England and Scotland.

The problem of distribution is two-fold. The limitation of supplies—rather the necessity of conserving for an uncertain future—demands an equality of distribution that ignored individuals and class. The second difficulty is the British character—an independence which resents control and dictation. Of the two the latter was the more immediately dangerous at the beginning of the conservation movement. But common sense is asserting itself, so that equality of distribution now occupies the time of the Food Controller. When he found temperance in eating to be so necessary as to justify Government action, the Englishman yielded to a pressure which he naturally resists. But having yielded, he was forced to set to work on the national system of class favouritism—as, indeed, he has been forced to do in every problem connected with the war.

It was Britain's unquestioned command of the seas that delayed food measures which were reasonable from the very first gun. That inbred and time-honoured confidence in victory laid a heavy hand on reasonable provision and prevision in every act of war. In the matter of food arbitrary measures did not seem to be neces-

sary early in the struggle. Depending entirely, as it did, on the control of the seas, Great Britain was justified in her confidence, a confidence that would never have been shaken had the Germans adhered to the rules of warfare.

One measure only was taken early in the war to protect the food supply of the British Isles, an obvious one immediately demanded by the fact that they had been procuring more than sixty per cent. of their sugar from Germany. A Sugar Commission was appointed. Thereafter, for more than two years, even when the casual onlooker was viewing the situation with alarm and the Asquith Government itself was talking much of plans in the House, nothing further was done. Always in the mind of the people was the thought that the enemy could not drive Great Britain to defensive measures that would reflect upon its special sphere of power; and in the mind of the Government was the hope that political balances need not be disturbed by restrictive action certain to be resented in some quarters. For it must not be imagined that party aims and hopes disappeared with the formation of a Coalition Cabinet.

The second official move of importance was made in October, 1916, when a Wheat Commission undertook to readjust the grain situation. Unfortunately it was weighted down with the Asquith love of *laissez-faire*, and its duties never materialized into effective action. At a time when the enemy was openly sinking merchant vessels and threatening more, when the demands of military operations and national supply were so deflecting shipping from the ordinary channels of food transportation that reserves of grain in the British Isles were being seriously depleted, no action was taken towards replenishing these supplies from a world's production that was above the normal. America and Australia were offering the grain, but England was not will-

ing to disturb the trend of affairs in order to facilitate the acceptance of the offers.

The press of England was becoming alive to the menace, and the English press has a voice more powerful than that of its brother across the ocean. The people were growing anxious. The difficulty of securing sugar was impressing even the thoughtless with the need for action. Mr. Asquith was forced to promise operations which were loathsome to him, not alone for their antagonism to his policy, but for the danger he well saw would arise therefrom to his personal popularity. He announced the establishment of a new department headed by a Food Controller. It promised well. But the Food Controller was never appointed. Week after week the country waited. Mr. Asquith was at his best in his promises of what that important official would do—in his explanations of the delay. He was at his most natural in his inability to come to the point of action.

It was the accumulation of such dilatory acts as these that brought about his downfall. Just three days before an anxious Cabinet, backed by a roused people, demanded his resignation, Mr. Runciman, one of his Ministers, placed before the country one lone food measure that even then looked like a small mouse for the mountain to bring forth. Restrictions were placed on restaurant fare—or rather attempted restrictions. Luncheon was to be a two-course meal and the ample English restaurant dinner was to be limited to three courses.

With that heritage Lloyd George assumed power. His first discovery in connection with the food situation was that his predecessor had taken no inventory of the nation's supplies, had made no move to simplify the work of the Food Department, which had immediately to be organized. One of the first officials appointed in the new Government was a Food Con-

troller, Lord Devonport, a man whose intimate connection with food supply as the head of a large multiple store company seemed to qualify him for the position. It was a disappointment to the country and to the Premier himself that the seeming qualifications for the Controller's office should in the end prove the insuperable obstacle to his effectiveness. Lord Devonport introduced many measures intended to cope with a situation passing rapidly into a serious stage, but a calm survey of them discovers them to be, after all, paltry, a mere touching of the surface.

Lord Devonport took pleasure in vetoing the Runciman restaurant order four months after it had been put into effect, and almost the same time after its folly had become evident. The limited course meal brought only one result, that diners ate more solid meat, and less of the odds and ends, the entrees and unessentials and make-overs, that give the daintiest touch to restaurant fare without affecting food stocks. Men formerly content with a small helping of meat in the interests of the decorative courses, demanded meat and bread and cheese, the basis of subsistence. The new Food Controller, too, was forced to deal with bread, tea, confectionery, potatoes and other vegetables, and sugar.

His substitute for the Runciman restaurant control was a meatless day and a limitation of the amounts of meat, bread and sugar served at each meal. This was later altered because of its drain on bread in order to take the place of meat on the meatless day. Bread he attempted to regulate by prohibiting its sale until twelve hours after baking, and by limiting its shape, weight and constituents. The adulteration of flour by maize or rice, and the prohibition of the waste that produces white flour, resulted in what is known as war bread. It was an effective measure, despite the continued opposition of the people. Tea—considered in England almost as

great a food necessity as bread—was regulated in its cheaper qualities. A curb was put on the use of sugar in confectionery, pastry and icing. In the early part of 1917 potatoes were passing so rapidly into the list of shortages that price limitation was necessary. Three cents a pound for old stock was established for the early months, rising later a half-cent. But no measures could increase the supply, and no attempt was made to prevent the farmers holding their stocks for higher prices. For months it might be said there were no potatoes in England. And with the failure of potatoes the vegetable substitutes advanced until the Food Controller was forced to limit the price of some of them.

Where Lord Devonport failed was in his reluctance to take a firm stand, to enforce the law, and principally to curtail the profits of the trader. He attempted to solve the problem by appeal. A chart of patriotic proportions in the daily diet was flung at the public in a thousand ways. The fences were covered with it, the newspapers gave it daily space, lecturers flooded the country, and, at a time when the shortage of paper was serious, the workmen's pay envelopes were crammed with a literature he never read. To the credit of the country the consumption of bread and meat materially decreased. But the two insuperable obstacles to success were the inability of ninety per cent. of the people to purchase the advised ration of sugar and the eagerness of some to seize the opportunity for gorging. While there were millions willing to curb their appetites there were flaunting thousands of pro-German sympathies or utter carelessness whose delight it was to evade the appeal and the laws. And at the very time when the people were begged to stint themselves interned and imprisoned Germans were allowed many times the ration; sugar and potatoes were being commandeered for them when the workers of the country had

to go without. The inconsistencies of the situation were intolerable, and the effectiveness of the appeal diminished weekly.

In the matter of enforcing the law there was singular laxness. Here and there a dealer was fined, although it was impossible to go on the streets without seeing plainly advertised infractions of the food laws. And the fine was usually but a small part of the profit made from the illicit transaction. Indeed, there was apparent, in store and home and restaurant, a merry revelry of law evasion that undid the patriotism of those who honestly rationed themselves.

Profiteering went on without restriction. Lord Devonport, head of a big grocery concern, persisted in refusing to limit the profits of grocers save in a few glaring and insignificant cases. Swedes, for instance, the substitute for potatoes, were limited in price to three cents a pound, a price so many times what the farmer and greengrocer had been receiving that neither could complain. The setting of prices for potatoes and beans was much advertised but unimportant, for both disappeared from the market almost immediately. Although the cost of bread to miller and baker was materially decreased by the new laws, the price advanced instantly to the consumer two to four cents a four-pound loaf. While a few bakers outside London were content with the profits from seventeen-cent bread, the London baker charged twenty-four. The attempt to democratize tea was a failure. Forty per cent. of the importations were to be sold to the public at fifty-two and fifty-six cents, but no one was ever able to purchase a pound of the cheaper price, to my knowledge, and if the better quality of Government tea was inquired for it was either out of stock or sneered at by the grocer. Neither price was ever displayed in the windows during Lord Devonport's term. The same happened with cheese. A large part of it was taken over by the Govern-

ment to be sold over the counter for thirty-two cents, but it never appeared on the shelves of more than a very few stores.

With meat no attempt was made to interfere until the last days of Lord Devonport's office, and then only the speculator was eliminated, the retailer being permitted to ask what he pleased. Of the retailers the butcher was the most heartless profiteer, the consumer being asked sixty to one hundred and fifty per cent. profit over the wholesale prices. Even the supplies controlled by the Government, such as New Zealand mutton, were turned loose upon arrival in England for the wholesaler and retailer to make what profit he wished. Laid down in London by the Government at thirteen cents, it reached the public at thirty-six to sixty cents. The butcher could not buy it without a large purchase of English mutton at extravagant prices. And in the meantime, in order to maintain the level of prices, tons of meat were left to rot on the docks.

There is no better example of the injudicious and unfair distribution of supplies than sugar, the commodity that has induced several crises already. To the people the only result of the Sugar Commission was an immediate rise in price. Against this there has been constant complaint, for it is known that the rise represented taxation and Government profit. It was not until the latter part of 1916 that a shortage began seriously to be felt; but from the first pinch the shortage increased until stocks seemed to have disappeared from the market, so far as the poorer classes were concerned. By December women were walking the streets from shop to shop begging half-pounds. Queues had not then commenced, because sugar was the only shortage and the grocer sold only to whom he liked.

It is this independence of the merchant that has driven home to the country the disaster of typical official control, so called. Each week

the Sugar Commission released to the wholesalers their shares of the available supplies, and washed their hands of any further connection with the commodity. Theoretically the wholesaler was supposed to pass on to the grocer his share, but that he had favourites is proved by the fact that some of the large West End stores seemed never to be without sugar, while the small grocer of the East End was denied a pound. It must be remembered that every pound of sugar shipped to England was Government-controlled. No control whatever was exercised over the retailer save in the matter of price, and the shortage of the available supplies enabled him to make sugar the basis of his trade. He sold to whom he pleased in the quantities he pleased. His independence became impudence. A customer was always a beggar, for he was entirely at the mercy of his grocer. Sugar was denied those who could not afford to make their purchases extravagant. Some system seemed to arrive with the demand for a purchase of fifty cents' worth of other goods with each half-pound or pound of sugar, and this was accepted by the authorities as a wise provision against wasteful purchases of the limited commodity. It was the strength of class in England that for many months prevented the authorities from realizing that such a stipulation reserved sugar for the rich who could afford to buy supplies they did not need in order to obtain the sugar they did. It was only when the merchants began to extend the same demand to the purchase of other food-stuffs that the Government forbade any conditions with the sale of sugar. But the grocer was still left to sell to whom he pleased. No improvement whatever resulted, since the grocer simply refused to sell until another large order was given.

The cry of the poor—the long, hopeless queues, the untrained cooks helpless to provide for their large families without that which had made up such

a large part of their food—was pitiful. And all the time the West End shops were selling it in fifty-pound lots or less. The Government's loose effort to enable fruit-growers to preserve their fruit was equally unfair. The growers sent in their requirements, and the sugar was released to the grocer mentioned in the requisition, but without any control over the amount he passed on to the grower. Of four friends, no two received the same proportion of that which they had asked for, the amount varying from fifty to ninety per cent. No one knows what the grocer should have given out. The latest measure in the handling of sugar, to come into force in October, is a form of card supply, but still there is no safeguard that the grocer will sell to his customers their individual shares of the available supplies.

The clamorous protest arising was more than threatening. Lord Devonport accepted the inevitable and resigned. Lord Rhondda assumed the thankless job. It is typical of English public life that only a titled man is considered competent to undertake public work. The war has introduced a Geddes or two; others will have to follow. Particularly unfortunate in the matter of controlling resources is this habit, since these wealthy titled men are so closely concerned in a financial way with the industries and commerce of the country that unprejudiced outlook is nigh to impossible. Lord Rhondda had made good in his first Government office and in private life, and initiative was not lacking. His misfortune was that he was appointed at a time when public impatience would not brook delay. Without time to study the situation and devise methods he was driven to instant action. The result was a hundred more or less vague promises that seemed to fit in with the demands of the people, and one act only of the immediate future. Profiteering was the *bête noire* of the people, and on profiteering he came out strong—in

word. Thus far there is only the promise that profiteering will be punished by imprisonment. Speculation is to be stopped, how is not apparent. Lord Devonport had already issued orders to that effect in the case of meat without affecting much the price to the consumer. The only definite act which would tend to soothe the people was an obvious expedient. It dealt with the commodity most familiar to the table—bread. Bread was ordered to be sold—some time in the future—at eighteen cents a quartern loaf.

Realizing that the British Isles might be called upon to depend upon their own resources, he turned to the farmer. Land was tilled that had never been broken for centuries, and the farmer became a real producer. If he didn't, there was a law to take his land from him temporarily. Ploughing was done by tractor, night and day and Sundays. The added crop acreage was expected to amount to millions, but lack of tractors and help and quick co-operation reduced the amount to less than half a million acres. Next year the millions are promised. Allotments sprang up everywhere—vacant lots, golf links, railway tracks, parks. London alone is producing eight hundred extra acres of vegetables. The additional growth has reduced the price of potatoes for the moment to less than it was before the war: and the absence of market organization is leaving tons to rot. England was driven to act before she could complete the organization necessary to reap the greatest reward.

The solution does not yet appear. If the submarine continues even its present success, and the measures of the future do not improve substantially on those of the past, the British Isles will feel want. Private profits, private shipping, block all the Gov-

ernment can do. The controlling influences of supply and demand are non-existent in time of war. With Government interference they lost almost all their power, in all justice. To continue that power is to exploit the Government of the people at the cost of the people. To-day the old tenet of the economist means nothing more, in the case of importations, than to ask the people, at their own expense, to make trade possible by import regulations and transportation protection, and then to expect them to pay the trader according to the volume and expense of that protection. And locally-grown products are directly dependent for price, especially in England, on the available stocks from without.

The stopping of profiteering is a pleasant ambition to talk about but an over-lofty one to anticipate. Profiteering does not end with the grocer and butcher, the wholesaler and shipper. It has entered into every phase of home life. Only the man in khaki, who assumes all the risk of war, is precluded from it. The workingman, the clerk, the farmer, the thousands of Government officials who have risen with the war—even the Government itself—are profiting from the war. But the burden is uneven. The workingman of England can present a good defence in terms of comparative wage scale, but in terms of total receipt—which is the basis of his living—he might be called a profiteer. His five pence an hour of pre-war days may have increased only sixty per cent., while living has advanced one hundred; but his week's envelope contains probably three times—often six and ten times—what it did before the war. The decreased facilities for drink and idleness keep him longer at work, and the additions of bonus and overtime are not infrequently greater than his regular wage.

The next article of this series will discuss the elaborate plans being made in England for the conservation of materials.

The Bluestocking

BY EDITH G. BAYNE



HARWELL stood for a moment on the threshold of the reception-room, looking about him. His glance was one of perspicacity. For had he not made it a rule never to cultivate the society of dull women. They bored him. They might be ever so charming physically, but when their lips dropped commonplaces he fled their presence as one pursued by some unknown horror. He had lived long enough to understand the peculiar truth of the philosophy embodied in the old saw about beauty and its mere cutaneous depth. Thirty-two years of life and the attainment of at least the groundwork of his ambition had brought him wisdom of various kinds: but even as a neophyte in the study of the other sex he had always leaned rather to plainness of face allied with a brilliant mind as against superficial beauty and triteness.

Incidentally he passed over all women under twenty-five as being out of the running, as far as his particular requirements were concerned. He had not yet met him Madame de Stael, but—there was always hope.

His discerning and somewhat cold eye now passed rapidly over the throng. It was a large assembly and there were many strangers present. After nodding to several acquaintances he wandered off in the general direction of the library. Near the door of a small writing-room where the orchestra was stationed he paused.

Wilmot Le Page stood there in lively conversation with a pretty doll in shell pink. Harwell was obliged to edge rather closely to them in passing, but Le Page did not notice his friend other than by a brief nod. There was sufficient of the gallantry of old Gaul in Wilmot to make him any woman's knight, but he possessed always a particular faculty for discovering the prettiest of the sex.

Harwell smiled sardonically, stifled a yawn, and with hands behind his back took up his stand a few feet away and waited for chance to send him a man with whom he might escape to the smoking-room.

"There stands old Harwell," said a deep, taunting voice in his rear, "like Wisdom on the heights, disdaining as usual the soft chattering of the apes, failing utterly, as always, to appreciate the charm of beauty, waiting only for the thrust of repartee, the flash of an epigram. Wake up, old man, and come along to the conservatory. I want to show you—"

Harwell had wheeled to find his friend Atwood by his elbow.

"What do you want to show me, Billy?" he demanded. "I'm feeling rather more bored than usual to-night. Hard day at the office, and I'm a real number one sample of the tired business man. So don't introduce me to anything that giggles and says 'perfectly lovely, y' know', or I'll—I'll make tracks for home if I have to escape by way of the coal-chute!"

"I admire your self-abnegation in

putting in an appearance at all! Can't you get rid of that obsession of yours and make yourself agreeable, for once, to the dear ladies? However, it is merely a flowering shrub I wish you to meet. It's an exotic bloom that Denwood brought from the tropics. Has the most wonderful scent—"

Harwell relaxed into a smile, for plants were Billy Atwood's 'obsession', and, so, with the free masonry of hobby-riders, like drew to like, and together they sought out the cool green retreat.

"Who is that gentleman to whom you nodded just now?" asked Miss Nell Henderson of Wilmot Le Page.

"Which one?"

"The tall, dark one, with the tired look on his face," she replied, leaning forward slightly to watch the slowly retreating form in irreproachable evening attire, which had attracted her attention from the fact of its having towered over most of the others. "See. *That* one. He looks so—so—"

She was about to add "different", but Le Page now turned reluctantly from gazing into the blue pools which were her eyes, and followed her glance.

"Oh, *that* chap? His name is Harwell—John Harwell. Lawyer. Clever fellow, you know, and all that. As I was saying—"

"John Harwell? Why, I believe I've heard of him! He's *immensely* clever, isn't he?"

"He has certainly built up a wonderful reputation. But, unfortunately, he's a most unsociable man—sort of misogamist, you know. Well—perhaps not that exactly, either. I believe the dance programme is about to begin. May I have—"

"Oh, but tell me what you mean. Is he a—does he hate women *really*? He must be horrid!"

"He won't look at a woman under the 'dead-line', as he calls it, which is twenty-five, and he won't look at *any* woman who can't lay some claim

to being a *bas-bleu*. It's a craze of his. I believe he had a clever mother, and therefore he demands—but, please, are you engaged for the first dance?"

"No. Let us sit it out, shall we? Or no, let us walk about instead. I'm beginning to feel stupefied in this air. It's stifling."

"Ah, I know where we shall go. To the conservatory, mademoiselle! There, too, it will be comparatively quiet—nothing to be heard but the cool hissing of the fountain."

"Dear me! Men are queer creatures," observed Miss Henderson, thoughtfully, as, having woven their way in and out among the guests, she and Le Page found themselves at last beside a trellis of roses just within the conservatory doors.

"I hope," said Le Page, "that *I* am not included in that so sweeping—"

"Oh, *you*! I wasn't thinking of you. It—it was that queer young man we were speaking about. He—he annoys me. I never heard of a man desiring brains before—before beauty. He must be an anomaly."

"Never mind, mademoiselle. There are enough of us left who—are appreciative of—"

And Le Page, shrugging, broke off awkwardly. Even his gallantry and *finesse* were unequal to the task of putting into cold words a tone-poem made up of bronze hair with little glinting red lights—hair that was piled high upon a small head; of a rose-leaf cheek, where a dimple danced; of eyes that had a way of changing in a flash from serious thoughtfulness to merriment.

"Mr. Le Page, I want to ask a favour of you," said Miss Henderson hurriedly. "Please don't refuse. I—"

"Ask of me anything—anything!" and the squire of dames pressed a hand to his heart.

"Sh! I hear voices. Wait."

After a moment, the sounds ceasing, she went on:

"It is only that I'd like if you could contrive to introduce Mr. Harwell to me."

Le Page's face fell perceptibly. "Oh, is *that* all! Believe me, you wouldn't enjoy his society."

"But I want to—to have some fun at his expense. He sounds unusual. *Please.*"

"As you like, mademoiselle. When?"

"Let me see," and she consulted her dance card. "I have the fourth dance free, for, like the first, it is one I don't know very well. Bring him then."

At the appointed time, and by dint of adroit management, Le Page conducted the now frankly weary Harwell to Miss Henderson's side.

The grave young lawyer swept a casual glance over the girl, and, bowing, murmured a conventional and half-absent greeting. She returned it in kind and went one better by manufacturing a yawn which she made little effort to conceal.

"Unfortunately I do not dance," he began politely, "or I might do myself the honour of—"

"Oh, don't apologize. I'm tired of dancing. After all, what is it but a giddy, senseless whirl? I rather regret having wasted an evening like this when I might have remained at home with my Schopenhauer."

Harwell started.

"With your what?" he asked, with a glance of curiosity.

"My Schopenhauer," and Miss Henderson became suddenly interested in something across the room.

"Oh!" and Harwell smiled outright. "I—at first I thought it might be a pet dog."

He looked with some slight degree of interest at her, noting in a half-conscious way the rich tints of her hair, the curve of her cheek, the shadow of her lashes, and the red lips, faintly supercilious.

"I've never read him," he admitted candidly.

"Few young men *have* the mental calibre to enjoy him," she said. "It takes a man of experience and knowledge of the world—also an unprejudiced mind, I might say."

She yawned again, half openly, as before.

"You evidently have suffragist—perhaps Socialist—leanings."

"*Leanings!*"

There was a world of meaning in the way she repeated the word after him. He seemed amused—and inwardly she was raging.

"You—er—are a professional woman?" he queried.

"All women have a profession nowadays," she answered.

"I asked in a spirit of doubt. You—pardon me—do not look the type."

"I perceive that you have little knowledge of women. But let us not flounder into a wordy discussion. I am not in the humour for argument. I have been working all week on a paper for our Forward Club, and my brain is weary. I came to this affair to relax. But, really, these gatherings—*crushes*, I should say—even in war's cause, are a bit of a bore, aren't they? But I needn't ask *you*, for I daresay you've enjoyed yourself immensely."

"On the contrary—that is, until this moment."

Miss Henderson lowered her eyes to hide the gleam of exultation that she knew must have leapt to them. How many girls of John Harwell's acquaintance could boast of such a compliment from his penurious lips? She took no apparent notice of his remark, but sighed and twirled her fan.

"So you do lectures," he said soberly. "What is the subject of your paper for the Forward Club?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't interest you."

"But it might, you know."

"It is 'The Evolution of the Cosmos in Relation to the Progress of the Unit'."

Harwell was a full minute in getting it. Then he whistled softly.

"Are you free for the next dance space?" he asked.

"I'm sorry. My programme is filled to the end."

"How about supper, then?"

Miss Henderson hesitated, a bit demurely.

"There was a young man who brought me. I believe it is understood that I go in to supper with him."

"Couldn't you put him off?"

Miss Henderson thought she might try. So Harwell took her in to supper, not deigning to notice the glare from a pair of eyes belonging to a good-looking, fair youth who was obliged to take in a lady with an ear-trumpet.

Harwell began to enjoy himself. Here he was, for the first time in his life, talking to a beautiful woman who had also brains, a quick wit, and the most charming originality. And she seemed but a chit of a girl! Her humour was spontaneous and never barbed. She stood out from all the other women of his acquaintance like a diamond in a dust-heap. Harwell began to revise some of his pet theories.

They spoke of philosophy, of poetry, of religion, of politics, and then of literature.

"By Jove! You're positively refreshing!" he broke out at one point, after she had remarked that many people carried their religion like a dead body—by the head and heels, with the middle sagging.

The talk having got around to fiction heroines, Miss Henderson proved herself to be an impartial critic. She lashed and praised with equal justice both English and American authors.

"How annoying to open an otherwise charming book," he said, "and find the heroine a raw miss of seventeen or eighteen! And to find her endowed with all the grace and knowledge and wit of a woman of thirty!"

"As Byron says, they 'smell of bread and butter.'" Harwell interjected.

"A book I read only this week had such a heroine. She had the repartee of a Pinero, the passion of a Cleopatra, and the hard sense of a busi-

ness man. I flung her across the room—the book, I mean, though I wish it could have been the girl!"

"Cheer up, though. Authors in general are raising the age. It is twenty-six at present, I believe."

"I would write a novel myself," said Miss Henderson, half vindictively, "only I don't want to crowd the mourners."

Harwell shot a swift glance at her. But she looked quite serious.

"I'll admit that Amelia Sedley for one made me wish to tear my hair and beat my breast," he said. "Also those two dear children of fifteen and sixteen in 'The Virginians'. Tell you what! Let's do a novel together. You shall build the plot and dress up the characters, and I shall work in the bits of dry philosophy. Do you follow me?"

"I'm ahead of you. No publisher would—"

"Tut-tut! I thought you were an optimist! I can almost see written on your shield, *Veni vidi vici*."

"You are afflicted with mental myopia, then. What you see is *Facilis descensus averno*. I am an out-and-out Bohemian, and I say what I think always. It must be my hair, I suppose. My brother says I'm a very temperamental person, and he pities the man—"

She broke off with a charming blush, and passed the salted almonds to her other neighbour.

"I envy the man," Harwell hastened to say. "I should say you would be an ideal life partner for a peppery fellow—say a grumpy lawyer, now—you are so tactful and—"

"Don't. We mustn't lock horns so early in our acquaintance. I'm *not* tactful. And I'm not a pacifist, if that is what you were about to say. I'm afraid the poor peppery partner would be up against it. He never would be able to hit out and get away with it, for I would be right there with the return wallop."

Harwell laughed. A number of people glanced wonderingly at him.

remarking his very evident enjoyment and his most unusual animation.

"I should like to see you home," he said, as they rose from the table.

"You can't. I'm provided for in that respect."

"May I call to see you, soon, then?"

"I'm a very busy person. . . . Well, next week?"

His face fell. She relented.

"Wednesday evening, then, if you like."

That was but the beginning. That Wednesday was only the first of many Wednesdays, and after a time Sunday evening was added.

Miss Henderson's home was almost as charming as herself. They invariably occupied the cosy library, and Harwell, who lived in a boarding-house, found it exceedingly restful to lean back in a deep-cushioned chair opposite Miss Nell (who usually had a bit of needlework), discussing books and many other things, while he watched the play of the firelight on her hair. She generally did the listening now.

Harwell's thralldom was complete. He had begun to feel as though he had known her all his life. She satisfied every fastidious requirement of his ultra-fastidious nature, and occasionally he would endeavour, haltingly, to put this thought into concrete form, but always the girl would change the subject abruptly. Upon one matter she had remained reticent. That was her work. Harwell often wondered, with chagrin, if conceivably she still felt that he was incapable of understanding. That she was excessively busy he could not doubt, for she was palpably weary upon more than one evening, thus compelling him, very reluctantly, to make an early departure.

A change had come over the girl. When unobserved she wore a troubled look. Her friendship with the young lawyer was taking a trend that began to lead her into hitherto untried territory. They seldom spoke of phil-

osophy, or merely abstract matters now, but revelled in personalities, in mutual tastes and desires. There were, too, many long silences between them, silences that neither cared to break.

Harwell, who, in his professional capacity had been retained upon a Government commission, had been chafing for months over the delay which had prevented him from going overseas with his battalion. But on an evening in May when the two were returning to the girl's home after a military concert he broke the news to her of his impending departure.

"So I will not go in to-night," he added. "Because I have packing to attend to and many letters to write. I leave early Friday morning for Quebec."

Visibly in the clear spring starlight she had paled. After a pause he went on:

"But I want to see you to-morrow—particularly. I can't wait until evening. I have something to say to you that—"

He broke off. The girl was a long time finding her voice. Perhaps she had felt unable to risk it.

"How soon in the day? I—I am busy all morning and all afternoon."

"Isn't there a lull somewhere? How about noon?"

"Say eleven-thirty, then," she said, after a moment.

Promptly on the minute Harwell, in his officer's uniform, was admitted to the drawing-room of the girl's home. He felt a trifle ill at ease, and would have preferred the library, their common meeting-ground.

In less than five minutes she came in, somewhat hesitatingly. Harwell rose. His lips opened to emit an exclamation, but closed again, and with surprised eyes he only gazed. She wore a large overall apron of crisp blue percale, and her sleeves were rolled to the elbows. A cap of the same material covered all but a few tendrils of her glorious hair. There were traces of flour about her,

and her cheeks were unduly flushed, as of one who has been bending over a hot cookstove.

It was the first time that he had seen her in anything but the most expensive and fashionable attire.

"I know I look a fright," she began, "but you will have to excuse my—"

"It isn't *that*," he put in quickly. "Has one of the maids suddenly left?"

"Not at all. I—I suppose you expected me to come into your presence with ink-stained fingers and a look of mental detachment. Now didn't you?"

He made no reply, but the warmth in his eyes brought a deeper flush to her already pink countenance.

"What—did you wish to see me about?"

Harwell cleared his throat.

"I came to ask you if you would marry me," he said.

She sank into a chair.

"I—I can't," she said in a small voice.

Harwell was an unemotional man, but he grew a little white.

"Why not?" he asked. "You—must have known this was coming. I want to marry you this afternoon."

"I can't," she repeated. "I can't ever. Don't look like that! I didn't know when I began this how—how it would end. It was all a bit of fun. I didn't mean to—"

"I don't know what you are talking about—"

"Oh, but—can't you see—can't you understand? I'm a—an impostor. I'm not what you think—"

Harwell, plainly puzzled, stood looking down upon her as she sat, the picture of confusion and despair, clasping and unclasping her small floured hands and looking up at him with big, hurt, contrite eyes.

"I *couldn't* tell you—I tried often. You think I'm a midnight-oil burner, a bluestocking, a female orator, a woman's club officer, a clever woman—"

"I think you're perfect."

"I'm not. I—I'm cook for a munitions canteen!"

He did not seem greatly startled.

"What's that got to do with the question? I love you and I want you to marry me. I wouldn't care if you were cook for the King of the Fiji Islanders."

She smiled fleetingly, blinked her eyes hard, and was silent.

"I'm going to France, and God knows when, if ever, I'll be back. And I want—"

"*Don't!*"

And all of a sudden she had flung her head upon her arms on the chair-rest and was weeping convulsively. In a moment Harwell was beside her, his arms about her.

She sobbed the story into his khaka sleeve, then.

"I—I took the contract five months ago. Dorry and I wanted to help. She's clever and—serves on committees and—makes speeches. But I'm not. There wasn't a thing I could d—do well but cook. The canteen s—sends up for the stuff twice a day, and it g—goes down in baskets. They like my soup and pies and custards. I give my services. It is all I can do—my one t—talent. But I *can* cook!"

She lifted her head with some show of honest pride, but discovered that Harwell's eyes were humorously, tenderly a-twinkle.

"If you're going to laugh at—"

He sobered instantly.

"So here's your bluestocking—crying like a baby! And, oh, yes! I never read Schopenhauer. I only remembered his name because I fell down on it at a spelling-match once. And I never got up a paper on anything. I don't know what the Evolution of the Cosmos is, for I only read it off an advertisement card in the street-car that evening. And my brain was never over-weary from study because I'm hopelessly domestic!"

She struggled free and got to her feet.

"One more confession," said the munitions cook, and her eyes sought the rug. "I—asked Mr. Le Page to introduce you to me."

"I know," said Harwell easily. "I was behind a potted palm in Denwood's conservatory. I recognized Le Page's voice, but, of course, didn't know yours—at the time. You haven't said 'yes' yet," he added significantly.

"But I'm still under the—the 'dead line'—and I have neither brains nor—"

"Listen. I don't want a woman with a head like an adding machine. And I was a stupid fool ever to draw a 'dead-line' where your sex is con-

cerned. I confess myself to have been an all-round ass. Come here and make a flour-dab on my right shoulder to match the one on the left."

When the noon whistles broke in upon them Miss Henderson hurriedly dusted Harwell's tunic and then pulled him quickly from the room.

"If I *am* only a cook, I'm immensely proud of my productions," she said. "Let's go to the pantry, I want to show you some of the toothsome things I have been turning out since eight o'clock. Perhaps there'll be a big piece of raisin pie—"

And Harwell, being but a mere man, offered no demur.





A NEW DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

WHEN "Bill" McNurlen went across from Iowa to Saskatchewan twelve years ago he had more energy than money, notwithstanding the loss of one arm, and more downright enterprise than ninety-nine farmers in a hundred. He was a farmer, even with one arm, and he settled on a homestead near the town of Rouleau. Like everyone else he had to borrow money from a bank, but he believed that borrowed money is just as good as any other kind if only the Almighty could get a chance to increase it. Both he and the Almighty were willing to give the money time to increase, but the bank wasn't. Payment of the note became due, and Bill hadn't enough money. He told the bank manager that the money was all right; it was in the ground, the Almighty was doing his part, and the grain was growing. But the manager told Bill to dig down and get the money. Bill hustled across to Regina and there got another bank to back him. Then he raised the note and went back to the farm. In time, with the aid of frequent rains and sunshine, Bill's wheat was in the local elevator, and in Bill's pocket reposed a cheque on the same local bank for \$5,300. Bill took the cheque across to the bank, and, lean-

ing the stub of his right arm on the counter in front of the cashier's wicket, passed it under. The cashier supposed Bill would deposit the cheque and then draw it out "as he needed it". But Bill replied that he would take the cash—now.

"It's a pretty big amount," said the cashier. "Suppose you deposit three



MRS. FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY

thousand and take the balance in cash."

"Nothing doing," said Bill; "I want the cash—the whole lump—to-day."

With that the cashier went to the manager. The manager came from his office and suggested that as it was unusual to pay out so much cash at once, Bill might have the cheque cashed at his own bank in Regina.

"But I want the cash now," said Bill.

"Well," replied the manager apologetically, "to tell the truth, we have not that much money on hand just now. But it's all right, you know," he hastened to add.

Just then Bill's memory began to work.

"Do you remember," he said, "when my note fell due and I told you it was all right, that the money was in the ground?"

The manager coloured and cleared his throat.

"The money was in the ground then," Bill went on. "Now it's in the elevator over there, and I take it that the elevator company would not give me a cheque on this bank unless they had first put the money here. You told me to dig down and get the money; now, you dig down, and be mighty quick about it."

The manager put on his hat, went over to the one other local bank and borrowed enough money to prevent Bill from closing the doors.

The banks do not worry Bill now. He has several farms in one, several automobiles, a motor-truck, and an ordinary fortune in farm implements of the heavy, expensive, Western type.

*

WHAT ARE THEY LIKE?

YOU must have asked yourself the question a dozen times when reading stories, articles and poems which struck that intangible chord, that nameless note vibrating through the being of every person who is not hopelessly atrophied as to soul.



"BILL" McNURLEN

Who almost broke the bank at Rouleau

Strangely enough, this poetic-looking photograph shows you what a poet is like—Florence Randall Livesay—and you will doubtless say to yourself, "Well, no wonder I liked that book of Ukranian Songs so much." Mrs. Livesay will tell you that she is glad to have had country girlhood for the vision of the Comp-



AN INTIMATE VIEW OF THE GREAT QUEBEC BRIDGE

ton hills and valleys has still a potent influence on her work. At the beginning of her career she wrote character sketches of the village people, and poems which took a breath of glowing country to the fettered city-breds; and these were published when the writer was still very young. She will also tell you that when in South Africa she felt that her first opportunity to "really write" had come, and she seized it. A very few months' residence in the West was sufficient to interest her in Ukrainian folk lore, and her book of *Ukranian Songs* has brought nothing but the highest of praise, not the least of which comes from *The London World* in these words: ". . . haunting, exquisite things for which we owe the translator an unending debt; a book every poetry lover will prize." If

you picture Mrs. Livesay covering miles of country and poking into isolated huts and other people's business to gather her material, you are wrong. She opened her ears as well as her heart, and listened to her Ruthenian domestics, interpreting their prodigality of poetry into English. Of late Mrs. Livesay has been doing considerable lecturing, but one doubts that her success, great as it is, brings her the same gratification as that which accompanied the publication of a religious poem many years ago. It created no end of comment amongst her school-mates, who were not to be convinced that it did not represent a penance for some darkly secret sin, and for a whole year Mrs. Livesay knew the discomfort of living too much in the limelight, for her girl friends were quite assiduous in urg-



LADY ANNE CAVENDISH

Seated between her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire

ing her to confess! She is a great believer in newspaper work as an all-round education for young girls, teaching them accuracy, to get other people's points of view, discrimination and giving them an unlimited chance for the observation of character. She has gone through lots of drudgery and has done much back work, but even it was not all drab, both sunshine and shadow preparing her for the larger successes which were to come.

*

THE YOUNGEST PRESIDENT IN CANADA

AND of so large an organization, too! But this is the whole story: The members of the Ottawa Horticultural Society, numbering more

than seven hundred, were recently invited to inspect the grounds at Government House. The most interesting section of these proved to be a garden planted and tended by the charming little Lady Anne Cavendish, the youngest daughter of Their Excellencies. Spontaneously and unanimously the society requested that they be honoured by having Lady Anne as honorary president of the organization, and therefore we are back to the starting-point—she is the youngest president of the largest society of its kind in the Dominion. But, to start again, it is well to note that horticulture in Canada one of the neglected pursuits that the war promises to stimulate. And in this connection also the daughter of the Governor-General is doing a good work.



THE HONOURABLE HUGH GUTHRIE, M.P.
One of the first Liberals to join the new
Union Government



THE HONOURABLE C. C. BALLANTYNE,
One of the first Liberals to join the new
Union Government

THE CONFEDERATION STAMP

THE issuance by the Dominion Government of special postage stamps as souvenirs of Confederation tempts one to remark about the notably unattractive character of almost all the regular stamps used in Canada. Of all things that go abroad the postage stamp is the one that is most widely seen. Then, why should it not be made attractive? Our stamps should be artistic, original in design and contain other qualities that would distinguish them at a glance from all

other stamps. It would be a splendid advertisement for the Dominion. Other countries, for instance, Japan and Russia, issue postage stamps that are veritable works of art.

*

UNION AT LAST

SIR ROBERT BORDEN has had to wrestle with the most difficult political situation since Confederation. There were so many conflicting elements that it was impossible to please all. His first attempts at the formation of a Union Government failed because the Dominion Liberal leaders would not accept the conditions. Later it was announced that Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, a wealthy manufacturer of Montreal, and Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., of Guelph, had gone in; and within the next few days Sir Robert's big *coup* was made by the joining of Mr. N. W. Rowell (Ontario), Mr. J. A. Calder and Mr. T. A. Crerar (Saskatchewan), and Mr. F. B. Carvell (New Brunswick).



CANADIAN CONFEDERATION STAMP

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE BATTLES OF THE SOMME
By PHILIP GIBBS. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.



HERE are those at home who, to preserve sanity or to play the coward, would flee far far away from the shrieking field of Flanders. Let such not read Philip Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs does not, like many writers, invoke the catalogue of gruesomeness that benumbs perception and mercifully wards off realization. One is unprotected against the horror of his pages. For he goes quietly on, quietly, vividly setting down the moves, progressions and retreats, in the business of war. It is all a business. It is all there before one's eyes, so easily, so distinctly, so naturally portrayed, that it really *happens*. Philip Gibbs makes war occur. This is it:

As many men as could get into dug-outs to the north of Pozières were down there yesterday, listening to the crashes of our heavy shells, which were smashing the trenches about them and screaming overhead on more distant journeys.

The Australians and English troops, including men of Kent, Sussex and Surrey regiments, were waiting in their own trenches.

A crescent moon came up. The woods darkened. Shadows crept down from Thiepval. Distant cornfields in the world beyond the war, so near as miles are counted, so far away in peace, became bronzed and red, and then all dark and vague in the evening mist. Above, the sky was still blue, with stars very bright and glistening.

It was, I think, about nine o'clock—as the clock goes now in France and England—when the British troops left their trenches. They went quietly without any great clamour across the five hundred

yards of ground, dusky figures, the brown of their khaki no different from the colour of the earth around them, through the gloom of coming night. The Australians worked up to the right, the English to the left. Before them was the German second line on a front of about 3,000 yards, and part of that long line which was pierced and taken on July 14th between Bazentin le Petit and Longueval, when the British troops went up in waves and astounded the world by their achievement. It was no longer a line of trenches.

It was a line of hummocky and tumbled earth along innumerable shell-craters. Only the dug-outs, or some of them, still remained in all this chaos, filled with living and wounded and dead.

Out of the wreck of earth, as our men advanced, living men came out in groups.

There was some bayonet fighting and bombing. From behind the German lines in isolated redoubts machine guns were at work spraying out bullets. . . .

Mr. Gibbs's book will probably be a widely-read register of the battles of the Somme.

✱

MERLIN

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A VAGUE pain is the reward of reading this poem. Arthur the King, Merlin the seer, Vivian the lovely, Sir Dagonet the fool—they are all of them bound in the coil of fate and change. And the poet makes his poem say:

. . . I believe
Another age will have another Merlin,
Another Camelot, and another King.

The poem closes:

. . . Colder blew the wind
Across the world, and on it heavier lay
The shadow of the burden of the night;
And there was darkness over Camelot.

In his earlier volume, "The Man Against the Sky", E. A. Robinson showed an acrid originality that lured the reader through his pages. Some may imagine that because here he takes as his basis aspects of the Arthurian legend and becomes in places Tennysonian, that the later volume will fail. But it does not fail. There is a slight staleness about it because of its subject matter, not so much because the subject matter is stale, but because one expects it to be so. One doubts if the modernizing of an old theme quite succeeds when Lamorak in an otherwise rather good bit of speech-making concludes:

. . . As for the Grail,
I've never worried it, and so the Grail
Has never worried me.

But the total effect of the poem is a poet's result, worthy of the author of "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford".

Here is the poet's picture of Vivian:

The lady Vivian in a fragile sheath
Of crimson, dimmed and veiled ineffably
By the flame-shaken wherein she sat,
. . . heard Merlin coming.

The poem is a poem of the coil of fate and change. It is the sense of this coil brought down to date that gives the reader vague pain. Robinson says:

. . . Time swings
A mighty scythe, and some day all your
peace
Goes down before its edge like so much
clover.

When all men are like you, my lord,
When all are rational or rickety,
There may be no more war.

✱

A STUDENT IN ARMS

By DONALD HANKEY. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THE student, the author of this book, was a firm-witted zealot in the battles of the Somme. Even amid the strenuous troubles of camp and trench he had a pen that could not help marching to its own sound upon

paper. And he enriched *The Spectator's* pages with essays that are now available in permanent form under the above caption. Essays, did the reviewer say? There is such bubbling spontaneity about them, such gusto and freshness, sometimes such lack of literary convention, that one scarcely knows what to name them. They have a way with them that is all their own way. What we should have had from Lieutenant Hankey had war and death not called him early away it will be left for those who knew him privately to best imagine. From these pages we gather the impression of one possessed of what amounted to genius for reacting to the stimulus of circumstance. Nothing seemed to touch Hankey without touching his mind. Everything set him thinking, not always profoundly, as his later published volume shows, but always brightly, takingly. Sometimes he suddenly flashes an amazing originality in our eyes. And whether he is writing of "Kitchener's Army", or of "Some Who were Lost, and Afterward were Found", or of "A Student, His Comrades, and His Church", he is a phrasemaker. We like to read the book of a phrasemaker.

✱

CHRISTINE

By ALICE CHOLMONDELEY. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of this book is an Englishwoman, a novelist. The book is sinister in its insincerity. It will not be well regarded by the better type of patriot. There is something almost of the sacrilegious and the blasphemous about it. The typical love of an innocent girl for the world and her mother is exploited for the ends of a peculiarly lowering type of war propaganda.

These are the facts of the book. The preface is signed "Alice Cholmondeley", who states therein that the letters to follow were written by

her daughter Christine, from Germany, while she was there studying the violin in the months just preceding August, 1914. Christine, so the preface states, died of double pneumonia as she journeyed out of Germany after the declaration of war. Alice Cholmondeley says:

"I am publishing the letters just as they came to me, leaving out nothing. We have been stripped in these days of our securities and our private hoards. We share our griefs."

On the next page the "Publishers' Note" says:

The publishers have considered it best to alter some of the personal names in the following pages.

The honest and straight-forward reader covers the preface and the publisher's note and then moves on to the letters. These are splendidly written. They are fresh and agile. One does not readily lay them aside until the last page is turned. But one slowly becomes skeptical. Something is wrong. There is unreality somewhere. The psychology surely trips in places. Doubt grows. It begins to dawn that the whole thing is a concocted thing, written about Germany in the heat of war fever by the subject of an enemy state *after* August, 1914, and not by innocent little Christine "ready to like everything" at all.

In the mind of the worldly wise and the wary the condemnation of the book lies in its baffling and deplorable unreality, which the unsophisticated hearts will accept uncritically.

It is surely not becoming for the English spirit to indulge in this sort of thing. The true British sense can be trusted to repudiate this insidious insincerity.

The hint at a saving element in the matter lies in the fact that the publisher calls it "a notable addition to the fiction that has dealt with the war", and quotes a reviewer as saying: "Whether fact or fiction . . ."

thus at least preparing the way to truth for the credulous reader.

✱

THE LAST DAYS OF FORT VAUX
BY HENRY BORDEAUX. Toronto:
Thomas Nelson and Sons.

HERE in one short volume, vividly, dramatically, almost breathlessly, are compressed the terrible events that took place during one short period of the war. It is not history, for it is more moving than even is the mere chronicle, the record of passing events. It gives one an impression of the present war that will not be easily effaced.

✱

THE HIGH HEART
BY BASIL KING. Toronto: The Mus-
son Book Company.

THIS intensely moving novel should be of unusual interest to Canadian readers, because the author and the heroine are Canadians. It has even a firmer hold on our attention than that, because it deals with important conditions arising out of the present war and affecting both Canada and the United States. At first one thinks that one is reading merely the story of a very poor girl who marries a rich man, but soon one realizes that vital things, things that involve us all, are being discussed, and one begins to see something of one's present responsibilities. It is a fine romance, well written, but it is something more than that.

✱

KLEATH
BY MADGE MACBETH. Toronto: Mc-
Clelland, Goodechild and Stewart.

MRS. MACBETH chose a good setting for this mild "thriller". For everyone believes that the Yukon, especially Dawson City, in the late nineties, was the scene of at least one thrill a minute. She gives a description of life in Dawson City at that time, especially the life of the dancing-halls, and into it she weaves a

melodrama and romance that is entertaining and convincing. Kleath is the name of the hero, a newspaper compositor who was attracted to Dawson by the proprietor of the first newspaper under the midnight sun. He fell in love with the daughter of the proprietor, who was proprietor also of a prominent saloon and dancing-hall; but he had a past, also a wife, two serious obstacles. Because of these things, he had little to say about himself, and accordingly he became a mystery. Like all mysteries, however, he soon came out into the light; and following the tragic death of his wife, who had followed him to Dawson, he has the novel experience of a proposal from the girl he loves. There are many clever, even witty passages, and apart from its popularity as a novel, the story, if set for moving pictures, undoubtedly would be a pronounced success.

*

THE DEFINITE OBJECT

BY JEFFERY FARNOL. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

ONE thing that can be said for Jeffery Farnol's latest novel is that it is not half so bad as the last one. "Beltone the Smith" was a shock to lovers of "The Broad Highway", and many will approach "The Definite Object" with misgivings. However, we can reassure them on this point. In his new story Mr. Farnol has returned to his earlier manner, and if he has not given us a novel as good as the two great ones that made him famous he has at least given us a readable story. With a princess in exile and a prince in disguise forming an appropriate centre, he has gathered all our favourite situations round us. We have the burglar who is not a burglar really and is spared by the hero. We have the life-weary millionaire who decides (almost) to kill himself by way of a new experi-

ence, but is diverted from his awful purpose by a plunge into real (shum) life. We have the professional prize-fighter who is beaten without trouble by the amateur. We have murder, suicide and sudden death; a man who thinks he kills a fellow man and doesn't, and the stern father who turns his erring daughter from his door and dies of remorse in consequence. Then, as though this were not enough, we have as a *pièce de résistance*, the deathbed marriage on what turns out not to be a death-bed after all. One can imagine his fellow authors feeling sore with Mr. Farnol for using up all their stock situations so recklessly. There are many minor characters done in Dickensian style; and as the action takes place in New York the mixture of American slang and English "quaintness" is, well, it is very mixed, indeed. The sentiment, though, is purely English, and there is much of it. On the whole, if this book were not by the artist who wrote "The Broad Highway" we might find it an entertaining story along the line of "The Dawn of To-morrow", only much longer. As it is, we wonder what can have happened to Mr. Farnol. Perhaps it's the war?

*

THE SPELL OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS AND THE PHILIPPINES

BY ISABEL ANDERSON. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS is a happy addition to the popular "spell" series of books of travel. It is, indeed, one of the most interesting, dealing as it does with countries that are not only fascinating in themselves, but which are becoming of increasing importance in trade and commerce. There are many excellent reproductions of photographs, some of them beautifully coloured.



Painting by F. M. Bell-Smith.

BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER





THE

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Dickens and "A Merry Christmas"

BY J. CUMING WALTERS

"Time was with most of us, when Christmas Day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and everyone around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete."—"What Christmas is as we Grow Older".

IT is a good plan to read Dickens's Christmas stories twice over, each time in a different mood; first, for sheer enjoyment, and, secondly, for reflection upon their significance. He wrote each of his stories with a distinct purpose. Thus, when he was planning "The Chimes", he explained to John Forster that he was engaged in "striking a blow for the poor". His tale of Gabriel Grub and the goblins was designed to show that happiness comes to all who bear in their hearts "an inexhaustible well-spring of affection and devotion". The

"Christmas Carol" is the most potent sermon ever preached on unselfishness and good-will to all mankind. So we might proceed, but the meaning in most cases is so obvious that further instances are not necessary. But why, it may be asked, seek for moral and doctrine when Dickens wrote to entertain? My answer is that it is only justice to the author to do so, for entertainment was only one portion of his design. In his various prefaces he carefully explained the real object he had in view. We do not mar his stories, but enrich them, by our discovery of the wise and wholesome teaching he cunningly blended with them. If we take the series of his Christmas sketches and tales we find that they exercise an influence and stimulate us to mercy, justice, charity, toleration, the abolition of abuse, and the desire for reform. It is part of Dickens's praise that he conveyed his benign lessons so adroitly that we scarcely realize, until the

sudden flash of illumination comes, that he has done more than excite us to tears or laughter. And, just as he, we need not be dull in extracting the moral he enshrined in it.

Dickens has sometimes been proclaimed the "maker of our modern Christmas", but this is not correct. Merrie England had known centuries before what a Merry Christmas should be, and Sir Walter Scott in ringing lines had recalled the frolic and festivity of the season. But Dickens found Christmas a rather colourless affair, shorn of a good many of its ancient ceremonies, and limited to a day's celebration. His desire was to restore it, to revive its pleasures, to enlarge its scope, and to make its beneficent effect permanent. To accomplish this he had first to represent the season in all possible outward attractiveness, to describe it in such fashion as to make the blood glow and the eyes glisten—and this is exactly what we find him doing in his own inimitable fashion. The earliest Christmas picture he gives us is among the "Boz" sketches, and it fascinates us at once with its joyous and exhilarating vision. "Draw your chair nearer the blazing fire, fill the glass and send round the song—and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glass be filled with reeking punch instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter, and empty it off-hand, and fill another, and troll off the old ditty you used to sing, and thank God it's no worse!" And then followed one of the most spirited of all his short sketches—the Christmas party, the well-to-do man and his family meeting their friends, the jolly clerk, who sings and dances and makes speech after speech, the festive meal, the toasts, and—(don't be afraid!)—the "moral" of it all—a better understanding between man and man, a closer relationship, and the casting down of the barriers of class and convention. This, indeed, was the favourite and the constant theme. No

matter what form the story took, human brotherliness was the teaching. "I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round," said one of his characters, "apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin—if anything belonging to it can be apart from that)—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys."

Dickens's first Christmas sketch was among the "Boz" papers of 1836; his last will be found in chapters of the unfinished *Edwin Drood* of 1870; and so we may say from first to last that as an author his thoughts were on the subject. But it is a mistake to suppose he was always writing on Christmas. There are long intervals without an allusion; and, half the number of his books are without a single reference. The fact is, the very ardour he puts into the subject produced the effect on many minds that he was constantly dealing with it—his resounding words doubtless reverberated in men's memories. Then there were the annual Christmas numbers, and though the very name of "Christmas" does not appear in several of them, they served to keep the thought alive, and the spirit of the season was there.

The zest with which he had written of Christmas in his early days was reproduced by his personal enthusiasm in celebrating the day. There are many records of Christmas as it was spent at Devonshire Terrace and Gad's Hill. He certainly practised what he preached in making it a time of equal enjoyment for all his household. His family, his neighbours, his friends, and his servants, all shared alike in the revels and participated in the feast. He himself became a lord

of misrule. The Fezziwig spirit dominated the proceedings. Who cannot perceive the results? It was "Christmas all the year round" in sentiment and good-will, and was not for a day only.

On no fewer than three occasions Dickens made use of that phrase that Christmas should not be celebrated once a year, but all the year round. In this repeated thought we have a clue to the underlying motive of his Christmas stories. Take each of them in turn and you find that, while he describes with infectious gaiety or with touching pathos the manifestations of Christmas sentiment, he always impresses upon us permanent results. Gabriel Grub and Ebenezer Scrooge, to take two of the most familiar examples, were "altered men"; that is, having learned the lesson of Christmas on one great occasion, they acted on the Christmas principle for the rest of their lives. They were true converts to charity and good-will, to friendliness and human feeling, to the idea of brotherhood and mutual service. Dickens would have us understand that the Christmas spirit which was awakened in these men gave a new purpose to their lives, and that henceforth—"all the year round"—they acted according to the Christmas principle, understanding its beneficent meaning, recognizing its significance. Deeds must follow faith—good works, unselfishness, the casting-off of enmities, readiness of reconciliation, and practical service. Here we have the real Dickens creed—nothing subtle about it, perfectly elementary, and yet as finely Christian as the churches teach or as idealists desire. The Merry Christmas of Charles Dickens's, "A Christmas Carol", in which we enjoy Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner, was more than a season's greeting, a season's gambols, and a season's banquets. It went far beyond Scott's pleasant but limited idea that the memory of its happiness would "last the poor man half the year". In Dickens's mind

Christmas brought in a new era from which men could date back their higher and nobler impulses.

Good old Fezziwig, with his "Yo ho, my boys", and his "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here", was the type of man Dickens liked to put before his readers in order that they should perfectly comprehend that at Christmas time employer and apprentices, master and servants, were all to be brought together and to commingle. "In they all came," we are told of the famous party, "some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and anyhow." Mrs. Fezziwig was there, "one vast substantial smile"; the daughters were there, and the six young men whose hearts they broke; the housemaid with her cousin the baker, and the cook with her brother's particular friend the milkman. And the picture fades away as Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig are "shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, and wishing them a Merry Christmas"—the finishing touch to a scene of universal harmony and good-will.

It was the same at Dingley Dell when the Pickwickians spent their memorable Christmas with that fine old English gentleman Mr. Wardle. The descriptive chapter is one of the most infectiously happy that even Dickens wrote—it makes the heart glow and bound to follow in fancy the stirring events—the morning drive, the festive meal, the rubber at whist, and the speeches. "Call in all the servants," cried old Wardle, "and give them a glass of wine each." If further evidence of community of feeling were needed, it is provided by the account of the general assembly in the large kitchen, "according to annual custom, observed by old Wardle's forefathers from time immemorial", where Mr. Pickwick saluted the oldest lady under the mistletoe, and found his example immediately followed by everyone high and low, the

visitors and the family, the poor relations, and the whole band of retainers, the while "Wardle stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction". The mighty bowl of wassail followed, and Wardle explained that the invariable custom at Dingley Dell was that "everybody sits down with us on Christmas Eve, as you see them now, servants and all; and here we wait, until the clock strikes twelve, to usher Christmas in". The fact is that the Dingley Dell custom was Dickens's custom, and in his home the preacher put his precepts into practice. Whether he trolled out his ballad is not recorded: but all who spent Christmastide with him are agreed that he acted up to its sentiment:

We'll usher him in with a merry din,
 What shall gladden his youthful heart:
 And we'll keep him up, while there's bite
 or sup,
 And in fellowship good, we'll part.

That felicitous word "fellowship" is worth noting, for it has a special significance in the celebration of Christmas on the Dickensian plan. What it meant in reality must be judged

from the description of the feast to the Seven Poor Travellers at Rochester, and the supper party at Trotty Veek's.

Nor must we forget or omit one other feature in the Merry Christmas of Dickens's conception—the special and outstanding place in the scheme accorded to children. It was not only a time for old men's memories and young men's dreams, but was an occasion for showing the tenderest regard for the young whose very innocence and purity were symbolical of the season and its gospel. "What children could I see at play," wrote Dickens in describing his Christmas walk to Cobham, "and not be loving of, recalling Who had loved them?"

To sum up this too short and too rapid survey of a vast and many-sided subject, we find that Dickens made of Christmas a mighty factor for human betterment, representing it as a time of hope and love, friendship and forgiveness, redress and reconciliation, charity and fraternity. And above everything it was to be lasting—"Christmas in our hearts all the year round".

THE LAST MOBILIZATION

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

LEAD, England, lead
 Our legioned ongoing,
 With full, free banners
 Gallantly flowing!

Here are your old reserves—
 Rovers and rangers,
 From the wild, rough places
 And the dared dangers.

Blood of your blood we were,
Strength of your sinew;
Greatness you might not dream
That did we win you.

Doom clanged her iron lips,
A world swayed asunder,
Yet stoutly you battled
Through the fury and thunder.

You have not shamed us where
We shadows must tarry:
Nelson is glad for you,
Clive, and King Harry!

Shades? *but we've broken through,*
The border we've raided:
Strange, stubborn sentinels
We have persuaded.

What though to dusty death
We had descended?
Soul of your soul are we
Till time be ended.

Wolfe, Drake, and Wellington,
Our captains, commanders,
Marshal their men-at-arms
For France and Flanders.

Let us lift up our hearts.
Devon and Dover,
Men of antipodes,
Sailors from frozen seas.
Each ranger and rover—
Comrades, with us unite!
God, and the freeman's right!
Lift we our hearts and fight
Till this hell-burst be over!

England, our England,
We share your ongoing,
With full, free banners
Gallantly flowing!

VERSES

By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

I.

The Stirrup Cup.

I GAZED at the dark vintage in the cup
And saw strange lights and shadows moving there,
Now on the surface, now half hid and deep—
My love's eyes bright with love and dark with sleep,
Her dear lips red with joy, thrilled with despair.

I lifted the great cup and drank the wine
That blund'ring life had pressed me from the years
And forced on me at dawn of my long ride.
I drained the stuff and threw the cup aside
And tasted nothing but a woman's tears.

II.

One Night.

Time, old Time, with the face of pain,
Turn me the round world back again.
Twirl it back, 'til across the year
The leafy rustle of May draws near.
Reverse your twirling, Time, and give—
(Of all the nights and days since sped)--
To me one night again to live.

Time, old Time, with the face of pain,
Twist me the sad world back again.
Twist it back, 'til my eager heart
Catches the whisper of May up start.
Twirl it, and bring to my hands once more—
(Of all the nights of your ages dead)—
That night of joy by the magic shore.

III.

Dawn.

Sleep, lie soft on those fairy eyes,
While I kneel here and pray above her,
Press the white lids down with your breath
And whisper low of her kneeling lover.

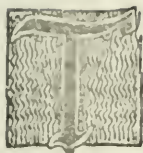
Sleep, hold softly the frightened heart
That flutters for fear of the parting hour. . . .
Dear lips! Dear, veiled eyes! Dear face,
Tender and small as a magic flower!

God, in my dreams let me see her so!—
Asleep in my arms at the dawn's gray starting,
Dreaming that grief and war are done,
And life holds never another parting.

Ashes of Dreams

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER," ETC.



THE celebrity was having her hair done. She had a secretary who could do hair, and many other things not common with secretaries. This was fortunate, since celebrities, more than most people, need to have about them lesser folk of general utility.

"Just nine o'clock," said the secretary briskly, glancing at her wrist-watch. "We are half an hour early. When I have finished your hair you will have a whole hour to do as you like before you see Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke."

"Yes," agreed the celebrity absent-mindedly; then, rousing to attention, "I mean, no, very much no. I am going to have the whole morning to do as I like, and one of the things I shan't like is to see that woman."

"She said she would be here at ten o'clock sharp."

"She will. Her name sounds like it. You, Marta, will have the exceeding pleasure of entertaining her. For I am going out."

The secretary patted a shining roll into place and pinned it securely. She said nothing, but her manner said a great deal, beginning with, "People in your position—"

"Yes, I know all that," the celebrity answered the manner. "But I'm going, all the same. You needn't frown, old dear. Secretary never had a more dutiful slave than I. But this is the slave's day out."

"Where is the slave going, and how

long will it stay?" asked the secretary mildly. "I ask, like Rosa Dartle, for information."

"And, unlike Rosa, I'm afraid you won't get it. But I'll tell you this, the way I am going is a very long way—twenty years long."

"Then I may take it that you won't be back for lunch?"

The celebrity laughed.

"Well, I think you may take it that I shall. But why mention it? Coming back for lunch is so—so tame! Aren't you dense this morning, Marta? Can't you sense the fine flavour of romance? Haven't you noticed something odd about me? Can't you see that I am twenty years younger, and all strung up?"

"I have noticed that you are very wiggly and that your hair will be lopsided."

The celebrity sat still at once. She knew very well the importance of hair. But though her wiggling ceased, her eyes remained restless and her hands played with hair-pins. The secretary brushed steadily, but the eyes which met the others in the mirror were keen and questioning.

"The truth is," volunteered the other apologetically. "I simply could not do with Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke this morning. I have nerves. Mrs. P. Clarke will expect poise, and I have no poise. I am jumpy and I am shaky. Marta, don't you remember that I lived near here once? I used to visit in this town. It has associations."

"Jumpy ones?" said the girl.

"Y—es, very, Marta; did you ever guess that once there was a Someone?"

"Everyone," said Marta succinctly.

"No. Everyone is no one. But once, in this very town, there was just one. I was twenty years old then. I was called Anna."

"You are forty now," said Marta grimly. "and you are called Ann."

"Yes, but I don't look it. You should always add that. I don't look it, do I. Marta—really?"

The secretary relaxed.

"Perhaps you don't," she agreed. "At least not when you let me do your hair."

"How old do I look?"

"About thirty."

Ann Gilchrist sighed. She was glad not to look forty, but it wasn't pleasant to look thirty either. Say what you will, thirty is getting on.

"Twenty-eight, perhaps," ventured the secretary, who was afraid that she might not hear anything more about the Someone. But the other took no notice. Her eyes in the mirror had become dreamy.

"He lived here," she went on. "In this town. I was visiting here when I met him. His father kept a little art store. He was rather a character, the father; knew a lot about old prints and things. He had determined that his son was to be an artist. John wanted to be an artist very much. He was crazy to go abroad to study. Marta, he was the handsomest boy! He had the most beautiful mouth, and I never saw anyone with an eye like his."

"Wall-eye?" asked Marta concernedly.

"It was gray," went on Ann dreamily, "the only really gray eye I ever saw. Clear and—and gray, you know. I fell in love with him almost at once. We did not meet very often. But I loved him. I adored him. I couldn't eat or sleep. His step on the pavement turned me faint, Marta. I believe it was the real thing."

"Sounds like it," Marta remarked.

The celebrity sighed. "Well, whether it was or whether it wasn't, it's all I've ever had. I have never been able to feel faint over anybody since. And I'm forty—nearly."

"Quite," declared Marta softly, but with decision. "You are quite forty. And I should think that you should be very glad indeed to have kept your freedom and your common-sense. All the same, if you were really as silly as you say at twenty, I can't see why you didn't—why he didn't—"

"But that was the trouble, old dear—he didn't. I cared for him, but he would have none of me. It was quite simple."

"He *must* have had a wall-eye."

Ann Gilchrist laughed.

"No, I wasn't at all nice-looking then. I didn't have you to do my hair, and I was terribly dowdy. He, my dear, was going to be an artist. He simply did not see me at all. My case was hopeless from the first. I went home to forget him."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. At least the rest isn't anything to anyone but me. It's just that I didn't forget him after all."

"Fool!" exclaimed the secretary explosively. "Not you, but that fool boy, I mean. What's the use in having gray eyes if you can't see with them? Anyone with half an eye could see. Look at that!" she concluded, as she pinned the last soft strand in place and pointed triumphantly to the mirror.

Ann Gilchrist nodded. She knew her good points very well, and she was not displeased with what she saw.

"So on a hair our destiny depends," she quoted. "With a head like that, Marta, I feel that I might have had a chance. But—I didn't. You'll see Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke for me, won't you? I am going out."

"I'll see her, and you can go out, if you'll tell me one thing more; where is that young man now?"

"What young man? Oh, that young man! I don't know, I'm sure. And

he can't be a young man now, you know. He went away to study art. Art is long, so he is probably doing it still. Do you truly like this hat, Marta?"

Marta ignored the hat. "I just wanted to be sure he wasn't around here anywhere," she explained, "and you'll not forget to be back for lunch."

Ann drew a perfect hat over her shining hair and settled a most delectable fur about her shoulders. It would be absurd to say that she did not know how charming she looked, yet there was in her smile a touch of melancholy as if it sorrowed for that girl of twenty years ago who had learned the lesson of being beautiful too late.

Outside, the wind blew keen and cold. It was winter, and yet there was a curious something in the wind, a stirring, tingling something, instinct with new energy and awakening life. To-morrow would not bring the spring, but—spring was coming. Ann Gilchrist felt its magic in the air. And there was other magic, too, more potent, more elusive, the magic of remembrance, that wonderful spring of the heart which no winter ever kills. Before she had turned the corner of that half-familiar street its spell was upon her. A mild wonder enveloped her. Twenty years! What, after all, were twenty years? Old phrases floated back to her: "A watch in the night", "A tale that is told"—just nothing at all, in fact, an illusion which faded with the first breath of memory.

Ordinarily, and for one bereft of magic, there are changes in twenty years. But Ann saw little change. The busy main street of the town was a little busier, the buildings a little higher, the pavements newer. But there, right across the road, was the store where Someone had taken her for hot chocolate after an evening on the ice. It was newly painted, and its window had been enlarged: but that was all. Inside there were the

same little round tables with marble tops, and there, right there in that corner, was the little crescent seat where she had sat, young John beside her, sipping the nectar of the gods.

Ann walked on quickly. She seldom walked in these days. She took her exercise in other ways, because she was always too busy. At home she had her small electric; when away, as at present, she had the private ears of many at her disposal. Walking wastes time. But this morning she had twenty years of time to waste and could afford to be prodigal. And she felt so strong and young.

Main Street left behind, she turned into Hill Street, and then into Alder, where it bends toward the river. There are little shops dotted all along Alder Street, many more now than there used to be, but the general character of the street had the pleasant familiarity of a once well-known face which has grown older.

Ann walked about half its length briskly, then her step began to slacken. She was getting very near a certain corner, and just around the corner was a certain store. The years which had spared so much had probably spared it, too. The old man who had kept it would be gone, and the young man with the gray eyes would be far away. But the store might be there. It was to see the store that Ann had slighted Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke.

Slower and slower became Ann's step. The magic in the air was very strong. The twenty years were vanishing utterly. What was it, this curious feeling which caught at her throat and made her breath come hard? Inside her muff her hands clung together, icy-cold. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes down-cast and shining. Youth had stolen back.

Very near the corner now! Ann paused for a moment, apparently to observe the succulent cuts of beef displayed in the window of a small eating-house, but really because she was

breathless. Delicious waves of feeling swept through her. Her heart beat loudly.

"Oh, what a fool I am," she said to herself, and then, "Oh, did it ever seem like this, was it ever really like this?"

She caught her breath with a little sob. It seemed unbearably sad that anything so exquisite could have lived in her—and died. A sense of utter loneliness and poverty made her firm lip quiver. That little lovesick, dowdy Ann of yesterday had been so much richer than the famous Ann Gilchrist of to-day.

Well, she would see the store, anyway, if it were there. She walked on, rounded the corner—and the store *was* there!

Perhaps she had not expected really to find the store. Certainly it was amazing to find it so unchanged. Why it was just exactly. . . . Ann began to feel a desire to turn and flee, and an even stronger desire to walk right on. So had she felt in those old days when he had been there. For had it not been possible that he might look through the window and see her? Might he but even have opened the door? The magic in the air was going to her head. She smiled rather grimly and went on.

There was certainly no one looking through the windows now. The panes were blinded and blurred with frost, but there were little clear spaces through which Ann could see that the art-store was an art-store just as it used to be. Old prints still decorated the windows, an indication that someone must have bought out the picture business and kept it on; or perhaps there was true magic, and she had gone back twenty years! Smiling at this extravagant conceit, Ann came closer to one of the frost-clear spaces and pressed her nose against the glass, shading her eyes for a peep inside. The next instant she had flung up her muff to hide her face and was hurrying down the street in pure, blind panic.

There had been a man in the store, a man who stooped over a print upon a table examining it under a glass. She had seen his profile plainly—beautifully moulded mouth, straight nose, a wave of graying hair. There had been something in his pose which held Ann motionless. Then he had glanced up and she had seen that his eyes were gray, very gray—

The wind from the river caught her up and carried her along, tossing the soft ends of her furs. Her face had gone quite white, and her eyes looked frightened.

"This wind is really very cold," she kept saying to herself. Otherwise her mind seemed incapable of thought. Her feet seemed to fly of themselves, helped by the wind. Nor did she know or care where she was going. So it was the wind which, fortunately, flung her into the arms of her indignant secretary when she was long past her hotel and headed in the opposite direction.

"Ann! wherever are you going?" demanded the secretary crossly. "There's a man across the street take a snap of you. For godness sake! What's happened to you? You look as if you had seen a ghost—and you are as cold as a ghost yourself. Let's go in here and get something hot. It looks quite a cozy place."

"Ah, no! Not in there." Ann shrunk back. "That's where—I mean I don't want anything hot."

Marta looked from Ann's face to the comfortable chocolate store, and her eyes were puzzled.

"It looks a perfectly nice place to me," she said, "and the card in the window says, 'Hot Chocolate'."

"Oh, I *know*—let's go home."

The secretary turned resignedly.

"Very well. Anything, so that we don't stand here to be shot to bits by the young person with the kodak. You're not looking your best, Ann. It would have been more sensible if you had stayed in."

"No doubt," said Ann, walking rapidly.

"And, of course," added Marta, as if by an after-thought, "you don't need to tell me what's the matter if you don't want to."

"I can't. I don't know myself. I—I'm upset. Don't ask questions, like an angel. You couldn't think me a greater fool than I think myself."

"That's healthy, anyway. I won't bother if you'll promise to drink the hot tea I'll send up and lie down for a while."

Ann promised, and later, when she was alone in her warm room and the hot tea had arrived, she redeemed her promise scrupulously. Hot tea, she admitted, might be good for fools. And "fool" was still the kindest word she could find for herself.

Lying on her bed with her eyes closed, she forced her mind to review the situation in plain and unattractive words.

"I go for a walk," she said, "in a place I used to know when a girl, and unexpectedly I see a man whom I used to—know. No, let me be honest, a man whom I used to love, if anyone can be properly in love at twenty, which I doubt. We will admit that a meeting like this might naturally cause a feeling of shock, a moment's embarrassment. But what do I find? I find myself acting exactly as I might have acted twenty years ago. All that I am supposed to have gained in character and self-control just counting for nothing at all. It seems incredible."

Incredible or not, it had happened. And even more incredible, it was still happening. She realized this slowly. At first she faced it down and refused to believe that a mere nervous shock could have any definite effect save the childish reaction which had made her raise the muff to her face and flee. The whole thing, she assured herself, had been an absurd episode now definitely ended. What could it possibly amount to, this glimpse through a frosted window of the hero of her girlhood? True, she had loved the boy, but she had known very little of

him. She knew nothing at all of the man. She had fled like any silly school-girl, from a perfect stranger.

And yet, it did not seem at all like that. Ann, though she did not know it, was dealing with magic, and magic will not be denied. Against its power, common sense, reason, use and circumstance beat in vain. It wasn't what she knew that mattered, it was what she felt. And lying there with her eyes closed, she felt just twenty years old and very much in love.

It took her a long time to admit this. She didn't really admit it until she had looked in the glass and saw the transformation there. The essence, the inner secret of youth, is love, and somehow Ann Gilechrist was sipping that essence. It was a young face which looked back at her from the mirror, a face softly blooming, bright-eyed, eager-lipped. The blood which ran in her veins tingled. All her clear and hard horizon had vanished in a rose-hued mist. She had seen him again! He was there waiting for her—older, wiser, stronger no doubt, but still the same. In himself the only man who had ever made her pulse beat faster and her heart tighten with delicious pain.

Absurd! Oh, painfully, incredibly absurd, but not less true, not less powerful.

After a delicious hour of dreaming, Ann roused herself once more and tried to be sensible. She tried to think of her life as she had built it up, a full useful life, of her special work which had brought her honour and the favours of many, of her friends who were near and dear. But she could not think of these things. An old dream was awake and clamouring. An old, old dream, not of many, but of one—of long walks at twilight, of happy silences, of thoughts understood without being spoken, of a strong hand, not her own, to hold to, and firm lips, not friend's lips, to kiss. There were little children in the dream, too, dear, fluffy baby heads, gray eyes—

"Oh, dear, I am a fool!" cried poor Ann. But even that could not kill the dream.

Lunch-time came and went, and Ann dreamed on. Then, when the short winter day was drawing in, she rose and put on once more her outer wraps. Very quietly she opened her door and, without a word to Marta, went out.

The flutter and indecision of the morning were gone, and she stepped into the street with definite purpose and eager heart. Things out there were even more familiar than they had been. It had snowed a little. The lights of Main Street gleamed golden across the white. The wind had died, and the air was crisp with frost. But Ann was not cold now. Her hands in her muff felt warm and soft. She felt warm and soft all over. Her lips took in a gracious curve, her eyes shone. She felt like someone who has been away a long time, but who has come home.

A line from nowhere kept singing through her brain, "Home is where the heart is, home is where the heart is". In fact, Ann had succumbed unconditionally to magic, and all was well.

Briskly she swung along, not consciously thinking at all. It was not thought that drove her, it was instinct, an overpowering impulse to see once more the man she loved, to hear him speak, to touch his hand. There was no pausing now, no looking in windows, no trembling at street-corners. Her only fear was lest she had waited too long, that he might not be there.

Pink and glowing with unaccustomed haste, she turned the corner of the little store and saw with a great leap of delight that fate had played no tricks while she had hesitated. He was still there, waiting, at least there was a light behind the frosted windows. Ann did not pause to peer in this time. She opened the door with glorious confidence and entered.

Warmth! It was warm and light in there. A kind of welcoming, homecoming, warmth and light, although there was no one in the room. It didn't feel empty. Ann sat down and loosened her furs. She noticed, as she had not noticed in the hurried peep that morning, that the old counter was gone and the interior of the store modernized in many ways. There were small tables now, racks and easels on a polished floor. There was a handsome screen, too, hiding the back portion of the store, where the framing used to be done.

It was this screen which had made the store appear deserted, for he was behind it, talking to a customer. Ann had heard his voice as she sat down. Now she could hear another voice, a woman's, a harsh carrying voice which said:

"But, my dear man, that's far too much to ask an old customer like me. Come now, surely you can do a little better than that?"

"What a horrid voice!" said Ann, "and how ill-bred some people are. Fancy! asking for a reduction in price as a personal favour. John would know how to answer a person like that.

Ann could not catch what he said in reply, but it must have been a polite refusal, for the harsh voice broke in again.

"Nonsense, man! Keep that for people who don't know. You'll be making a nice profit if you take off twenty per cent. Anyway, that's my last offer, and you can take it or leave it."

Ann's foot began to tap the floor impatiently. What a bore it must be to have to listen patiently to creatures like that! Why, the woman's voice was actually patronizing. Of course, John, being a gentleman, could hardly show her the door. But what a life! Ann remembered with something like a start that in the old days John had been impatient of the store. He had not despised it, exactly, but he had felt that it was not



for him. He was to be an artist. What could have happened, Ann wondered? And in her wonder, and without her being aware of it, a little corner of her dream began to crumble.

The voices behind the screen were again audible, or at least the voice of the woman was.

"Very well," it said, "if that's your last word. But you are making a big mistake. Where would your real trade be if it weren't for the outside people I send you? If you depended on this city for your patronage you'd soon be down to chromos and coloured photographs. Why, there's a woman in town to-day I was going to bring around. A woman who has made rather a fad of collecting old prints and who has more money than you could shake a stick at, besides being a celebrity. But, of course, if old customers are to receive no consideration at all—"

This would surely be the end, thought Ann. No man need be expected to stand this, John least of all. She moved her chair slightly so that the politely dismissed lady need not feel embarrassed by observation. But the lady was not yet dismissed. She made a movement to go, certainly, and then to Ann's incredulous ears came the voice of the man, deprecatory, suave and agreeing. Flattering a little, too, and promising to send it (whatever it was) to the "old customer's" address at once, and at the price dictated.

"Well, you shan't lose by it," declared the lady mollified. "I like to get things for a decent price, but I don't let people lose by me in the end. Someone else will pay you your fancy prices if I won't." So saying, she laughed heartily, much pleased with her joke and her bargain and swept from behind the screen and full into Ann's bewildered vision. She was a ruddy lady with pop-eyes and three ehins. Ann had never seen her before, but she had seen her photograph and knew at once that she beheld Mrs. Ponsonby Clarke. Instantly

she turned and became much interested in a picture on the wall. But she need not have bothered. The victorious lady was too much occupied with her own large personality to notice the presence of anyone else. She sailed down the store and away without a glance in Ann's direction.

Ann continued to be absorbed in the picture. She often wondered afterwards what the picture was. Her dream was crumbling, crumbling.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked a quiet and deferential voice at her elbow.

Ann gathered herself together. She was going through with this.

"Why, yes," she said, turning to him with the slow smile which interviewers were wont to rave about. "you can shake hands. Don't you remember me, John—Ann Gilchrist?"

"I—oh, why, yes, of course! So glad to see you!"

He took her hand and shook it with nervous heartiness. From the wandering look in his eyes it was plain that he did not know her at all, but was trying very hard to remember.

"Now that is too bad," said Ann. "but I suppose I have changed a great deal in twenty years. It was most egotistical of me to expect recognition. But if we were skating you might remember. I can still do the inside curve."

A wave of enlightenment swept over his embarrassed face.

"Why, of course! For the moment I was not sure. How stupid of me! But you have changed."

The frank admiration of his look told her plainly that he thought the change a fortunate one.

"Are you staying in the city? It is really most kind of you to look me up. I thought you did not live in this part of the country any more?"

"No. It is a long time since we left. I am here for a day or two only, in the interest of my work."

"Yes. That is very pleasant." His vagueness showed that he did not know. Ann smiled again.

"I did not expect to find you here," she said. "The last time we met you were going abroad to begin your studies."

The gray eyes became faintly troubled at this.

"Oh, yes, I remember. It was my intention at the time to study art. Yes. I wished very much to develop—er—along those lines. And I did go, but—er—not permanently. My studies were interrupted. Father died, you see, and it was necessary for me to return and take over the business. It was a great disappointment."

"But surely, in a matter so important, one's whole life! Couldn't you have gone on? Mightn't you have sold the business, you know, and gone on?"

"Y—es. But at a loss only, a considerable loss. And then there was the uncertainty. And, as you say, a matter like that affects one's whole life. It is unwise," he added, with slightly strained jocularity, "to leave the substance for the shadow. Yes, and this is a fairly good substance, you see, fairly good," he continued, with something perilously like a smirk. "It is the certainties in life that really count, after all."

Ann, who all her life had counted nothing save uncertainties, and whose gospel was the gospel of the Great Chance, murmured something inarticulate, which he took for assent.

"I had to brighten things up a bit," he continued, "modernize a little. The place was dingy in the old days, very dingy. Too much like—like a store. I try to give the homelike atmosphere. Father was conservative, very. He would never consent to laying in the cheaper lines of stock, the kind of thing which catches the ordinary buyer. I try to have on hand something which appeals to all."

Ann's eyes followed his arm as it waved round the store, and saw at once that he was right. The old-time atmosphere of the place was gone. John had brightened things up. He had added a great deal.

She did not hear exactly what he was saying, and yet her eyes had a far-off, listening look. She was listening to the crumbling of her dream.

He was more at ease with her now and obviously pleased with her extremely successful appearance. It is cheering to be remembered and "looked up" by one's old friends, especially when they are well dressed, and interested in what one says. Still talking, he drew up another chair and sat down beside her, in exactly the way he used to draw up a chair and sit down.

"He is exactly the same," thought Ann. "He hasn't changed at all. But he is so terribly different! I shall scream if I don't look out."

Desperately she plunged into the conversation. She said all the obvious things in her pleasantly casual manner, and presently felt that the ordeal was drawing to an end. In a moment or two she might say good-night and escape. But fate was not going to be satisfied so easily. She was rising to go and John was just beginning to remark for the fourth time that it was very kind of her to look him up when, somewhere in the rear of the store, a small bell jangled. At its sound her host beamed and became even more complacent. She must not think of going yet, he declared. She had dropped in at exactly the right time. The bell was the tea-bell, and it would be so pleasant. . . .

"You see," he explained with deprecatory pride, "the wife being English, we have got into old-country habits. Emmy simply couldn't do without her tea, and I find that I like it myself on these winter afternoons. You will have a cup with us, of course. The wife will be delighted."

Ann, it appeared, would be delighted also. She was in the grip of it now, and it was her custom to see things through. Her leisurely step followed him through a door in the side wall, up a stuffy stair and into another large room above the store.

There was more warmth here, more light, a faint aroma of tea and toast. By the tea-table sat a small, fair woman of about Ann's own age, with a pleasant, homely face, dumpy figure and a dress that didn't fit.

"This is my wife," announced John proudly. "Emmy, this is Miss Gilchrist, an old friend of mine who is in the city for a day or two. It was very kind of her to look us up."

Ann smiled her charming smile and shook hands with Mrs. John. Her chief feeling was one of aggrieved surprise that "Emmy" was so exceptionally plain, plainer even than Ann herself had been in her first youth. "But, of course," she reasoned, "he had stopped wanting to be an artist before he met her, so it didn't matter."

"It is a great pleasure to meet you, I am sure," the little woman was saying. "But, John, you never told me that you knew Miss Gilchrist. Fancy, knowing Miss Gilchrist and never saying a word about it. If that isn't just like a man! Why, John, I don't believe you know who she is yet; and that proves what I'm always telling you, you don't keep up-to-date, John, or you'd know—"

"Your husband and I were very young when we knew each other," said Ann. "I think he remembers me chiefly as a good skater, only not half so good as he was. I suppose you still have good skating on the river?"

"Yes, excellent!" But Mrs. John had no intention of talking about skating with a personage such as Miss Ann Gilchrist in the house actually taking tea. There were other and more important things to talk about, for if John were not up-to-date, Mrs. John was. Then there were the children to be called in and presented—a pretty, pale-faced girl of twelve with long brown braids and soft eyes, and a plainer child of seven with the mother's round, English face.

Both the girls were shy and awkward, and Ann found some relief from her tension in setting them at

ease. Long practice had made her adept at saying the right thing.

"It's easy to see that you're fond of children," beamed the proud Mrs. John. "You have the way with them that counts, and it all goes to prove what I've always said: that a woman isn't any the less a woman for doing the things you've done and doing them well. A great woman must be a true woman first of all, and not the half-and-half kind that can't be bothered with children and the like. You'd be pleased enough to have a few of your own now, I'll be bound."

"I should, indeed," said Ann, drinking her tea. As she spoke, she was looking at the older girl, but she did not see her. In her place stood a dream-child with gray eyes who, even as she gazed, grew dimmer and was gone.

"If you could only have seen John Junior," the mother was saying with deep regret. "Photo's never seem to do him justice, but you can get an idea of him from this."

Ann found herself looking at an excellent photograph of a young lad in khaki.

"He'll be at the Front now." There was warm pride in the mother's voice. "We don't know just where. He sends wonderful letters, but they don't let him tell many details. You see, Miss Gilchrist, though he's so young I couldn't seem to hold him back. I can't be doing the work you're doing, but I could let my boy go and do his bit." Raising her plump hand she wiped away an unashamed tear. "John, go and look in the top drawer of my bureau and get that latest snap he sent us."

John, who in the bosom of his family had shed his social responsibilities and betaken himself to copious tea and toast, responded with cheerful and well-trained obedience. Ann kept her eyes upon the portrait.

"He is very like his father," she said politely.

Mrs. John seemed pleased, but not wholly so.

"W—ell," she agreed cautiously, "a little, yes. There's a resemblance, but John Junior's got something his father never had. Being as you're an old friend, I don't mind saying so. If John had it he would have been an artist instead of keeping store here. I don't know just what it is. Perhaps it's imagination. John Junior's got it. He was always one to stretch out to to-morrow—if you know what I mean. He's always one to take a chance is John Junior. He's eager. It's taken him to the Front, and sometime it will take him far if—if he comes back."

The brave eyes of the lad smiled at Ann out of the picture. His mother was right. They were eager eyes. Eyes that life would find it hard to satisfy. She handed back the photograph and let her soft hand linger on the hand of Mrs. John.

"Surely he'll come back," she said. "A lad with eyes like that!"

"And now I must go." She rose and drew up her fur. "It has been so pleasant to meet you. And your tea was delicious. Thank you."

The pretty, pale girl handed her the muff. The little plain one shyly held out a sticky hand. Mrs. John regretted the impossibility of her waiting for another cup of tea. Ann shook hands all round, and John, who had returned from a futile search in the bureau-drawer, was torn yet once more from his toast and tea to escort the honoured guest downstairs.

As he was still hungry, his manner, though courteous, was somewhat hurried.

"Good-bye," he said, opening the door with polite alacrity, "it was really very kind of you to look . . ."

"Not at all," interrupted Ann hastily. "Dear me, how very cold it is! It has been delightful to see you all. Good-bye."

It was cold. Ann took a taxi back to her hotel and thought stubbornly of nothing but the excessive coldness.

She let herself into her room quietly, so quietly that Marta, reading on

the other side of the door, did not hear her; did not, in fact, know that she had been out.

The room was in the half disorder in which she had left it. On the bed lay her pillow with the soft dent of her head still in its rumpled whiteness, yet surely it had been years since she had lain there, dreaming her dream.

She felt very tired. The face which looked back at her from the mirror was dull and lined.

"Come!" she said to the face, "this will never do." But even as she said it the face broke up grotesquely. Ann Gilchrist found herself weeping. "This—will—never—do!" she gasped, but nevertheless she threw herself on her bed and wept until she could weep no more.

Presently her secretary, who could do hair, came in and sat beside her.

After a long while Ann sat up and, seeing Marta's face, she smiled.

"All over, dear thing," she said. "A spring wind, that was all."

Marta drew the curtains at the window.

"It is freezing harder than ever to-night," she announced. "But the sky is clear and it will be a fine day for the reception to-morrow."

Above the art store, just off Alder Street, a little English woman sat and knitted. Her husband sat by, checking over some invoices of a shipment of art novelties which he felt would appeal to all.

"What I can't understand, John," said the knitter, "is why you didn't warn me that you knew her. You've heard me talk about Miss Gilchrist often enough. And if I'd guessed you were old friends and her that friendly and pleasant, I'd have had some friends in to meet her. They'd have been proud. But you never told me what great friends you were."

"But we weren't," said John perplexedly, "that's just it, we weren't. And I'm hanged if I'm quite sure yet which one of those girls she was!"



CANADIAN PEASANTS BY THE FIRE

By A. Suzor-Côté, R.C.A.

One of the Canadian Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition



The Gurkhas By John Russell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE Arun flows right past the *Black Rabbit*, and is a favourite route to Littlehampton on the sea. By this route the folk of Arundel come and go, and the *Black Rabbit* itself, nestling under the castle, makes a comfortable living for its ancient boniface. For there always is the steady trade of the place itself, and no one knows when an artist, attracted by the picturesque surroundings, will drop down for a week, or when a bevy of girls, perhaps a sketching class, will overrun the place with paint and prattle.

It is withal a quiet inn, almost as quiet as the river in midsummer, and for days nothing more exciting will happen than the bounding of a stag from a thicket or the strutting of a peacock on the lawn.

I had come down with Maenab, the cattle painter, and had nothing to do but stumble around into other people's business and make a few pen-

and-ink sketches of items that interested me. I have found that artists are not a practical, warfaring class, nor are they seriously reckoned with in philosophical zones like recruiting offices, and so it was we found ourselves recruiting subjects for pictures, instead of shouldering a rifle and joining Kitchener's army.

Both "Mac" and I had heard before leaving London that they were killing people at the Front, so we decided not to go. For neither of us would make a picturesque casualty. Nor did we fancy ourselves stretched out on the field of honour, although Mac is just the kind of chap who would win the coveted Victoria Cross first day out. I can fancy him now dropping his gun and running at top speed to save the life of some poor devil shot in the back. One would be sure to find Mac where the bullets were the thickest, most probably in the ammunition wagon, for he always fancied some job in the commissariat department, where he could make sure of getting



"I dreamt last night that one of them, with a curved dagger, stood on guard at the foot of my bed."

his tea regularly every afternoon before killing a Uhlan.

And now the question arises, who is Mac? If ever you go to London and should amble into the Aroma Club, just hold up the first man you meet and ask, "Are you Mac?"

You may get a momentary shock from the more than convivial expression on the face of the man accused, but just allow him two minutes to recover from the compliment and he will tell you that Mac is upstairs with some of the greatest wits, authors, actors and painters in England, discussing his latest triumph on canvas, "The Angel of Peace".

One would never imagine, until after spending a night with Mac at the *Black Rabbit* that he was anything of a mystic, or that he believed in "visitations" or supernatural phenomena. But at the same time, at least, he dabbled in the occult. My first inkling of this was when we were sketching the Castle from the top of a beautiful slope, which is part of the Norfolk estate. I was telling him that Tierney asserted that the keep may have been built in the time of Alfred and that before Alfred's time, it was conceded, Saxon architecture was Ecclesiastical in its entirety, that Alfred did away with the wooden huts and houses of both the nobles and the poor, and by his direction buildings of stone took their places and castles were built on sites which appeared most appropriate to prevent the landing of invaders and for arresting foes.

At this juncture a sharp penetrating rustling was heard in the thicket to our right. Mac sprang from his sketching-stool like a flash.

"What's that?" he yelled.

"A Uhlan," I replied.

I snatched my daub from the easel and rushed over to him.

"Use this as a shield," I said. "Ample protection."

"Not I," said Mac, elenching his malstick firmly in his teeth and arming himself with a huge brush laden with Prussian blue. "Let the blighters come on. Only wish I had the 'Angel of Peace' here to show them what I really think of them."

Just then a stag bounded into the open.

Mac breathed a long sigh of relief, and, leaning over, begged the loan of a match. I asked what he really thought of the Kaiser.

"Words fail me!" said the ardent painter. "But he'll get it! He'll get it! I wouldn't mind fighting a tiger, but no thank you to a Gurkha. It's a Sunday school picnic, Rush, to a Gurkha. Do you know," he said confidentially, "I dreamt last night one of them, with a curved dagger, stood



"The flock of Peacocks I was painting, dropped their tails."

on guard at the foot of my bed."

But all the while he was painting vigorously, and I could see he had the beginning of a masterpiece that would excel Turner's water-colour in the Duke's collection in the castle, which was made from the same spot: but he couldn't keep his mind off the war.

"Get a few healthy Sikhs on the job," he muttered, half to himself, "all jabbering Hindi at the same time—it's much worse than exploding shrapnel. What would you do if you saw a turban standing with a knife, like I did?"

I attempted an answer, but Mac followed right on:

"I think our Tommies," he said, "will have to retire with a pension. Can't you see Tommy standing on the street-corner in Flanders looking for a job, all on account of the Indians. History repeats itself. Rush. The Sikhs were an intensely religious peo-

ple, but through the persecution and ravages of the Mohammedans, they had to take up weapons in sheer self-defence. They became a great military people and conquered the Mohammedans.

"History repeats itself," I interposed.

"Right O," sniffed Mac. "Just imagine William's pet Prussians shelling this old landmark! And they would do it, too, but it's a tricky bit of drawing, old top. Talk about strategy: here's something that would make von Kluck look forty ways for Paris. Wouldn't they like to loot it, the darlings? Nothing the Crown Prince would like better than to walk off with Gainsborough's fine portrait of Charles Howard, the 11th Duke. KUL-TUR! Petty larceny, I call it."

Between the war and the complicated subject before him, I could see Mac was getting greatly involved.



"Just imagine William's pet Prussians shelling this old landmark."

"Rather intricate," I remarked casually to my fellow dauber.

"R-rather isn't the word," he stammered. "d-d-damned difficult! But just think of the retreat from Mons."

"For art's sake, Mac, let up on the war: let's talk painting and the castle. A chronological survey might help with the construction of our pictures. You know numerous barons accompanied William the Conqueror on his invasion of this country."

"What?" interrupted Mac absent-mindedly. "William? Invasion?"

The very suggestion of a possible invasion started him off again.

"I'd like to kill a few 'hogfritters' myself, but they'll do it—they'll do it—in the night—in a very nasty way!"

"Who? What?" I stammered.

"They'll steal up through the grass like snakes, and then—"

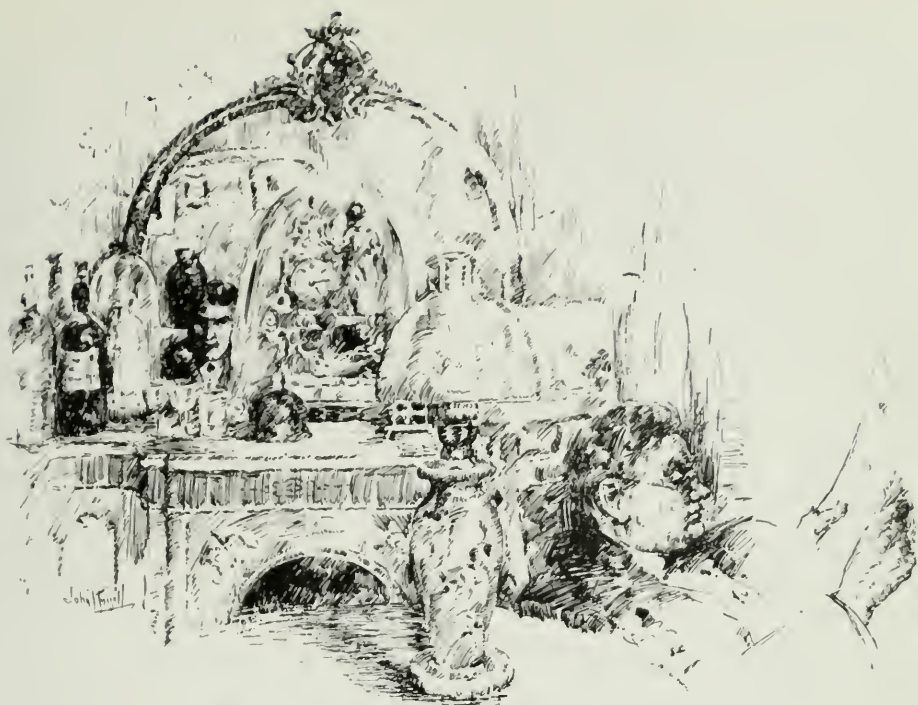
With the approaching twilight, Mac's uncanny outbursts were beginning to make the whole atmosphere a bit spookish.

"A very sad story, Rush," he said, leaning over and poking me in the ribs with a brush. "A German unfortunately met a Gurkha in the evening. Chance acquaintance without an introduction—uncultured beasts!"

"I'm entrenching on your hospitality," said the Gurkha, as he tickled Fritz with his knife. "Can't you see the little Black standing on a heap of corpses and weeping bitterly because there are no more Prussians to tickle?"

"Stop!" I insisted, as a cold shiver ran down my spine, and I pulled an imaginary sword out of the back of my neck.

It was chill October, and Mac rose from his stool to set up circulation. The stags at once grouped themselves in sculptural fashion around us, and then bounded in unholy discord. As he extended his malstick, the group of peacocks I was painting in the foreground of my picture, dropped their tails and did the "goose-step" down the embankment. The fact



"Mac, in some mysterious way, got possession of the paper."

is, he had every form of animal life in the park circulating.

"Mac, this is an armistice," I said, placing a paint rag on the top of his sun-guard, the umbrella.

He paid no attention, but blustered right on:

"The Gurkhas don't send a telegram to say they are coming, they just steal quietly through the grass, regardless of hospitality. Rush, just fancy a German in the trenches with a Gurkha looking over and saying, 'I hope I see you well.'"

"How about the Zouaves?" I asked.

"Mere amateurs," replied Mac, "the Kaiser wouldn't mind losing a thousand Death's Head Hussars to get a Gurkha."

"Let up on India and the war; I'm fed up," I said disgustedly, as great beads of cold perspiration spotted the brow of my irate pal, who was pulling himself together as if preparing to make another attack on a German close formation.

The light was failing, and our effect had passed.

"Fine night for the trenches," Mac groaned, and in his effort to reach for his paint-box he fell off his stool. Though he sat on his palette, he was still undaunted. I directed his attention to several blotches of pigment on the tails of his coat, and the seat of his trousers, but he was little concerned, for I could see there was to be still another *débauché* before we packed up our kits.

I handed him a rag saturated with turpentine, and he twisted himself in all sorts of acrobatic postures, trying to get at the other side of his trousers, which, to say the least, were not walking towards the *Black Rabbit*. I told him that if he were to cut out the seat of his trousers and frame them that he would have something quite as much in character with Arundel Castle as the impression he had made on canvas.

"How does it look, Rush?" he ask-

ed, stepping back a few paces from his easel.

"Very brutal!" I said. "You can't be killing Germans all day and dreaming about Gurkhas all night and get much romance into your art. The next time we come out, we'll take every nook and crannie of the old building and dissect it."

"Dissect it!" exclaimed Mac with disgust.

"Yes—why not?" I replied.

"I don't like the word," Mac objected. "It sounds like a surgical operation. No sentiment. A-ah, blood—booh!"

"Well, then," I remonstrated, "a little Turco research or Gurkha technique, if it's sentiment you are looking for."

"By the bye," said Mac, with a smirk, "the little Hindoo can give those African Frenchies lessons in anatomy."

Fearing another Prussian massacre, I took out my handkerchief and waved it in front of him.

"A truce! A truce!" I yelled, but it had almost the same effect as a

scarlet shawl before an angry bull—in this instance a regular John Bull.

A thick gray haze was effervescing from the ground, and Mac, standing shivering on the hill, placarded against the fading sky, looked a sad sketch. Then he gave a start and looking where he stared, I saw, for all the world, a Hindoo, robe, turban and all, approaching the inn.

I suggested to Mac that we had better not return along the beaten highroad, giving the excuse that if the Duke should see us walking off his estate he might have us arrested as spies.

"Spies," exclaimed Mac, with disgust. "We'll be giving them grand opera at Covent Garden next. Isn't it the limit. Look at that turban. I saw him all right. I think I'll keep away for a bit."

"For the love of Mike!" I remonstrated; "it's dinner I want, Hindoos and spies after, if you like."

Soon we were on the march home, and my fellow dauber was sighing heavily, partly from fatigue, but more from the effect of his occult experi-



The Black Rabbit looking from the Arun

to Sketch
by Mac
A. Mac

D. Mac



"'Are your rooms comfortable,' asked the old 'uzzy.'"

ences. By the time we arrived at the *Rabbit*, he had finished off every spy in England.

"What's the latest?" shouted Mac, on catching sight of Dan Lee, our host, who was standing in the door of the inn and reading the war news.

"Latest?" returned Lee, looking up at Mac. It was very difficult to tell which was the more ardent patriot. "Look! Look!" shouted Lee, rushing towards Mac, waving a paper at arm's length.

The two giants collided, and both sprawled out on the ground; but Mac, in some mysterious way, got possession of the paper, and Lee yelled, as Mac retired to the public room. "They've captured the guns—fourteen of them—the 9th Lancers!"

As I ambled upstairs, I could hear them chattering their heads off, and I caught sight of the turban resting quietly in a corner.

I had just seated myself at the dinner-table when the bulwark of Eng-

land entered the door at the top of the stairs.

"Read that, Rush," he said, "it's the best appetizer yet. William won't be enjoying his evening meal as we are."

"As we *are*!" I remonstrated, and poor little Nellie, the waitress, stood idly by, trembling like a refugee from Termonde.

"What will you have to drink, sir?" asked the demure little maid.

"Something with fourteen glasses in it," replied Mac—"one for each gun." (Simultaneously he arranged his afternoon's work on a chair before him, and then sat down). "And very nice, too," he commented, rubbing his fretful brow and looking down on a very succulent brace of pheasants.

The vintage served, I extended my glass.

"A toast—what will it be, Mac?"

"My friends, the little Gurkhas," he replied. "The Germans'll be so frightened of the little black demons



"Not very," says I. "Most fleas this year than we've had in the history of the pounce."

they'll pass the word along and there'll be a Marathon race back to Berlin. Gad, I wouldn't wait." And while he was speaking in walked the Hindoo and sat down at our table.

"To the bullet!" I said, extending my glass.

"Something sardonic about that, Rush," replied Mae. "The Kaiser, I infer."

"A-h—something—" I suggested.

Hardly a word was uttered until Nellie reappeared with the dessert.

"Any new arrivals at the *Rabbit* lately?" I asked Nellie, with both eyes fixed on Mae.

"Yes, sir," replied Nellie, "we 'ave a German 'ere from Glasgow, and 'e's so 'ard to please. Mrs. Lee's prepared some nice sausages for 'im, and 'e snorted and said 'e 'adn't an appetite."

"What!" roared Mac, rising. "German? German? Where is the little pet? Perhaps he's just read about the battle of the Marne."

The Hindoo paid no attention to us.

"Sit down," I said, grabbing the impetuous growler by the arm.

"Oh! 'e's leavin' in the mornin', sir," said Nellie; "'e saw you and Mr. Lee readin' the poiper, and 'e 'adn't no appetite."

Mae looked up, and little Nell recoiled under the glance of his wicked eye.

"Tell the Governor I want to see him right away."

Nellie scurried away, and in less than a jiffy Lee was up.

"I hear you've a German in the house, Lee," said Mae.

"E's 'armless," replied Lee, with a smile, but he continued laughingly. "I've just 'ad a remarkable time with an old 'uzzy who wanted a room 'ere. Of all the questions ever put to a mortal man, dead or alive, she takes the cake. First of all, while she was a talkin', in comes a customer. 'E ordered a glass of beer. 'Appy days,' says 'e. 'Kills at forty yards,' says I. Then she chirps in, 'All my relations died from drink,

even my old father, who was found dead in bed, when he was eighty-nine—drink killed 'im.'"

"He's a German, just the same," interrupted Mae.

"Well, as I was about to say," continued Lee, "the German, 'e was a-sittin' in the corner, and 'e piped in, 'Beer never killed heem, your fottier diet for the vant of breath.'"

"Where is he, the blighter?" still persisted Mae, picking up the carving-knife.

"Are your rooms very comfortable?" asked the old 'uzzy," Lee continued. "Not very," says I. "Most fleas this year we've 'ad in the 'istory of the ploice." She picked up 'er satchel and walked out without sayin' even a good-bye. Well, gentlemen, what would you 'ave done in such a circumstance?"

"Given her the iron cross," said Mae.

"What would you 'ave done, Mr. Rushwell?" asked Lee.

"Married her off to the German," I replied.

"Well," laughed Lee, "I watched 'er walkin' up the road. I wish you could a seen 'er. She'd walk five yards, then drop 'er satchel and feel 'erself all over. She took 'er 'at off and clawed 'er 'air, and would stop and paw one leg with the other. This went on for nearly a mile. She must a 'ad a million fleas on 'er time she got to Arundel."

"Well, Mae, you and Lee can fight it out," I said, "I'm going to turn in early, right after coffee."

"What! you night hawk?" groaned Mae.

"Yes, I'm going to tackle an early morning effect to-morrow—must have something to show before going back to town."

"No engagements to-night, eh, what?" asked Mac sarcastically.

"None," I assured him.

I busied myself getting my paraphernalia ready for the morning, and as Nellie appeared with the coffee I instructed Lee to call me at five

o'clock. I lighted my pipe and poured two glasses of brandy.

"Here's good-night, all," I said, "and five o'clock, Lee. I suppose, now, I'll be seeing—" but I caught myself as I looked back and saw the Hindoo.

With that the Easterner rose and expressed his interest in art. I stepped back into the room, because I wished to hear what he had to say about art, especially East Indian art, and to ask whether there was a painter in India whose work could take a place in Western estimation that would equal the place taken by Tagore. He had very little to say in favour of Tagore, but he praised greatly the decorations of a fellow-countryman named Hindra Singh. But it was in handicrafts, as he said, that the Orientals excelled, and he gave us an intimate discourse on metal work, inlaying, and carving. As to himself, he said, he had come to England to study the landscape, and he seemed delighted to know that Mac was a landscape painter. When I left him, he and Mac were completing plans for a sketching expedition the following day. Then Mac entered his own room.

I closed my door, but I could overhear him reciting from Wellington's memoirs, and shouting in very bitter accents: "The Duke, writing to his mother in 1807, said, 'I can assure you that from the general of the Germans down to the smallest drum-boy in their legion, the earth never groaned with such a set of murdering, infamous villains. They murdered, robbed and ill-treated the peasantry wherever they went.'"

All was quiet for a minute. Then I heard Mac's door open, and then a muffled call to Lee.

"How about that German?" Mac asked in a whisper.

"Oh, don't worry about 'im, Mr. MacNab, 'e's leavin' in the mornin'. Somethink funny about 'im, too. 'E must be an artist like yourself."

"Is everyone an artist around here? Hasn't dropped any bombs



" 'And I'm the original British lion,' said the boatman "

about the place, has he, Lee?"

"No, no; 'e's a 'armless, good-natured-appearing sort of a bloke. Says 'e 'ates the Prussians. Well, good-night. I've got to get 'im up early."

The night passed on, and all was silent about the *Rabbit* until long after midnight. Then a peculiar noise outside caused me to rise and peer through the window. There was just enough light for me to discern two figures struggling on the ground. One of them, as I made out, was the Hindoo, while the other, as I caught sight of his beard and heavy visage, convinced me that he was the German.

The Hindoo had the other down, and the fingers of his right hand gripped him at the throat.

"So you were thinking of slipping away," he said, no longer in broken English. "Well, you are going to slip away all right, but not in the manner you expected. A launch is at this moment drawing up at the landing. I'm going to put you aboard, and if you attempt to get away I'll shoot you like a dog."

The two got up and walked quietly down to the landing. I saw them board the launch, and in a few minutes they passed out of sight. I went back to bed.

Promptly at five o'clock Lee rapped at my door, but the incident of the earlier morning had put me out of humour for work, so I turned over and groaned. Then I heard Lee

thumping on the German's door and then on the Hindoo's.

"What's the matter?" shouted Mae, roused by the repeated knocking.

"Can't get 'em up," said Lee.

"Why don't you knock the door down? It wouldn't sound any worse."

With that Lee opened the German's door.

"He's gone!" he shouted. "He must be down at breakfast."

"How about the Hindoo?"

"He's gone, too."

I heard Mac's feet strike the floor.

"Perhaps he expects me to go out with him early," he said, as he started to dress.

Lee below was in earnest discussion with the boatman, and presently Mac joined them.

"What's up?" asked Mac.

"Don't know," said Lee, "but I'm John Bull here on the spot if it comes to anything."

"And I'm the original British lion," said the boatman, "but I'll be hanged if they haven't put one over on me."

"Then I dub myself the lion's tail," said Mac, "because in this you can twist me anyway you like."

They went over to examine the landing and to peer carefully as far as eye could reach along the river.

Presently I went down, and underneath my window I picked up something very much like a badge that might be worn by a detective from Scotland Yard.



CANADIAN WINDS

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

TO-NIGHT swept down omnipotent with breath
And long in undulations, mighty winds;
With flapping pinions gloriously they came
And beat my windows:
"Hail winds! Hail, raptures of the night! Hail, hosts!"
So cried I as they came, Canadian winds.

Do any blow so greatly, with such pulse?
They are of far Ungava: they know plains
That nightly bear great sunsets to their rest:
Mountains that lift the morning: lakes that stand
Silent for noon to gaze in and be glad.
Oh, they know Peace, that river, and his North.
They know Superior where he beats his shores.
Cities they know, and multitudinous fields,
And men they know who know and love all these.

Is this not freedom, to have such great winds,
Who know Alberta, and Muskoka know,
Know the Kawarthas and Saskatchewan,
And who kiss nightly with an intimate breath
All under stars between the Douglas pine
And the St. Lawrence talking with the sea?
Oh, such great winds are mighty statured things:
Who speaks for Canada must speak as these.
Have utterance made melodious with their tone,
As full of freedom: these from sea to sea
Have their dominion.

So must noble men.

Then rise you up, you men, Canadians,
Born of these winds and these baptizing seas,
Claim the high birthright of their ecstasies,
And sell it not. For boon of a quick prize
Leap never. Stand in these tense days
Steadfast and quiet in your streets and lanes.
No physical beast unleash in judgment wild.
In happy firmness set your outward mien,
Unmoved by tawdry issues, cheap demands,
Uncaught in rumour's net, and never slain
By hate's device or mistrust's quicker trap:
Unmoved, uncaught, unslain, you freemen, stand
In these wide fields, in these bright streets of ours,
For sonship of these winds, these ministers
That put to-night their compass on a land
And, free, breathe freedom like a living soul.

Breathe deep these winds, Canadians, breathe deep:
These winds are your winds, you may have their power.



Painting by F. M. Bell-Smith

OLIVER TWIST ASKS FOR A SECOND HELPING OF SOUP

A famous scene from a celebrated novel by Charles Dickens



Painting by T. M. Bell-Smith

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND THE FRIENDLY WAITER

A famous scene from a celebrated novel by Charles Dickens

Scapegoats

BY VICTOR LAURISTON

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN RUSSELL



CONSTABLE RIKE SCARLETT'S attitude toward McDowall, J.P., reminds you of subservient Jimmy Boswell and the great Doctor Samuel Johnson. Thus Rike pictures the Bridgetown magistrate:

"He's got a gray eye that sees clear through you—yes, and clear through all sorts of pettifogging right into the heart of things. What's the Code and the Statutes and the precedents to him? He sets up there with a copy of the 1887 Statutes on his desk, but does he look at them? No. When he wants law, he just taps his own old brain-tank. It's as full of law as a keg's full of cider—yes, and it's good, sound, common sense Old Testament law, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and seven years for stealing chickens from widows."

MacDowall, thus fearsomely described, is magistrate of Bridgetown, in the Province of Ontario; he furthermore, holds a commission as justice of the peace, which entitles him to the letters "J.P." and certain fees: the townsfolk call him "Squire". Each week-day morning at ten o'clock he "sets" behind a decrepit desk in the dingy Bridgetown police court. At his right-hand vawns the iron-barred door of the Bridgetown lock-up. The Bridgetown fire horses kick their heels against the partition behind him. To him comes the countryside with its disputes, confident that if there is no

law on the statute books to meet the situation, there is something just as good in MacDowall's head.

So to MacDowall, on a certain dreary October day, hurried little, fat Patrick Mogg, the village enthusiast, with resentment in his eye.

"What d'you want?" demanded MacDowall shortly.

"I want to do something to old Grierson," sputtered Mogg.

"What's Grierson done?"

"It ain't what he's done—it's what he ain't done, and the way he ain't done it. Squire, you know all about Grierson. You know, what with bonuses and tax exemptions and free hand-outs, this town's made him. You know he's piled up a million if he's piled up a cent; and while Bridgetown was good enough for the making, the spending's done in Florida. You know he pays the meanest wages that ever employer paid, docks his men an hour if they're five minutes late—yes, and he's skinned so many lice for their hide and tallow, the corpses of them are like to start an epidemic. You know if ever Bridgetown owed a man nothing, it's Grierson; and if ever a man owed Bridgetown everything, it's Grierson, too."

"Yes?" MacDowall, J.P., wore a face that showed as much interest, as much emotion, as an iceberg in the Arctic regions.

"And you know the Patriotic Fund?" Mogg's sputtering was like



"It's good, sound, common sense Old Testament law, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and seven years for stealing chickens from widows."

a wax candle burned down to the last shred of wick.

The Canadian Patriotic Fund was organized to provide for the dependents of soldiers overseas; it had pulled heavily on the generosity of little Bridgetown, as it did everywhere throughout the Dominion.

"Shouldn't everyone contribute?" blazed Mogg. "Didn't you contribute?"

"A thousand dollars," said MacDowall, without pride.

"And what has old Grierson contributed, all these seven times we've called? He's just landed a shell contract that's good for a hundred thousand profit, and he says, 'I'm very busy, gentlemen,' or 'The financial situation won't permit me.' And no matter what he says, 'Not one cent' is what old Grierson means."

He paused, breathless.

"Now, what can I do to him?"

"Nothing."

"Can't I have him sent to the penitentiary?"

"No."

"Can't you lock him up over night?"

"No."

"Would you like to?" Poor little Mogg was desperate.

"I have nothing to say." Nor did MacDowall, J.P., by look or act indicate the slightest preference, one way or another. A marble slab would have been expressive beside his face.

"Well, then"—Mogg grew impatient—"if I take a club and batter his brains out, what then?"

"That's murder. They'll hang you."

"Or if I don't quite kill him—"

"Assault and battery—probably seven years."

"What's the law for, anyway?" The little fat man was a picture of despair. "Ain't there some way to get at old Grierson for what he ain't done?"

"None."

"Well," sputtered Mogg, "we'll just see if there ain't."

He raged out. MacDowall, J.P., resumed his paper at the identical line, word and letter where he had left off; and from the expression of his face and the rigidity of his lips one could not tell whether the war news was good or bad, or merely—as usual—misleading.

II.

Patrick Mogg's sputterings made clear old Grierson's status in Bridgetown; he was the exceedingly small-souled "big man" of the community. Nobody loved him; so he stayed in his own back-yard and made money.

Old Grierson's son was his one redeeming feature. People said old Grierson had starved his wife to death; but that while generous, fine-spirited, impulsive Tom was alive old Grierson would never be rid of her. Tom's surname was the only characteristic he inherited from his father. Where the old man was hated, the young man was loved. When old Grierson went to Florida and young Grierson managed the factory, Bridgetown sighed relief and the plant hummed happily. When old Grierson came back and took hold with tight clutching fingers, the workmen shuddered and stiffened, and all Bridgetown, looking out on the gay springtime, prayed for dreary autumn and another old Grierson exodus.

"Losing my grip?" commented old Grierson. "Not a bit of it. I've got the thing boiled down to where I make more money when I'm away than when I'm home." Wherewith he put the screws on a bit more, in token of gratitude.

Tom Grierson did not shrink into the background when his father returned. He was too big to shrink. He argued, he pleaded, sometimes he fought—but to no avail. Old Grierson's will was iron.

"Give, and give generously," urged Tom Grierson, when the Patriotic Fund deputation called for the eighth time; and emphasized his advice by making an eighth ghastly hole in his private bank account.

"I can't afford to give," adjudicated old Grierson, with thin lips.

Young Grierson, being impulsive like his mother, said things, and was promptly ordered out of the office. He went cheerfully. Tom betook himself to the river dock where Minnie Craig, the night-watchman's niece from Springvale, was interestedly fishing for carp.

This Minnie had not taught school long enough to lose her good looks. She had spent the summer holidays at Bridgetown, and had come down for the Canadian Thanksgiving, which falls in October.

"Tom," she told him, very seriously, "I wish you wouldn't come here. You scare the fish. Besides, it doesn't do any good. People talk—that's all."

Her mother up in Springvale had sedulously trained her to beware of seductive, good-looking young men of means; and she was loyal to her training.

"Who's talking? What do they say? And how many fish have you caught?"

She was frank and practical; so she answered the least important question first.

"None. Everybody. What you'd expect people to say if they saw a millionaire's son spending his time with a night-watchman's niece."

"I nearly landed that fellow," commented Tom, after the excitement of the next few minutes had passed. Then he recurred to the parallel topic:

"So they say we're engaged?"

Her pretty head was not to be turn-

ed by attentions; she refused to believe what was manifestly incredible.

"Can't you see that's impossible, Mr. Grierson?"

"I can't."

"The night-watchman's niece—and the millionaire's son?"

"Well," argued Tom Grierson very earnestly, as he dropped the fishing rod and drew closer, "suppose we eliminate the night-watchman and the millionaire—what's left. Just you and me, isn't it? That's the winning combination. The rest doesn't count."

In one and the same moment she felt happy and she felt miserable; happy on the score of that "you and me", and miserable for the shadow over them of old Grierson and his money-bags. Her practical sense told her to hold this young man at arm's length.

"Your father wouldn't allow it, Tom. . . . No, he wouldn't consider it a minute."

She was afraid of herself, sometimes; she did like him, very much; and she knew where such liking must end. "You and me," indeed—but there was the world also, in which each of them had a set place. Worldly wisdom made her cautious. A woman must watch herself, particularly with potential millionaires. How could she be sure Tom Grierson did care for her? How could she be sure, even then, that his love would last?

"Anyway," she said at last, "it will be quite impossible after what's going to happen."

"What's that?" questioned Tom; and really his face was white and his hands trembled. "You aren't going to marry someone up in Springvale?"

"No, no," she said hurriedly. "I'm going to teach school all my days. It isn't me. . . . But the men here are going out on strike. And to-night I'm going back to Springvale."

III.

Next morning the workmen delivered their ultimatum to old Grierson. They weren't going to work for a man

who wouldn't do his bit for the Patriotic Fund.

"Then get out of here, every rotten, worthless cur of you!" yelled old Grierson, who even in his best moods wasn't sweet-tempered. "And remember, there's no coming back. This isn't a strike. It's a lock-out."

The men went sullenly out. The factory wheels stopped turning. Tom Grierson rose from his desk in the corner of the office, and put on his hat.

"Hey, there!" shouted old Grierson. "Where the devil are you going?"

"I'm on strike, too," returned Tom coolly.

"Huh! Well, you'll be glad enough to come back after a week or two. Meanwhile"—he took a step nearer and his tone grew shrilly menacing—"keep away from that Craig huzzy. If you don't, I'll find a way to make you."

He turned abruptly to his desk. Before Tom was outside the office, the old man had apparently forgotten him. He was putting in a long-distance call for the nearest large city.

Within forty-eight hours the streets of Bridgetown were full of tough-looking roustabouts, gathered from the slums of the city and shipped in by special train to break the strike.

For one busy day the factory wheels went round again. But Bridgetown extended no glad hand to the newcomers. The boarding-houses would have none of them. The hotels, on one pretext or another, refused them. Old Grierson set his lips and met the situation by housing the two hundred and more strike-breakers in a string of old box-cars on the factory siding. When the six o'clock whistles blew, the men swaggered noisily about the town, met with sullen looks and returning open threats for silent menace. By nightfall the town was seething.

MacDowall, J.P., sat up late in his study. MacDowall's study was a fit and proper setting for MacDowall—

bare, cold, austere, unflinching. The very chairs, that in a normal study suggest cosy comfort, looked stiff.

Rike Scarlett, the constable, came in just before midnight.

"They're gone," he announced jubilantly, rubbing his hands together.

"Who?"

"Those strike-breakers. The boys have just chased 'em out of town. Last I could learn they were ten miles down the River Road and running for dear life. They won't come back. . . . I reckon you'll hear from old Grierson in the morning."

IV.

As a prophet, Rike Scarlett surpassed both Madame de Thebes and Father Joachim. Except for a few daring spirits, the strike-breakers did not come back. Early next morning old Grierson raged into MacDowall's court, breathing threatenings.

MacDowall instructed Constable Scarlett to investigate.

Constable Scarlett reported that the outrage had apparently been planned with the utmost thoroughness and secrecy; the culprits, several hundred in number, were armed and masked; and no one about town would for a moment admit that he knew a single person who had participated, or had the slightest suspicion on the subject.

Old Grierson trembled with fury. "Just let me get the ringleader!" he yelled.

"I can't get him," doggedly declared Rike.

Whether he was too shrewd or too stupid to do anything else, MacDowall's factotum made a good bluff at utter helplessness.

Within ten minutes old Grierson's nature developed a new and unsuspected aspect. He had not one cent for the Patriotic Fund, but he had one thousand dollars for revenge. That was the reward he offered for the apprehension and conviction of the guilty parties—including the ringleader. His huge advertising

posters temptingly added: "All costs paid and no questions asked".

Through a week the factory stood idle and the reward went unclaimed. Old Grierson fumed and fretted. It was time for him to go to Florida for the winter; he could not go till that worthless whelp, Tom, returned to take charge of the plant; and he would not go till he had run down and punished those accursed scoundrels who had maltreated his roustabouts.

Tom Grierson ostentatiously continued to board at the hotel.

The culprits remained unexposed.

Old Grierson doubled the reward. "That'll fetch them," he commented.

It did not. Then he jumped the reward to five thousand dollars. Bridgetown gasped in bewilderment; but loyalty sat tight and said nothing. Whoever had planned the outrage, there could be no doubt of Bridgetown's sentiments.

Two days later old Grierson received a letter with the Springvale postmark. He had secured a correspondent there to keep an eye for him on the goings-on of Minnie Craig.

That Tom could contemplate such a ridiculous thing as actually marrying that Craig girl was, of course, incomprehensible. She was inconceivably below him. Yet Tom, who was impulsive, might get entangled somehow; and old Grierson reflected, with alarm, that untangling such matters involved the expenditure of money. This letter alarmed him. Tom Grierson had repeatedly visited Springvale.

Old Grierson put his dignity in his pocket, and went wrathfully down street to issue an ultimatum to his former night-watchman, Joe Craig.

V.

Craig came to MacDowall very early next morning.

"Has old Grierson been here to lay an information against young Tom?" he demanded.

"No."

"He says he's going to have him arrested at once for being ringleader in running them strike-breakers out of town."

"Was he?"

"I'm not saying," parried Craig. "What I'm saying is, that ain't why old Grierson wants Tom arrested. He wants to lock Tom up so's Tom can't see my niece." He paused, but MacDowall said nothing. "Old Grierson, he come to my place last night and bawled me out for letting her run around with Tom. Says I, 'Ain't I warned her against him? Ain't I anxious to see it stopped?' says I. Then he blows up. 'I'll stop it,' says he. 'I'll lock him up,' says he. Think of it, Squire—coming into this here honourable court and swearing to a lying accusation—"

"Is it a lying accusation?"

Craig's look grew shiftier.

"Anyway, *he* thinks it is. He's perjuring himself because, when he swears Tom was in the riot, he don't believe it. I don't want Tom Grierson hanging around Minnie—there can't no good come of it—but I ain't a-going to see him took up if I can prevent. Don't you take that information, Squire."

MacDowall, J.P., made no needless comment. Yet, in his heart of hearts, he was troubled. Late the same morning he entertained a portentous delegation with a petition several yards long. The name of Mayor Ridgely headed the petition; but bubbling, busy little Pat Mogg was spokesman.

"The old man's after Tom," explained Mogg. "He says he's going to have him pulled, you know what for. Now, here's a petition from our very best citizens—Mayor Ridgely and all the town council and every town officer except yourself and every citizen of any account except old man Grierson, and what we want, Squire, is, if old Grierson comes to lay that information, you just refuse to take it."

"I can't refuse, if he swears to it."

"Here," sputtered Mogg. "Read this

here petition. See, 'He's no more guilty than we are'. Ain't that strong enough?"

"That means," questioned MacDowall, grimly, "that you are all equally guilty with him."

"Sure. He's just as innocent as we are, and we're just as guilty as him. And we say, 'Don't take that information.'"

Unemotionally MacDowall studied the petition.

"I cannot refuse to take the information—unless, indeed, the real culprits are by that time under arrest." He laid aside the paper. "I promise you nothing; I ask what I am entitled to as a magistrate, an absolutely free hand. If you see Rike Scarlett," he added, "send him to me."

Mogg and his deputation went; and ten minutes later Rike Scarlett came.

"What is it, Squire?" he questioned nervously.

"Make out summonses at once for the participants in that strike riot. The charge is disorderly conduct."

"But I don't know who they are!" protested Rike blindly.

"Here are the names—the first seventeen on the list." MacDowall, J.P., without a smile, handed him the petition.

"Mayor Ridgely!" gasped the constable. "Councillor Hawkins! Fire Chief Archie Phillips! Elder Hazlett! Reverend Mr. Murchison! Squire—?"

"The first seventeen," insisted MacDowall grimly.

"But the poster says, the ringleader."

"He's the first man on the list—Mayor Ridgely. Charge him also with using profane language."

"But—Squire—"

"Fill—in—those—summonses."

MacDowall took up his morning paper. Half an hour later old Grierson bustled in.

"I want you to hustle Rike Scarlett up to Springvale at once," he clamoured, "and get that worthless Tom. Get the book, and I'll swear

out the information. He's ringleader in that strike trouble."

"The summonses are already issued in that matter," returned MacDowall unemotionally. "The cases will come up on Friday. I will not make my court ridiculous by summoning a second alleged ringleader while the first still awaits trial." He resumed his paper.

On Friday the Bridgetown police court witnessed the most sensational proceedings in its history, with the most distinguished assemblage of representative citizens that ever crowded the narrow prisoner's dock.

VI.

The accused pleaded not guilty. Pat Mogg, whose name appeared eighteenth on the petition, rose in court.

"Your honour," he announced, "I want to be arrested."

"Si—lence!" bawled Court Crier Rike Scarlett.

"If that person interrupts again," commanded MacDowall, J.P., without the slightest change of tone, "constable, put him out."

Mogg subsided.

Testimony was taken; the testimony of old Grierson, still exasperated, but also somewhat puzzled; the testimony of three of the strike-breakers who alone of the two hundred and more had been prevailed on to come back. Their testimony was hazy. The entire body of assailants had been masked and disguised, and they could identify no one. Old Grierson, venomously malign, believed all seventeen were without exception guilty, but had no facts to offer in support of his belief.

"It's a mighty weak case, Squire," whispered Rike.

"Is there any defence?" invited MacDowall.

One by one the accused and their supporting witnesses went into the box. Mayor Ridgely had been at his home—corroborated by three reputable witnesses. Councillor Hawkins was in a pool-room at the time of the

attack. Corroborated beyond question. Fire Chief Phillips was at the fire hall all night—also corroborated. Reverend Mr. Murchison was attending a church meeting. Councillor Harrison was on a B. & X. Y. train sixty miles from Bridgetown, but homeward bound. His arrival on schedule time was proved. So the testimony for the defence established its obstinate alibi.

"Is the defence closed?" at last demanded MacDowall.

"Closed," chorused the accused.

"Rebuttal?" suggested MacDowall.

Old Grierson commenced to protest, fiercely, that the accused were one and all perjurers.

"If you have no evidence to offer. Mr. Grierson," intervened the magistrate, "be seated."

Grierson sat down glaring.

"With the consent of the defendants," went on MacDowall, very deliberately, "I wish to put in this petition, their signatures to which they will admit, as an exhibit in the case."

He paused an impressive moment. "The evidence is now closed," he said. He looked at the prisoners, one after another, with the steely eye that saw clear through them. Rike Scarlett had a sneaking notion that the old justice liked young Grierson, though never by word or sign or look had MacDowall showed it. He had a notion, too, that MacDowall hated old Grierson, though neither did MacDowall give a hint of hate.

"On the evidence submitted, including this exhibit, I find the prisoners—*guilty*."

The court sat many moments in stunned silence. MacDowall laid down the petition. Then he announced, in the same dry tone in which he would have sentenced them all to be hanged:

"I remand the prisoners till called upon for sentence."

VII.

A bewildered, questioning, whispering crowd passed out, and stood in

little knots. The prisoners themselves, free now to go, were too puzzled to be communicative.

"This way, Mr. Grierson," urged Rike Scarlett.

But old Grierson, quite of his own accord, was already hurrying toward the dingy little office to which MacDowall, J.P., had withdrawn. In a chair opposite MacDowall sat a brisk but puzzled young man who held a reporter's pad. He was Carruthers, editor and reportorial staff of *The News*—and, incidentally, Carruthers, secretary of the Patriotic Fund.

"But, Squire," Carruthers was urging deferentially. "I can't see how you reached such a decision on the evidence."

"I reached it on the evidence of their own petition," returned MacDowall.

"Young man," intervened Grierson, with cold pomposity, "I have not seen this petition, but I do know, it takes a shrewd judicial eye to see through the perjury which is rampant in our courts." He turned to MacDowall. "When are you going to sentence those scoundrels?" he demanded peremptorily.

MacDowall eyed him without emotion.

"They were remanded till called upon," he explained.

"And when will they be called upon?"

Rike Scarlett hastily intervened.

"Mr. Grierson, under the terms of your advertisement I am entitled to a reward of five thousand dollars—"

Grierson stiffened.

"The men are not yet sentenced," he returned dryly.

"Upon arrest or conviction—"

MacDowall, glancing up, without the least hint of either propitiation or menace, handed Grierson his own printed poster. Grierson studied it with the intense care of a man who knew its contents and knew that his search for a loophole was vain.

"I can give you a cheque," he suggested.

"We can get cash at the bank," returned Rike. "And," he added, "there's costs, \$58.30—"

"Don't those fellows pay the costs?" snapped Grierson.

"The poster says you pay all costs," said MacDowall.

Grierson fumed, but surrendered. They went out. Editor Carruthers, silenced, stared queerly at MacDowall, who never seemed to see him. A telegraph messenger slouched lazily in and after looting at all present asked for Mr. Grierson.

"He'll be back in a few minutes," said Carruthers. He knew that Grierson would not go home till he had a clear-cut answer to his vindictive question. "Here they come," he added presently.

Rike Scarlett, stamping in, laid the five thousand dollars in big bills upon the desk. With a stubby peneil he calculated the apportionment of fees between himself and the magistrate. Then he once more counted the bills.

"While Mr. Grierson handed me this money," he remarked, awkwardly, "I ain't exactly sure as I'm personally entitled to it. Your honour will remember that you, yourself, gave me the names of the—er—guilty parties."

The telegraph messenger had managed at last to get Grierson's attention, sufficiently to deliver his manila envelope and secure a scrawly signature in his book. He stood waiting a moment.

"Correct, Rike," assented MacDowall. With one eye on old Grierson, he saw that the man had opened the telegram, and that his face grew chalky as he read. "As a magistrate, I cannot, of course, accept a reward. Mr. Carruthers, add this contribution of five thousand dollars to the Patriotic Fund."

Grierson's face took on a greenish hue. With keen, hungry eyes he watched Carruthers count the money. MacDowall seemed to ponder over the transaction.

"Mr. Carruthers," he added evenly, "credit that contribution to J. G. Grierson."

Grierson roused himself, in a discouraged way. Even the vindictiveness seemed to have died out of his soul.

"Squire," he demanded, "when are those villains to be called on for sentence?"

MacDowall, J. P., looked him through and through, with steely

gray eyes. He answered, in a tone quite even:

"Never."

VIII.

Rike curiously picked up the telegram after old Grierson had gone. He handed it to MacDowall, J. P. It was from Tom. The old justice act- usually smiled, even chuckled, as he read it:

"Minnie and I married, with or without your blessing."

A RAINY DAY

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

GRAY skies, and mists that sway
Against the window-pane,
And wind that calls all day,
And calls in vain.

Who knows what ancient wrong
Is sounding through that blast?
What inarticulate song
Finds voice at last?

What drippings of old tears
Sob through the sobbing rain?
What sorrows of dim years
Take shape again?

Who knows? Draw down the blind,
My fire is burning bright.
Out in the rain and wind
Who waits to-night?



"Captain Hardy. (And how nicely he introduced himself!)"

The Double Intriguer

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY STEVENS

BUT I tell you it was *I* who secured the lease."
 "Pardon me, madam, it was *I*."
 "How absurd! Why, I can show you the paper—"

"But, madam, listen—"

"I shall do nothing of the kind! Rosemary, open that larger cane suitcase and get out the letter Mr. Perkins wrote us. The agent and I arranged it all several weeks ago, sir, and only last Thursday he mailed me the key. I am not in the habit of leaving anything to *chance*."

"It is very singular, I must say. I do not understand—"

"Singular? It is positively ridiculous!"

"But you see, er—this cottage is the very one that was announced as being 'a desirable summer home for a bachelor or a man of studious habits who wishes to spend a quiet summer in a secluded spot', etc., etc. Now,

my dear madam, as you scarcely fill either rôle—"

"Sir! Pray do not jest."

"I was only going to say that you and your charming young daughter would find it too quiet here. Even though you have not made a mistake, but have actually obtained the lease, might I not prevail upon you to hire another cottage, down near the hotel? I will do all I can to assist—"

"No other cottage could possibly suit. Rosemary, haven't you found that letter?"

"It isn't here, mother."

"What! Then look in the club-bag."

"It isn't there either. I've just looked."

"Could it be possible that I've left it at home? How annoying! It isn't in my hand-bag—"

"You mention a key," began the gentleman politely.

"Certainly, and here it is. I didn't leave *that* behind."

The lady took the article from her hand-bag and fitted it into the lock of the cottage door. It turned, and she opened the door part way and sent a triumphant glance at the gentleman.

"There! You see, I was right, after all. This cottage is number thirty-two, Poplar View—the one I rented."

"But my key fits, too."

"I'm not from Missouri, but you'll have to show me before I'll—"

"With pleasure."

Captain Peter Hardy drew a key from his pocket and fully demonstrated his own claim. Mrs. Hildreth Macklem shrugged a pair of pretty shoulders.

"How do I know you are not a key-forgery—one of those clever men who take wax moulds of locks, and then—"

"Madam, believe me—"

"Mother, for goodness sake drop it. Let's go down to the hotel. It *does* look awfully lonely up here on these bluffs. I shall be bored to death—"

"Be still, child. Have you ever known me back down? I have set my heart on this place—"

"Er—so have I," interjected the captain ruefully.

"And I shall insist on remaining."

"So shall I."

The captain looked determined. So did Mrs. Hildreth Macklem.

"If you were a *gentleman*—"

"If *you* could see reason—"

"It is *you* who are unreasonable. We shall soon have to come to an agreement. It is almost dark. What does a *man* need to be so particular about, anyway? You are too far up from the hotel, where you would have to go for your meals—"

"I cook my own meals. My nephew and I are both fair cooks, though this year Bert is too delicate to do much."

"Your nephew? Is *he* coming?"

"He is, madam. He will arrive by the morning boat. He is recovering from two bullet wounds in the chest."

Rosemary's silvery tones again intervened.

"Why, how jolly! Young men are awfully scarce this summer. Let's all camp together. Mother can be the chaperon—"

"Never!" declared the lady.

"Impossible. I—er—am a man of quiet habits. I came here to do some writing."

"But we'd see that you were not disturbed."

"Thank you, but—"

"Oh, well, take the cottage," said Mrs. Macklem, with a resigned air, as she stooped to pick up a small grip. "We'll send for the same boy that brought the bags up here, Rosemary, and leave the gentleman to take possession—"

"Madam, I couldn't think of allowing you to do it," the captain hastened to say, with a complete change of front. "I, myself, will go to the hotel. I am sorry to have seemed selfish—"

"But—"

"Say no more, please."

"Oh, I couldn't let you go like this. If the lease is—*really* yours—"

"You seem to doubt it."

The lady smiled apologetically. She was impulsive and a generous creature at heart and her annoyance was rapidly dissipating.

"Would you care to do as my daughter suggested?" she asked. "Perhaps we could compromise in that way. The house seems large enough, and we need not meet except when it is unavoidable."

The captain smiled. It was like a sunny ray lighting up an austere and gloomy landscape.

"Why—er—it is kind of you, but there is only one kitchen."

"Oh! well, have your meals with us, then. I assure you that both I and my daughter can cook."

"I do not doubt it."

"Are you a crank?"

"Not as regards the cuisine."

"Then, is it agreeable? You could occupy the western side of the house, and we the other side, and we could all share the verandah."



"Having seen the advertisement and photograph of a cottage much to his liking"

And so it was arranged. Rosemary danced up and down in great glee.

"He's a dear, mother," she said, ecstatically, as they settled themselves in their own side of the house. "Do you know, he reminds me of a professional man, with his scanty hair and moustache, and his proud air! He looks like a regular blue-blood."

"The man is evidently a gentleman," agreed Mrs. Macklem. "He seemed a trifle surprised that I was so willing to cook."

"He doesn't know how Bridget drives us out of the kitchen at home."

"That Irishwoman is an autoerat! I would discharge her if cooks were not so scarce—good ones, I mean."

"Well, you'll have a chance to potter amongst the pots and pans now, and so will I. We'll make the nephew turn in and wash the dishes. If he's as handsome as his uncle—"

"Absurd, child! I shall forbid flirting, remember. As for the uncle being handsome—piffle! Your poor dear father was twice as good-looking."

"So he was, but in a different way. I wish I could remember him more distinctly, but as I was only eight when he died—"

"I wonder—just how old this—captain something-or-other is."

"Captain Hardy. (And how nicely he introduced himself!) Oh, he isn't more than forty-five, I am perfectly sure. I wonder—how old—the nephew is."

But the widow did not make any response. She had taken a pretty lavender silk frock out of one of the suit-cases and was looking for the shoes and hose which matched it. For she and her daughter were going to the ball that evening down at the Balmy Breeze Hotel.

On his own side of the summer cottage the captain was also engaged in making a fresh toilet—but not to go to the dance. He was merely changing from his travelling attire to a lounge suit, preparatory to going trawling, for an hour or two. The captain detested society. He abhorred a dress suit. He could neither dance, play bridge, nor engage in small talk. He was an ultra-bohemian and liked only to commune with nature, when he wished a change from his books. He was a retired sea-captain, his premature retirement from active work having been brought about through an accident to one of his eyes.

There was another item regarding Captain Hardy, which had a humorous bearing on his present situation: he was a confirmed woman-hater.

As he drew on a pair of high rubber boots he smiled sardonically.

"What would Sarah say if she could know!" he muttered with a short laugh. "I'm more than half sorry I agreed to share quarters with these women. I don't know why I did it. I'm all kinds of a fool!"

He clumped outside and took up a pair of paddles that were leaning against the verandah. Soon he had reached the lake's edge and unlocked the padlock which secured the skiff that belonged to the cottage.

"Sarah" was his married sister, who occasionally succeeded in dragging him to a party. Only two weeks ago she had lugged him to a bazaar, and while there a pretty gypsy lass had insisted on telling his fortune.

As the captain skimmed across the water toward the trawling-ground he suddenly recollected that young clairvoyant's eerie warning:

"Beware of a charming blonde widow who will cross your path this summer. She will try to inveigle you into an affair of the heart. Shun her, for she is a female crook—a confidence woman. She travels with a younger woman who poses as her daughter. But in reality they are a pair of she

sharks. Watch yourself, for she is beautiful and fascinating and absolutely merciless."

To all of which he had returned a tolerant smile and a faint shrug of his big shoulders. Now, however, he looked a bit serious. He stopped rowing and drifted for a few moments.

"Now, I wonder," he murmured, "if there is anything in it! Sometimes these fortune-tellers hit it right. Still, what harm could this supposed female crook do to me? I'm not rich enough to tempt one of *her* stamp. She'd be on the trail of bigger game. And as to my heart—bah! *That* is a fortress that has never yet been taken. I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff!"

Of course, it was ridiculous, even admitting it to be an odd sort of coincidence. These women were eminently respectable—that was to be gathered at a glance. So the captain laughed aloud at his doubts and began rowing again.

It was a beautiful evening, with a full moon rising like a big silver plate in the east, and the salmon and golden and carmine of the sunset still lingering in the west, though the orb of day had dropped below the horizon an hour ago. Each year in the latter end of June Captain Peter Hardy, generally accompanied by his favourite nephew (Sarah's only son) betook himself to the coast, or to one of the lovely inland lakes of British Columbia, there to idle away a very pleasant summer. The lake he had come to this year was Okanagan, surely one of the most beautiful in all Canada. He had never camped here, but having seen the advertisement and photograph of a cottage much to his liking, he had decided to take it.

"Beastly luck that that woman should have taken a fancy to it, too!" growled the captain, as he put the looped end of his trawl between his teeth and began to cast the line slowly out.

The coincidence of the keys being

similar could easily be accounted for. Perkins owned scores of cottages up here, and it was not improbable that some of them had door-locks alike. Either that or else—the woman *was* a crook and had managed to secure a duplicate key, had managed, too, to time her arrival with that of his own.

There he was, off again, imagining! With a snort of disgust he leaned over the skiff's edge to untangle the line from the oar-lock, and at that same instant a scream rent the air—the scream of a woman.

The captain started, and turned about in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Through the falling dusk he perceived a head bobbing on the water of the lake, then a pair of white arms, that thrashed about—and before one could have counted to ten the captain had seized his oars and was making "full speed ahead" for the spot, some fifty yards away.

A gurgling, choked laugh greeted him as he drew alongside the bobbing head, and a half-hysterical voice said:

"Silly of me to venture so far out—after sunset—usually can swim further out than this, too—without tiring. I—oh, I'll spoil the skiff—sorry—I—"

The captain pulled the woman into his boat, and she sank, shivering and dripping, into the stern seat. He then took up his coat that lay in the bow and wrapped it about her. As he performed this act a delightful, wholly unaccountable thrill ran through his woman-hating being. He noticed that the stranger had big, appealing blue eyes, wet, blowy, brown hair, under her blue swimming-cap, and a gentle, high-bred manner.

"You were indeed *very* foolish," he said, somewhat sternly, as he took up his oars again. "Don't you know the depth of the lake at this part?"

"Oh, don't scold, please. I—"

"It is odd that I didn't notice you when you went in."

"Oh, no. Your back was turned. I saw you when I first came out, at

that rocky point yonder," she said.

"Are you camping here?"

"No, I'm staying at the hotel. I only arrived this afternoon, and I just couldn't"—(here her pretty white teeth chattered)—"resist going in for a dip! I suppose I stayed in too long."

Captain Hardy fairly drove his skiff across the remaining stretch of water, and they soon bumped into the little dock belonging to the cottage the captain had rented. Then he ran up the path and disappeared, returning in a trice with a long waterproof coat of his own.

The woman gratefully donned it, and as she buttoned it over her scant blue silk bathing-suit she sent a half timid glance up at her escort.

"I'm all right now, and thanks for the help. I—I—why you saved my life, didn't you? I'm so excited I believe I never acknowledged—"

The captain grunted. He was dreadfully embarrassed.

"Take my arm. The path is steep," he commanded.

"Oh! You're not going to take me down to the hotel! I mustn't impose upon you—"

The captain grunted again, and masterfully seized the lady's arm and propelled her forward and downward between the whispering poplars that lined the woodland path.

"Do have another helping of omelet, captain."

"Er—no, thank you. Not very hungry this morning."

"Then take some more of the fried pickerel! Rosemary, hand the dish to Captain Hardy."

"No, thanks. I—"

"Let me pour you some more coffee, then!"

"Very well."

Mrs. Hildreth Macklem, looking very tidy and domestic, and making a charming picture in her neat blue-checked house-dress, leaned across the round breakfast-table and refilled

Captain Hardy's cup. Her daughter at the same moment passed him the toast, which he declined.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Macklem, shaking her head prettily, "that our cooking does not agree—"

"Not at all, not at all," the captain hastened to say. "Cooking's splendid. I think you had better go to that young rascal's bedroom door and give him the last call to breakfast. He's a lazy young dev—er—scamp!"

"Oh, the poor dear is tired," said Rosemary. "Let him rest. He and I paddled all over the lake last night, you know, captain."

"The captain *doesn't* know," said the elder lady, with a twinkle in her eye. "He was away all afternoon and evening. That's three times since Monday, captain! Do satisfy our curiosity and—"

"Mother, you are dreadfully inquisitive! If *he* won't tell you, though, I will. I saw him on the hotel verandah, hobnobbing with a lady—a pretty little woman like—oh, like a Dresden doll. Who is she, captain?"

A dull red had climbed into the captain's cheek. He was divided between a desire to laugh and to box the young minx's ears.

"She's a friend," he answered briefly.

Before they could question him further, footsteps were heard in the hallway, and the dining-room door opened, revealing a tall youth with mischievous brown eyes and a mop of black hair. He was dressed in outing flannels and a sport shirt of a delicate shell-pink shade.

"Good morning glory!" cried Rosemary, pulling out the chair beside her own.

The youth gave a military salute and an exaggerated bow, and then took his place beside the damsel in the white middy suit.

"I say, uncle Peter," he began, after he had exchanged morning greetings with everybody. "Did you know that they are after a German

spy around this place somewhere?"

"A German spy!" exclaimed the women in a breath.

"Yes, sir! He's in hiding, they claim, in this very neighbourhood. But if you ask *my* opinion, I'd say he wasn't in hiding at all. He's probably right to the fore, going under an assumed name, taking part in our daily life. *That's* how to look for spies. They don't hide away, for that would draw suspicion at once."

"Oh! And I didn't bring a revolver!" cried Mrs. Macklem, paling.

The others laughed.

"How did you get your information?" demanded the captain, with a peculiar look.

"From one of the fellows that are staying at the hotel. I went out on the verandah last night to have a pipe, after you were all in bed, and this chap happened to be passing down the lake in his canoe and singing. I recognized his voice and hailed him, and he put into our dock for a few minutes. He told me that the hotel people are trying to keep it quiet, for fear it will scare away tourists. But he said that there were secret service men at work on the case—and that the countryside was being combed.

"But what good can a spy do here—good to his own cause, I mean?" asked Rosemary, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "There aren't any canals or munition plants *here*."

"Perhaps there is a military man, or the head of a munitions plant staying at the hotel, whom the spy wants to 'pump'. Or, maybe, the spy was chased away from some other point and is only here biding his time."

Bert Daley spoke confidentially. He was keenly interested, and on the previous night had been scarcely able to refrain from wakening the others up to tell them his news.

"It is very singular that the captain didn't hear this information," observed Rosemary suddenly. "He was down at the hotel nearly all of yesterday. I was just teasing him about a lady I saw him with when I



"For the first time, Bert and Rosemary were left alone together"

went down there to play tennis."

Bert sent a whimsical glance at his uncle.

"It could scarcely have been Uncle Peter," he said, with a laugh. "He's a fierce woman-hater."

"Well, he's changing rapidly, then."

"Why, do you know," said Mrs. Macklem, enjoying the captain's discomfiture, "we did not even know till you mentioned it one day, that you weren't married."

"No, nor he won't ever be," declared Bert, laughing.

"Oh, I don't know," interjected the girl. "I'll wager he was proposing as I saw him. Anyway, they were sitting pretty close together. What was the subject under discussion, captain, may I ask?"

The captain grunted. He opened his lips as though to reply, and shut

them, and then he was very glad he had done so. He had been about to disclose too much. For he and his friend, Mrs. Baulk—the lady he had saved from drowning—had been talking all afternoon and evening about military and naval matters, she having asked him numerous questions, and he replying in the way he thought best. He had spent many hours in Mrs. Baulk's company since the evening on the lake.

Directly after breakfast Captain Peter Hardy put on his hat and walked down the path to the hotel. Mrs. Macklem went on to the verandah and watched him disappear amongst the trees. Thus, for the first time, Bert and Rosemary were left alone together. Bert proposed a ramble in the wood.

Mrs. Macklem, though striving to

appear merry, as they passed her on the verandah, was feeling rather badly in her heart. She had fallen in love with Captain Hardy. As soon as they were out of sight, she sat down and indulged in that strictly feminine luxury, a good cry.

It was thus that the captain, returning unexpectedly, found her. Hastily drying her eyes and making some plausible excuse for her tears, she proceeded to the hammock with a book. But the captain followed her out under the trees.

"Mrs. Macklem, I will not be here for luncheon," he began, a look of suppressed excitement in his eyes. "I must go to Vancouver at once."

"Oh—very well, then, captain. Though I'm fond of cooking, I believe I'm growing rather tired of it. I shall go down to the Bahny Breeze Hotel next week, in any case."

"To remain?"

The captain stood stock still. He had turned and was on his way to the house to pack a suit-case. Now he turned about and looked with concern at the pretty widow. He detected a new note in her pleasant voice—a note that he did not relish. It was a compound of petulancy and something else that he couldn't define.

"Yes, to remain," she answered succinctly.

The captain came closer to the hammock, and then hemming and hawing in an embarrassed way, he took a chair that stood nearby.

The widow looked surprised. She sat up, resting her chin in one plump hand. Her book slid to the ground and Captain Hardy stooped to retrieve it at the same moment as the widow did. Their hands met. The captain started and coughed. Mrs. Macklem blushed and forced a laugh.

"Er—I want to tell you something," commenced Hardy at once, "I want to explain my haste in going away—"

"Oh—I think I can guess," and the widow laughed harshly.

"Guess? I don't believe you can."

"You are to be married."

"Ridiculous! No, I have caught the spy Bert was telling us about."

"What! Where is he? Oh, captain, is it really true?"

"It is."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"It isn't a him at all."

The pretty widow's eyes bulged. Without being aware of what she did she placed one hand on the captain's arm. The captain allowed it to remain, indeed, insisted on it remaining by covering it with one of his big brown ones.

"Oh! was it—is it the woman you were with?"

"Yes. It is a Mrs. Bach. (She spelled it Baulk, however.) I became suspicious of her the very first evening I met her because she asked me so many questions—questions that women don't usually ask. She knew, in some way, that I was a retired naval man. I know a number of secrets regarding our canals and ships and such matters, you see, and I think someone must have put her wise to me. She is a German American."

The captain recounted the drowning adventure, which he said he now knew was merely a ruse on Mrs. Bach's part, to make his acquaintance.

"And so, you see," he concluded, with a smile, "while you people imagined me to be losing my head over her, I was only pretending to play into her hands. I gave her a lot of false information. I set traps for her. I played the part of a love-sick old fool in order to get her secret out of her. I had no idea that the hotel people were aware of a spy here till Bert spoke of it this morning. So I went down at once and clinched matters."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Macklem heaved a sigh of immense relief and squeezed the captain's hand. The captain returned the pressure with interest, and his



"Two young people mounting the slope with a pail of wild blackberries."

eyes, looking into the widow's, were very expressive.

"I—I guess I'll stay here after all," murmured the widow. "I—I'm not tired of cooking. I—I guess it is only the weather."

"Er—I must go now in order to catch the boat," said Hardy, rising suddenly and relinquishing the widow's hand reluctantly. "But—er—I say, you know, you—er—asked if I were going to be married. I am, if the lady will have me. I intend to ask her when I come back, er—and—"

"Why not ask her now?" murmured the widow softly.

And the captain did.

It may have been ten minutes later that they sprang apart at the sight of the two young people mounting the slope, with a pail of wild blackberries carried between them—though it was by no means full.

"I—I hope—" began the captain significantly.

"So do I," returned Mrs. Macklem as she gazed fondly at the approaching pair.

"They are great chums."

"And just the right age."

"And it would be nice if it happened before Bert had to go back with his regiment."

"It looks as if—it had already happened."

The widow was a good guesser. It had!

There was a double wedding in the early part of September. But it was not until afterward that Mrs. Hardy—née Macklem—confessed to the cap-

tain that she had found Perkins's letter at the very bottom of one of her bags the same night of her arrival, and that the cottage she had rented was number twenty-three—not thirty-two.

MY LOVE HAS PASSED THIS WAY

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

I KNOW my love has passed this way
To walk with morning on the hill,
Because amid the fragrant grass
The daisies whisper of her still.

The buttercups are merrier
Than any summer day before,
Conning her gracious memory,
Brighter than all their golden lore.

Only the wild rose hangs its head
All pale with envy, for it knows
Beside her beauteous, glowing face
'Tis not worth while to be a rose!

Her laughter echoes in the wind
That blows across the clover lea,
And every wilding bird that sings
Pipes of her loveliness to me.

Because where'er her foot has pressed
Each joyous flower and leaf is glad
Because the whole wide world is glad
I know my love has passed this way.



THE RED JACKET

By J. James Tissot

One of the French Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition

Godeevy and the Jitney

BY MADGE MACBETH

AUTHOR OF "KLEATH"



THE toughest thing in the world is cocoanut fibre; next to that comes Lil. Heredity had made her tough, environment had made her tough, and in the words of Tim Flannigan, "It'd take a deal of hangin' t' make her tender."

In the City hall she was known as Man. 81959, but throughout the whole of Bonnivale she was known as Lil; and her clattering old car—distinguishable from a steam roller only by a keen eye and a sensitive ear—was the most popular jitney in the city. Of its driver, pedestrians, chauffeurs and even Tim Flannigan, who regulated traffic at one of the busiest of busy corners, stood in respectful awe; which shows that toughness has uses.

Inattention to the ear-splitting scream of her siren opened the sluiceways for a torrent of abuse which rivalled—indeed, almost eclipsed—the language of a London 'bus-driver, and Lil had been known to back up her remarks with two bony fists in such a manner as to be highly effective if not thoroughly technical.

"Gosh, but she's tough!" was the admiring and universal comment.

She rattled down the avenue one morning in the teeth of a fresh spring breeze, which caught the brilliant red and white sign swathed about her car and rippled its lettering into total illegibility. It also caught the gleaming straw hat of a rotund gentleman

who was issuing from his noble portal, and swirled it directly under the wheels of the oncoming car.

Lil stopped up short, the front tire merely pinning the truant hat to the ground and preventing further peregrinations. Presently, when the puffing and portly gentleman had rescued his property, he looked to see what dexterous driver deserved his thanks and a tip.

"Tlumph," he grunted with grudging admiration. "It's you, is it? I might have guessed as much."

"I'm goin' t' the centre of the city," grinned Lil. "Bet you're scared t' ride in a jitney."

The gentleman, who had built a two-hundred-thousand-dollar house, guarded by a pair of recumbent marble lions, and who owned four motors, hesitated. But Lil's grin was as attractive as her dare was alluring.

"I'll sit in the front," said the gentleman, climbing in.

Lil screeched, and started on a ride which made the famous trip of the late Paul Revere seem like a procession of ice wagons, in point of speed and adventure. She slid in between a hearse and a sprinkling cart without an inch to spare on either side; she ran down a bullying cur and thus distracted his attention from an unhappy kitten; she delivered an address, highly coloured, upon the etiquette of the road, to the back of a limousine which happened to be occupied by a friend of the gentleman's

wife. Then, with a somewhat clear stretch ahead, she turned to her passenger.

"What's the matter with the fleet?" she asked.

"Fleet?" repeated the gentleman lurching violently against her as they turned a corner.

"Sure—yer fleet of motor cars. Bottled up in the North Sea, or in dry-dock, or have yer drivers gone on strike? Honest, you've got the worst bunch of chaufs in town."

The gentleman knew it. He had suffered from the vagaries of expert motorists for several years. He was suffering now.

"I pay the highest wages in the city," he sighed.

"Don't I know it?" returned the other dryly. "Say, it'd do yer heart good t' hear 'em frame up ways to take yer money from you. That's the worst of advertisin' how much money you've got. Now, if you'd be satisfied to trail along with jest ordinary wagepayers, an' can all this guff about protectin' the workin' man—stuff that you don't believe in—shucks, don't argue with me!—you'd get a heap sight better chaufs who'd tend to their job without tryin' to peel the dollars off your clothes as they drive. Or," continued Lil, with utmost candour and friendliness, "you'd find real pleasure outen your squad if you'd hire women. There ain't much that women can't do, and they're takin' on most any kind of job, these days. Look at me."

The jitney drew smartly to a standstill and admitted three more passengers. By the time Lil had reached the heart of the city, men were clinging to the sides and riding on the step. Someone grumbled.

"Only diff between this here jitney an' the street cars is that I don't furnish no straps to hang on," she jeered, taking their money. "Women chaufs is what you want." She reverted to the interrupted conversation. "All the decent men will soon be off t' the Front, and that's what it's comin' to

—believe me—I know the signs or the times. Yessir! Hi, ahead there," she yelled raucously, "can't you move without havin' outriders to clear the road for you an' announce yer comin'? Say, Tim," she leaned far out over her wheel and addressed the magnificent Mr. Flannigan with the familiarity of long acquaintance, "what's that decoratin' the highway? Has the City Fathers e-rected a' automobile monument? Golly," she breathed as the procession moved forward, "I thought the waterin' cart would soon be sprinklin' us, mistakin' us for a bunch of turnips takin' root. Sure, mister, I'm goin' straight fer the Exhibition Grounds."

Thus Lil's days passed in delightfully varied monotony.

She was on her way home at half-past nine when she saw him. He was standing on the curb looking about as only an Englishman in a hurry can look—for a cab or taxi.

"Jitney?" asked Lil, drawing up beside him.

The young man raised his hat.

"Thank you," he said. "I am rather in a hurry to get to the upper end of the Avenue.

"Git in," commanded Lil, suspicious of the strong English accent and the hat-lifting. "Git in; an' set in the back."

By the time the upper end of the Avenue was reached, however, she had half repented of her attitude. Indeed, she felt a distinct kindness toward her passenger, convinced that he was not, after all, "one of them fresh English blokes who tries to git gay with a lady".

What advances he did make were so courteous that no toughness was required to discourage them, and Lil put him down with a feeling of social exaltation as unique as it was delightful. An unprecedented impulse prompted her to say:

"If you're makin' fer the centre of the civic wheel, to-morrer, 'bout nine, I pass here on my second trip."

Again he raised his hat.

"I shall certainly be on the lookout for you," he called (over his shoulder). "Good-night."

Careening madly around corners, the faithful partner in Lil's financial enterprise soon found itself housed for a few hours in a garage mostly of her own making. With a cough and a wheeze, the motor stopped and wrapped itself in silence. Lil locked the garage door, entered an adjacent house and pulled down the blinds upon her public career.

"Well, dear little Lady Godeevy," she greeted, walking on tiptoe across the floor, after the manner of a clumsy man in a sick-room, "an' how's yer ladyship been to-day?"

"Quite well and happy, except for missing you," answered the child from a couch where she lay.

It was the same question and same answer which passed between them every night; it was with the same hunger that Lil sank to her knees beside the couch and gathered the frail, ethereal child into her arms. And it was with the same utter contentment that the little girl nestled against Lil's heart, the great love-throbs of which beat out life's Alpha and Omega for her.

Tim Flannigan, who took such pride in Lil's toughness, would have marvelled at the transfiguration of her face as she held the child in that first close embrace after the separation of the day. He would have recognized the familiar grayish hair, dragged back from a deeply corrugated forehead and twisted into a knob like a wet dishcloth at the neck; but he would have looked with amazement into a pair of sharp and narrowing pale eyes, which suddenly seemed almost beautiful, shrouded by a haze of lovelight; and the trembling of thin colourless lips would have alarmed that simple soul.

The child, however, understood.

"Don't we just *love* each other?" she murmured. And, presently, "Tell me about the ebony chariot, to-day."

Then with the child's assistance, Lil

spun a wonderful fairy tale round her day's prosaic happenings. The portly gentleman became a king who in leaving his white marble palace lost his golden crown and needs must be hawled along in the ebony chariot to the Forest of Gold to acquire another. The watering-carts, hearse and ice-wagons became gigantic demons blocking the Emerald Avenue; and congestion of traffic was always described as the battle array from which the ebony chariot never emerged other than victorious.

The outside world was as remote and mysterious to Lady Godeevy, lying all day on her soft green couch, as was fairyland to Thomas Gradgrind, and the pictures she painted for herself were too vivid to be erased even by Lil's practical lapses.

"Is that all?" she asked at length, when a woman with four children had been transmuted by the alchemy of fancy, into a queen and her royal offspring. "Was there no really, truly *person* riding in the ebony chariot to-day?"

The wistfulness in the tone hurt Lil, as denying Godeevy's slightest fancy always did.

"Why—er—" she hesitated. "there was another feller—"

"Oh, Lil!" The child gave a little squeal of delight. "You were keeping the best till last. Tell me about *him*."

With a mental clumsiness of which she was bitterly ashamed, Lil groped over her stock of interesting possibilities; she could not decide whether to make the stranger Lloyd George, Kerensky, Billy Sunday, or President Wilson. When she spoke at last, her tone was reminiscent, and Godeevy rapturously drank in her halting words.

"He sure was some guy—takin' off his lid to me, same's if I was a duchess—a' English bloke he was"—Lil gradually forgot that her part was to amuse the child—"with a slow, soft voice that sorta made you listen even if he didn't yell. Didn't hurt me none

t' look at him, neither, though I could not give myself much of a treat 'long them lines, makin' him set in the back." Her thin lips stretched a little. "He's goin' t' wait fer me to-morrer mornin'—mebbe."

Godeevy had lain absolutely still, hardly breathing, greedily drinking in every item of this sketchy account while her busy imagination filled in any gaps left in the recital. Her big eyes, fastened on Lil's face, were glowing and luminous, her small white hand gripped Lil's gaunt arm very tight. Then as the woman's voice ceased, she quivered with excitement.

"Lil—oh, Lil," she breathed, "he sounds quite different from the rest. Do you think he might have been a really, truly *lord*?"

And the woman slipping readily into what she termed Godeevy's fairytales, assented with enthusiasm which almost amounted to conviction.

"Sure! Wouldn't s'prise me in the least t' know that he was a sure-nuff, genu-ine, dyed-in-the-wool, English lord."

Since babyhood, this strange child had peopled her world with fairies and the cream of the aristocracy. Ugliness and mediocrity held no place in her fair scheme of life. Bonnivale, which she had never seen since she could remember, was to her a collection of proud avenues and noble buildings; its people, the living embodiment of those who spun out happy lives between the covers of her books. What evil spirits did exist, were invariably conquered by exponents of justice and right, and therefore were not worth serious consideration. Even Tim Flannigan was featured in Godeevy's vivid imagining as being very like a king, who, more successful than Canute, rolled back the waves of traffic with a majestic sweep of his huge and hairy hand.

Dimly did she realize that the world she saw and the world Lil saw were vastly different places; but gradually she became obsessed with the conviction that the metamorphosis of the

jitney into an ebony chariot was merely a matter of the type of passengers it carried, and she questioned Lil with a sort of passionate intensity as to the social status of her patrons.

"Do you think he was a really, truly English lord?" The question was pathetic in its earnestness. "Or was he just another make-believe one?"

And Lil, uneasy, wondering why a good imitation was not just as acceptable in the present case as heretofore, when King Manuel, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Bryan, Roosevelt, and many others had occupied seats in the chariot of ebony, hedged a little.

"Well," she pressed the child closer to her, "if he ain't a lord hisself, my lovey, I'll eat my shirt if he ain't the blood brother to one. Honest!"

Instead of her usual affectionate and prolonged farewell on the following morning, Godeevy was eager for Lil to start upon her day.

"Hurry," she urged, "or you will miss him. And you *must* find out, Lil—in a polite way, you know, dearest—you must find out whether or not he is a real lord. Won't you?"

With a guilty conscience, Lil promised, and sped away to the upper end of the Avenue. In the unromantic light of day, everything seemed changed. What had induced her, she asked herself, to mention the silly Englishman at all, and what in the name of common sense had started her on the fool idea that the man was a lord, or remarkable in any way whatever? Every Englishman with decent manners, she argued with irrefutable logic, does not wear a title!

Yet, she defended, how was she to know that Godeevy was bent on having this the genuine article, when up to now any old good imitation would do?

"A lord ridin' in this old bundle of nuts," she sighed bitterly. "However, if it's goin' t' make her any happier to have him one, I'll beat him over the head with my monkey-

wrench, by thunder, an' knight him, myself," said Lil.

She hardly expected to see him, so gloomy had her reflections become, and almost discredited the evidence of her senses when he emerged debonair and immaculate from a large apartment-house. Simultaneously she laid hand to siren and gave a welcoming screech.

"Good morning," he greeted, touching his hat. Although he smiled, his eyes showed as plainly as words that he had quite forgotten about meeting her. "I expect we both are a little late, but this delinquency on your part encourages unpunctuality."

Lil hardly understood a word of what he said; this was the "lingo Godeevy talked", she told herself, but she understood the amused smile and resented it.

"I didn't hang around to wait for you—only fer one reason," she explained tartly. "I gotta ask you sump'in'."

The young man climbed into the car—front seat—and turned to the woman beside him.

"Well?"

"Are you a lord, or ain't you?"

He laughed outright.

"I rejoice to say I am not. Leonard Hamilton Carstairs, at your service, Miss Lil."

"You can cut out my titles," snapped Lil. "I jes. wanted to make sure. Which way're you goin'?"

"Along this beautiful spoke and into the hub of the municipal wheel, to carry out your admirable metaphor of last evening," he returned. "But about the question—why did you ask? Have you a fondness or an aversion for titled Englishmen? Do tell me. One good question deserves another, you know."

"I'll tell you it don't make a pick of difference t' me, if you was the Emperor of Chiny," she wheeled toward him and narrowly escaped colliding with a street car. "I was askin' because—my God, look at your hand!"

Carstairs held up his hand and scrutinized it carefully. He had not yet put on his gloves.

"What is the matter with it?"

"The finger, the little finger—"

Lil stopped short, just in time to spare the life of an old woman.

"Did you ever have the top cut off, or get it bent up, or did it grow short an' crooked like that?" she went on.

"It grew like that, my good woman," replied the mystified and slightly annoyed passenger. "Why this panic?"

"It's jes' exactly like—like someone else I know," muttered Lil. "I never seen another—an' I always look at hands."

The young man shook his head.

"I should be inclined to doubt that you ever saw another hand just like mine," he said. "That very short, crooked little finger is the most distinguishing thing about our family. Peculiar to the line, from generations back. But here we are. I've had a most interesting trip. Good-morning."

What the rock was to Prometheus, the jitney was to Lil that day. She felt chained, shackled to it. She felt that the rattling old car was dragging at her shoulders as she pulled it up and down the witheringly hot avenue. She picked up two nails within twenty minutes of each other and wasted her lunch hour in the garage. She had a blow-out. And none of these things seemed of the least importance to Lil, that day. Her world was full of hands.

She stared at the hands of her passengers, signalling her to stop; she watched them as they rested on the door of her car, and when they were extended to pay their fare; she scrutinized the grease-grimed hands of the man who repaired her punctures with embarrassing keenness, so that the fellow made a stammering apology. She watched the people on the street, and she was still absorbed in the thinking of hands when she was free to rush home to Godeevy.

"Hol' out *your* hands, child," she commanded without her customary greeting.

Wondering, the little girl obeyed. Lil stared open-mouthed. Save for pallid whiteness, save for discrepancy in size, Godeevy's hands were an exact replica of the young man's.

"Was he, Lil?"

The question, breathed with an earnestness which argued something of its importance to the child, broke in upon Lil's consciousness with the effect of a lash. She had forgotten all about the disappointment which lay in store for Godeevy since seeing the Englishman's hands. She saw in a glance that the child had already taught herself to believe in the high estate of the young man, and was loath to shake such radiant faith. Besides, what did a lie or two matter where Godeevy's happiness was concerned?

"Was he what? A lord? Sure he was, honey-mine. Gold-embossed an' han'-tooled. Travels under the moniker of Leonard Hamilton Carstairs with handles in front and letters in back—makin' his name 'bout 's long 's yer arm."

Then having watched the satisfaction spread over Godeevy's pale face, she sank back, so to speak, and rested comfortably in the folds of her gigantic lie. So much, she thought for a happy ending to the affair.

But it was only beginning for the child.

"I want to see him, Lil," she whispered eagerly. "I want to hear his soft voice—I want to touch him. I will never be happy until you bring him to see me, then the two of you must take me riding in the ebony chariot, down the Emerald Avenues and into the Forest of Gold. Please, Lil!"

"But, angel Godeevy," Lil protested, "you wouldn't like it out there!" She jerked her gray head in the direction of the window. "I can't explain it very good, but ain't I told you that things is kinder different from the way we picture 'em? Soon

's common people gits int' the jitney it all gits changed like. You wouldn't recognize the ebony chariot, coughin' gasoline fit t' make you choke. An' noises, lovey—why, all them singers that trail up an' down the avenues, serenadin' the nobility—well, sometimes I gotta strain my eyes an' ears t' see an' hear 'em. An' as fer ridin' in the—say, darlin', it'd scatter yer beautiful bones that wide, all the White Wings in the city couldn't collect 'em in a week an' bring 'em back t' me."

Lil looked into the face of the child to see it suddenly drawn and old. She felt as though she had dragged aside a veil and revealed to her all the misery of an ugly world.

"Besides," she hurried on in a kind of terror, "some day, soon's I'm able, I'm goin' t' buy you a dandy limy-zine that'll be all soft an' comfy inside, like this here sofy. It'll be lined with blue an' white—summer sky an' clouds, you know—an' you'll be a lovely sunbeam restin' there."

But Godeevy was not to be turned from her desire. She did not want a limousine. She wanted to ride in the jitney, which, glorified by the presence of a real lord, would become in reality a chariot of ebony as soft and comfortable as mortal mind could conjure.

A sob brought Lil to her knees. She gathered the child to her in a close embrace, which held in it an element of jealousy.

"Aw, angel, let's fergit about him," she begged. "You don't understand. He's through with ridin' in the jitney, an' as fer comin' here—gee! he would not do it. You should see the kinduv place he lives in—what could I say, invitin' him t' this fool shack?"

"He would come," insisted the other. "I know he would. Lords are splendid people; that's why they *are* lords. They have feelings inside that make them different. I know—I *really* know," sobbed Godeevy.

Lil listened aghast. It was not so much Godeevy's wish that numbed

her with a sort of helpless misery; it was what that wish represented. It meant that the time had come when she must be taught self-denial, when her pretense and make-believe were no longer satisfying and sufficient. Furthermore, it meant that her demands for realities were likely to be almost as easy of fulfilment as though she had begged for the great round, silver moon shining in upon her with frigid splendour.

Godeevy sobbed herself to sleep that night, and for many nights. She lost her appetite and appeared to grow more ethereal as Lil watched her from day to day. She had never had a wish ungratified and she did not know how to meet what seemed like heartless denial on Lil's part. At last, when a fit of weeping induced a fainting spell, Lil's resistance gave way. She promised to try to find "Lord Carstairs" and bring him home with her. Weak but radiant, the child smiled again.

Leaving her usual passengers marooned on a sea of asphalt, Lil haunted the upper Avenue, her mind beset with agonizing doubts. A visitor, Carstairs might have left the city; he might refuse to be a party to such deception—he might refuse to come.

Oh, would he? Lil set her gaunt jaws like a steel trap and was preparing to invade the apartment-house from which she had seen him emerge, when the object of her search came down the street towards her.

Unheeding his look of amused and tolerant surprise, she drove immediately to the point.

"Say, have you got about a' hour t' spare?" she asked, a dark spot burning in either cheek. Lil was tough, but she had never stalked a man.

The Englishman assured her that his time was at her disposal.

"I ain't offerin' t' take you joy-ridin'," she corrected his erroneous impression with haste. "I only want you t' come home with me fer a little while, an' be a lord."

To the everlasting credit of the

young man, let it be recorded that he got into the jitney without a single question. One keen, swift look at Lil's face was enough. In order to "prepare him" she drove slowly until the meagre story of her life and that of Godeevy had been told.

Her earliest recollections fastened themselves around a man and a woman and a horrible, moist, red poker. The man was Mike, with a loud, terrifying voice and an arm kept muscular by the dealing of blows. The woman was Elsie—Elshie—Elsh—or 'Sh, according to the degree of Mike's sobriety. She thought they were her parents. It didn't matter.

"I had a roof over my head," she boasted, "sometimes a long way over—when we was livin' in a cellar. An' my feet wasn't exactly on the ground, specially when we was roomin' in the tenth flat of a tenement and I was chained out on the fire-escape all day. An' I uster get enough t' eat, because soon as they took the leash off me, I got a job in a fodder house, an' it wasn't much trouble to pinch the grub once you learned how. But you could never say I was born in luxurious surroundings."

The young man murmured an agreement with this and lit a fresh cigarette.

"Sence the day Mike lay down in front of a trolley car, an' Elsie jes' natchelly pickled herself int' a good long rest, you mighta thought I wouldn't a had no more worries." Lil went on. "But I had. There was Dolly—"

Carstairs gathered that Dolly was not of the congested city districts. She was an alien with manners strange and speech which was almost foreign. She was a bit of flotsam thrown on a sea of trouble. She was a frightened dove in hiding, and she became, in her helpless misery, Lil's sacred charge.

"Found her a-wanderin' the streets one night, half faintin'. She was always faintin'." A note of complaint crept into the narrative. "Always

climbin' up them four flights of stairs an' floppin' over on my floor. She hadn't no more strength than that—" Lil indicated extreme weakness by a loose snapping of finger and thumb.

"Along about the time the baby come, I tried t' find out sumpin' about Dolly. But, say! every time I tried t' pump her, it was as if I was treadin' on her heart with hob-nailed boots. She used to look that scared an' hurt an' wild—shucks, I give it up. I didn't care who she was so long as I could help her."

Lil extracted a huge, dingy handkerchief from somewhere among her garments, trumpeted loudly, and continued in an ordinary tone:

"I turned in an' nursed her back from hell to near-hell, all by myself. She was terrified of people, except me. The baby—it's her you're goin' t' see—well, she done all right till after I'd gone back t' work. Then—then—I came home one night t' find her buried under a chair an' a woman's body. Dolly was dead. Godeevy—Dolly called her Godeevy because she had such wonderful hair—lived. But she's got a piece of boiled macaroni for a backbone, an' the doctors say she'll never be no better."

The jitney came to a sudden standstill.

"Hi, there!" roared Lil to the car ahead. "H'ist a sail an' git the breeze dead astern. You're losin' time tacklin' acrost the street. t' say nuthin' of holdin' up a lady."

"She ain't like me er Elsie, er any of us," continued Lil presently. "She had manners an' she talked langwidge even before I had a teacher settin' with her all day. She lives in palaces an' trails round with aristocracy, ridin' in chariots an' things. She ain't never been off her back fer twelve years; she ain't hardly seen any people but the doctor, an' Tim Flannigan an' me. But she wants to see you—er—because she's plum full of the notion that you're a lord, an'—say, you couldn't disappoint a kid like that, could you?"

"No, Lil, I couldn't," he returned quickly. "You may depend upon me."

Carstairs caught his breath when, standing on the threshold, he first saw Godeevy. Her great violet eyes were turned toward him with an eagerness which seemed to welcome an old friend after a lengthy absence; her hair, true to legend, covered her like a mantle, and it glowed and throbbed like ripening grain under a golden sunset. But her hands—Carstairs stared at them, fascinated.

"How do you do, Lord Leonard," she said with charming grace. "It was good of you to come."

He did not tiptoe, but crossed the room swiftly and dropped on one knee beside the couch.

"It was gracious of the Lady Godiva to receive me," he said, kissing the tips of her white fingers.

Lil dismissed the teacher and left the two together. She hardly recognized the radiant child who greeted her that night, nor would she have recognized the haggard man who masqueraded as Lord Carstairs, had she seen him in his apartment. With a photograph of his mother, as a child, and with an old worn diary, he sat unconscious of the flight of time. The face in the photo might have been that of Godeevy; the hands, with their abnormally short little fingers, were identically the same. The diary was opened at an entry made twelve years before, and read:

"Twentieth birthday. Governor sent me fifty pounds. Gave half to Dolly, and am off to the coast."

One would think that young Carstairs had spent his life giving Dollies part of his remittance, and going off to the coast. But the diary and the picture seemed to have a fascination for the young man, who looked no longer young as he sat thinking—far into the night.

He spent most of his days with the child. Together they rode on snow-white palfreys, elephants and camels. But although these were a pleasing

diversion, she was faithful to the ebony chariot, and never forgot to return to it, bowling through the Emerald Avenues of Bonnivale, across alabaster bridges and into the Forest of Gold.

"I wish I could really go," she said with rare petulence to Carstairs one morning. "Since you came true, it is the only wish I have. Oh, please say I may go!"

"I must see the doctor," he said. "If he agrees, we'll manage the rest."

The doctor was not at all enthusiastic, but agreed that anything was better for the child than fretting.

"I don't see how you can take her riding in anything but an ambulance," he said. "You can see for yourself how frail is her hold on life. She has really been kept alive artificially, one might say, by the devotion of that woman—Lil. However, one motor ride more or less will not matter, if you can hold her comfortably."

She would not hear of hiring a machine. The ebony chariot was the only car for her. She must lie in Lord Leonard's arms, and Lil must drive—not out into the quiet country, but along the Emerald Avenues, across alabaster bridges and right down into the Forest of Gold.

No Jason ever loved his Argonaut, no Bellerophon his Pegasus, no Helios his chariot as did Godeevy love the jitney. Through the maze of a city's confusion they jolted as easily as a pair of loving, callous hands could drive, and if each jolt drained a fair young face of its colour, two amethyst eyes glowed with a brave and unflinching joy.

Tim Flannigan looking to the north and seeing Lil's jitney with its strange burden, inadvertently raised both devout hands in a prayer to heaven and caused such a muddle in the traffic that he came near losing his job.

"Is that a man or a cigar-store Indian in the car ahead?" Lil inquired satirically of the flustered traffic regulator. "I gotta licence t' run a motor—not t' set in it."

Three deliriously happy days for Godeevy passed, days during which Lil's patrons gazed curiously after her as she clattered past with her two passengers. On the fourth, Carstairs crushed a cablegram into his pocket before setting out for the little cottage which had become his daily objective, and his face grew older as he walked.

The child turned eagerly toward him. Her transparent hands reached out like fluttering doves and lost themselves in his grasp. Her voice was weaker than he had known it, but her joy in him was strong.

"Drive very slowly, Lil," she whispered when later the ebony chariot snorted before the door and exuded its reeking breath. "If you could only drive me into Paradise—"

It was the last wish she made, and it came true. Like a lovely white flower, closing its delicate petals at twilight, Lady Godeevy gradually folded the petals of her earthly life.

"You *are* a really, truly lord," she gasped, fastening her great solemn eyes on the face of the man above her. "You would not deceive me, Lord Leonard?"

"I am a really, truly lord, my darling—and a better one for knowing your ladyship," he whispered brokenly, as her soul sped away.

Lil was not the one to weep. She looked dry-eyed at the man opposite her and saw that Carstairs's face was nearly as haggard as her own. A great gratitude welled up in her lonely heart, and she held out her hand.

"It was decent of you to tell all them lovely lies fer her," she said. "They made her that happy! An' I don't suppose they done her any harm."

He suppressed a groan.

"The harm that was done her was not through my telling lies," he said, handing Lil the crumpled cablegram. "See, my brother Effingham has been killed in battle. I am Lord Leonard Carstairs."

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

VIII.—CONSERVATION OF MATERIALS

IT required the war to convince the most patriotic of us that Great Britain was year by year becoming less self-contained, that by processes subtle or open her rivals in the world's commerce, especially Germany, were gradually ousting her not alone from the foreign markets but from her own. And in the revelation that came with war one more economic theory received a staggering blow—that manufacture of specific commodities should be left to the countries in a position to produce them most economically. The theory was unassailable were peace a permanent blessing. But war has a habit of uprooting theory with relentless hand. There still remain in England those who resist the apparent corollary, that unprofitable national production must be protected, but the teachings of war are rendering their ideals at least momentarily unobtrusive. The grim straits through which Great Britain has passed since August, 1914, have impressed her with the national helplessness that accompanies the relinquishment to foreign countries of national necessities. And as manufacturers are not the class who willingly produce at a loss in competition with their foreign rivals, there exists only the solution of Government protection in some form.

Great Britain never realized how the very essentials of life were drift

ing into the hands of the Germans, until the sudden closing of the German market forced her to review her own industry. The facts forced home to her might well have discouraged another less resourceful country. Not alone were the needs of everyday life unfillable, but some of the very weapons of war had so subtly trickled from British control that only British brain was able to cope with the situation without more than a temporary setback. Perhaps had the war been delayed ten years British brain might not have been so ready to re-grapple with a production she had lost only for a few years.

It is the popular impression that German dyes represent the climax of British dependence, but the dyes themselves are the least material of the deficiencies of British production. Not yet has the dominance of Germany in this commercial commodity been overcome, but adaptable substitutes are readily available, and dyes are in their nature immaterial to national victory or even national life. Where the German monopoly of dye-stuffs looms most awkwardly is in the fact that Great Britain did not grasp their real significance as an indirect factor in international relations; for Germany's monopoly was the result of her preparations for war, not of her superior inventive powers, the basis for dyes being the by-product of the manufacture of munitions. German dyes were subsidized in order to util-

ize the coal-tar resulting from certain munition-making processes, and every dye-works was instantly convertible in time of war to war services. Dyes, therefore, have been the least of Great Britain's troubles in the war.

In a thousand household needs Britain's dependence became revealed almost with the declaration of war, and some of these were of sufficient importance to demand official attention at the same time as the more intimate ones of munition production. Since their manufacture has been permitted to creep into German hands more as an economic measure than through any inability to fulfil the local needs, they presented no striking problem. But in a score of the prime requirements of war the effect was different. Certain processes of steel manufacture suitable for munitions were not practised in England. Electric supplies for Great Britain came almost entirely from our enemies. In the outskirts of London to-day lies idle an incomplete electric railway, because construction was in the hands of German engineers using German fittings and principles. The little magnetoes that are essential to the aeroplane and the automobile were so completely of German manufacture that even to-day they are produced in England by only two or three firms and their efficiency and cost is still not such as to supplant the German article should open competition recommence immediately. Germany was selling Great Britain all her finer grades of glass, such as those used for lenses and laboratory purposes. Great Britain had even permitted Germany to enter her distant possessions for the practical monopolization of the minerals used in the working of steel processes. For her finer machinery required in the production of munitions Great Britain is to-day at the mercy of America, since the English working engineer has not yet arrived at that nicety of adjustment, that perfection of specification which is absolutely

necessary for serviceable and reliable instruments of war. I admit it with reluctance but with certainty of my ground. Indeed, English manufacturers are candid in their statements that they must still look to America for the mechanical delicacy and nicety which have made British munition production one of the marvels of the war. This they may well leave where it is for the present, so long as Britain's energies are completely utilized for more immediate requirements. Its unsatisfactory feature is that this very mechanical perfection will be as essential to much of the coming industrial struggle of peace as it is now to the war output.

Toys, dolls, metal and leather novelties, gas mantles, brushes, certain popular earthenware, office requisites, musical instruments—these are a few of her daily wants for which Great Britain had been wont to send her travellers to the great German markets, such as were represented at the Leipsic Fair.

There were other disadvantages under which Britain laboured on account of her insular position. For her timber she was dependent largely on Norway, Sweden and Russia, and to a less degree on America. The skins for her leather came for the great part from abroad. Her paper was the product of foreign pulp. Her metals arrived by boat. In the bulkier raw materials England may be said to have been self-supporting only in coal.

Her problems would have been simple, even in the face of these deficiencies, had it not been for the submarine warfare adopted by the enemy. British control of the seas and of the shipping covering them would have assured her of sufficient supplies for her every want. The demands for war transportation would have embarrassed her shipping capacity to such a small extent that the simplest expedients of conservation would have sufficed. But with the sinkings and delays of unrestricted warfare

conservation became a question equally vital with the protection of the merchant shipping and the upkeep of the army. How she went about it is peculiar to a nation, proud, bound by tradition, reluctant to admit even inconvenience—and certain to overcome in the final emergency.

With the requisitioning of tonnage for war purposes—the transportation of soldiers, wounded, and supplies; patrolling the coasts, mine-sweeping, auxiliary cruiser duties—the necessity for some control of importations became evident. Certain luxuries were gradually eliminated from the freight lists, the bulkier unessentials first. A part of the tonnage was requisitioned for stated importations at Government rates. But the inadequacy of these measures became apparent long before the sinkings were numerous enough to be an immediate menace, and the injustice of singling out a few ships and depriving them of the high rates obtainable by free ships clamoured for redress. In addition, it gradually impressed itself on the nation that any satisfactory solution of the submarine menace entailed a more perfect organization for the elimination of delay in loading and unloading, as well as the speeding up of construction. For these purposes experienced officials were appointed. Construction was not only standardized, but workmen were utilized where they were of greatest service, irrespective of firms and employers. The difficulty of delays in loading was met to some extent by mobile dockers' battalions, and by a more strict supervision of transportation and labour.

But shipping cannot be said to have been brought within the scope of a thorough control until the middle of 1917, when the Government took over ninety-seven per cent. of the entire British registry at Government rates. By this means it was not only assured of reasonable freight charges, but the entire capacity of the boats was directed with a sole eye to the real re-

quirements of the situation. The move took the place of the scores of former regulations. It became no longer a case of publishing prohibited importations but of satisfying the Government that purchases abroad were in the interests of the country at large. Every British liner was taken over, and the profits derived from private freight went to the nation. The result was a pooling of interests by the large transportation companies. Long voyages gave place to short substitutes, and the facilities of the nearest ports were always available to save time. Shipowners arranged to purchase their ships' stores and provisions abroad in order to save home stocks—an obvious act of wisdom that was so little recognized even during the early months of 1917 that Spanish and Dutch and Norwegian vessels were continuing their custom of drawing their supplies from English ports. At the very moment when not a pound of potatoes was finding its way to the majority of tables in Great Britain these foreign ships were taking away with them thousands of tons.

Land transportation, while not in the same emergent class as shipping, entered the scheme of conservation on account of the shortage of men, and because trucks and engines had been requisitioned for the use of the army in France. This was effected by reducing passenger service to the minimum, and by organizing delivery so that the shortest route and distance was compulsory. For instance, coal was brought to London only from the nearest mines and by the shortest line, the railways being brought under Government control to a disinterested co-operation. One striking failure to complete the simplification of transportation was in the neglect of the canals that cut England in every direction. Whether this was owing to their railway ownership or to Governmental thoughtlessness is not clear, but such bulky freight as coal might have been poured into Lon-

don by this means of transportation without disturbing the material so much in demand for quicker delivery.

The immediate need for metals and explosive ingredients for war purposes, as well as for other commodities hitherto imported, drove England to measures never before contemplated. The Explosives Department of the Ministry of Munitions was organized to assume the duty of acquiring the necessary raw material of explosives. Glycerine was early placed on the controlled lists, and in February, 1917, was further restricted to preparations of the British Pharmacopœia and to uses approved by the Ministry. It was practically eliminated from dispensing. In March, the shortage being serious, a special branch of the Explosives Department was formed to take over control of all fats, oils, oil-seeds, and their products, including oilcake, soap, and margarine. For the same purpose the waste of camp canteens and messes has been carefully collected for more than a year. Since one of the by-products in the manufacture of illuminating gas is a necessity for explosives, the people were urged to use gas where possible for heat, light and power. The huge demand for petrol led to the Government resuming the long-interrupted efforts to find oil in Great Britain, and in order to prevent exploitation the Crown assumed the exclusive right to bore. Should petroleum be discovered in quantity—and there have been signs that point to success—the submarine menace will be nearer to solution than it has ever been. The same prospecting is being undertaken for metals, although it is certain that only small supplies of inferior quality will be found, lead and zinc comprising the bulk of British possibilities. Copper was requisitioned in December, 1916, and its use for manufacturing purposes forbidden.

The control of petrol has been one of the big failures of attempted conservation. For the first twenty months

of the war this control rested in the hands of various inter-departmental committees whose main anxiety—as is the case in a hundred instances of divided control in England—was their authority and dignity. They competed against each other in the market and in shipping facilities and "ought in the application of their authority even in war spheres. The Petrol Committee which succeeded them had not a petrol expert in its composition, and at its best was impeded by a jealous Board of Trade. In disgust it resigned, after a period of inadequate control and incompetent efforts. Its successor has proved more efficient. A different scheme has evolved. The principal petroleum companies have arranged a pool for distribution and importation, under the control of a Pool Board Petroleum Supplies. Restrictions were early put on petrol licences, and these have been extended at various times with the declared aim of cutting out private consumption. Business firms are allowed a certain amount for delivery purposes. Taxi-cabs, of which there were 8,287 in London alone before the war, were reduced to an allowance of thirty gallons a month, the most conspicuous result of which was to encourage the drivers to break the laws governing their service to the public. And motor-buses, which provide the popular means of transportation in London, were seriously curtailed. But the working of the restrictions was glaringly lax and unfair. Petrol was wasted in the army—sometimes used even for washing the trucks. Taxis, which usually carry but one passenger, were granted petrol which if supplied to the interrupted bus service would have carried many times the number of passengers. Until recently there were no restrictions whatever on the motor luxuries of officers, every one of whom of any rank has his own car and chauffeur for running about England. Day and night and Sundays this indulgence was unlimited until

the middle of 1917, and since then its control has been evident only in the replies of Government officers before the House of Commons. While private licensees were supposed to be cut off in May, 1917, there is not a minute of the day when any important street in London does not prove that civilians still ride at their pleasure; and on Sundays the roads from London are still busy. In spite of the repeated official denials that petrol is granted for private use there is the frankest display of such waste. Even the social notes in the newspapers speak of wedding trips and visits to seaside resorts by motor, and the procuring of supplies demands but slight ingenuity. The greatest obstacle to such a perversion of a much-needed commodity is a price of \$1.17 a gallon established in August, only twelve cents of which is Government tax. It is a detail of the recognized principle of regulation in England to reserve the privileges for the rich.

The shortage of petrol has led to the use of substitutes, but the further prohibition of liquid substitutes has confined the inventiveness of motor enthusiasts to the utilization of gas.

Conservation of coal has been taken up officially, not because of a national shortage, but to save labour and transportation. In 1915 the price was fixed to prevent exploitation. In the spring of 1917 there was in London a severe shortage that bore heavily on the poor, who purchase in small quantities; and in the summer of that year steps were taken to prevent a repetition. A Coal Controller was appointed to arrange delivery from the nearest mines and to equalize distribution. The Board of Trade issued advice to the people to purchase their winter supplies early, but when the orders poured in it was found there was not the coal to fill them. It was another instance of neglected preliminary organization before urging the public to action. The several in-

stances of this which have occurred have done much to discourage public co-operation in attempted conservation. The next step was to ration the coal according to the number of grates. A house with not more than four grates was allowed two hundredweight a week, and the allotment was detailed up to two tons and a half for a house of more than fifteen rooms. Every consumer using more than two hundredweight a week had to register. The Controller's plan was to work up to a five weeks' stock in the coal yards, reducing the allowance as this quantity was reduced. The difficulties of such a system of rationing are obvious, since the extent of occupation of a house, rather than its number of grates, determines its consumption. There is, too, no assurance that the rationed quantity will be available.

One of the early materials to be controlled was paper. Newspapers were cut down to definite quantities, based on their consumption during the year before the war, and this amount was further reduced in 1916. Importation was in the hands of the Government. The result was a dwindling of size and a consequent increase in price owing to the curtailment of advertising space. *The Times* rose by halfpenny stages to twopence, and many of the halfpenny papers advanced to a penny. In March, 1917, posters over a certain size were forbidden, and tradesmen might not send out catalogues or price lists except on request. The newspaper contents bill, a feature of street announcement in England, was prohibited. By the last measure alone it is estimated that 500 tons a week are saved. In July, 1917, the War Office arranged that, since the casualty lists could not longer be published in the smaller papers, they should be issued weekly to the bookstores for sale. A few days later tradesmen were limited in their circulars and catalogues to a third the weight of paper used in the same

period of the year before. And the whiteness of paper has been sacrificed in order to save bleaching powder.

In the matter of wearing apparel control was delayed as long as possible. Leather had first to be taken in hand. The huge call for army boots was eating into the available supplies with disturbing rapidity, and in March, 1917, the Government took over all sole and upper leathers suitable for army use, following a less complete requisition of the previous December. Civilian footwear immediately advanced. In June the Government made arrangements for the sale of old army boots at fixed centres, with the stipulation that they should not be patched but taken to pieces for repairing other shoes. The object was to prevent the scrapping of serviceable army boots. But shoe repairs continued to rise so seriously—soling advanced more than three hundred per cent. from the period before the war—that in September the Government was forced once more to intervene and release for civilian use at fixed prices quantities of leather suitable for repairs.

An Advisory Committee on Wool Purchase was set up, representing the various Government departments concerned and civilian interests. It fixed prices and prescribed uses. Wool was not largely imported, but it was deemed advisable to continue exports as well as to supply home needs. Standard cloth is now produced for officers' uniforms, and civilian wear will probably be similarly controlled. The manufacture of cotton has had to be curtailed, although it is one of England's leading manufactures. Blankets are in Government control for army use and only such quantities released for civilian use as are considered necessary.

All stocks of sawn timber in the United Kingdom were taken over by the Government in February, 1917, and in July the Local Government Board urged local authorities to forgo the use of wood-paving for the

period of the war. In January anastigmatic lenses of defined focal lengths were requisitioned. In February the supplies of jute in the country were commandeered. In June citizens were requested by the Board of Trade not to waste glass receptacles of any kind. Metal spur, chains, buttons and badges of rank on officers' uniforms were abolished, leather spur straps and buttons, and worsted badges of rank taking their place. Stone quarries were taken over in July.

General prevention of waste and of misdirection of effort was applied in a score of ways. Building and private motor-making were stopped. A new Bill was introduced for the prevention of corruption in Government contracts. A department was set up for the utilization of idle machinery. In 1916 an Order-in-Council empowered the Admiralty and Army Council to regulate or prohibit transactions in any article required in connection with the war. No horse suitable for cultivation of land might be sold by the land occupier without licence. To save fuel illuminated advertisements and lights outside shops and theatres were prohibited in May, 1917. In extension of this principle two of the large London stores closed on Saturdays.

Of course, with all this evident shortage there was profiteering. The case of matches affords a good example. These sold before the war as low as three cents a dozen boxes. Today they are as high as thirty-two cents, although the manufacturers insist that not more than sixteen cents should be asked the consumer. In addition to their high price there are times when they cannot be obtained at all, and the stores release to each customer only a small box or two. The Government, knowing there were sufficient stocks somewhere, has taken steps to control distribution. A pool of manufacturers has been formed, and orders will be taken only through a Match Control Office in London.

which will be under the Tobacco Control Board.

In these measures of conservation it was necessary at times to ignore the claims even of allied countries. France, being close at hand and Great Britain's source for much that might be called luxuries, has suffered most keenly. Fruit, wine, and silk were the largest of these importations. At various times all these products of our friends across the Channel have been either restricted or prohibited. Protest has been made, and at times mild reprisals applied, but common sense has prevailed. In some cases the protesting country yielded, in others the restrictions were modified. A general agreement between the two countries was announced in September. By it England takes from France goods of French origin, except such as wood, motor-cars, machinery, gold, spirits, and ornamental goods; and France has thrown her doors open to everything but cotton and woollen piece goods, soap, and oils. The fact that England has the European Allies almost completely

at her mercy on account of her control of shipping is proof of the wisdom and justice of her treatment of them.

The straits into which the war has thrown Great Britain in the matter of material supplies are not without their blessing. The people of the small island which has dominated the world for so many centuries are learning how luxurious and enervating was their style of life among certain classes, how much they can eliminate without serious inconvenience—even with advantage—and how near they were to losing valuable markets. The necessities of war have developed an inventiveness that was tending to doze and have taught the wisdom of greater dependence on their own productions than upon those of other countries who appraise more truly the value of industrial eminence in the world's markets. England after the war will swing swiftly into the England she can be, a resourceful country that need give precedence to no rival in commercial as well as in intellectual attainments.

The next article of this series is entitled "The Enemy in England".

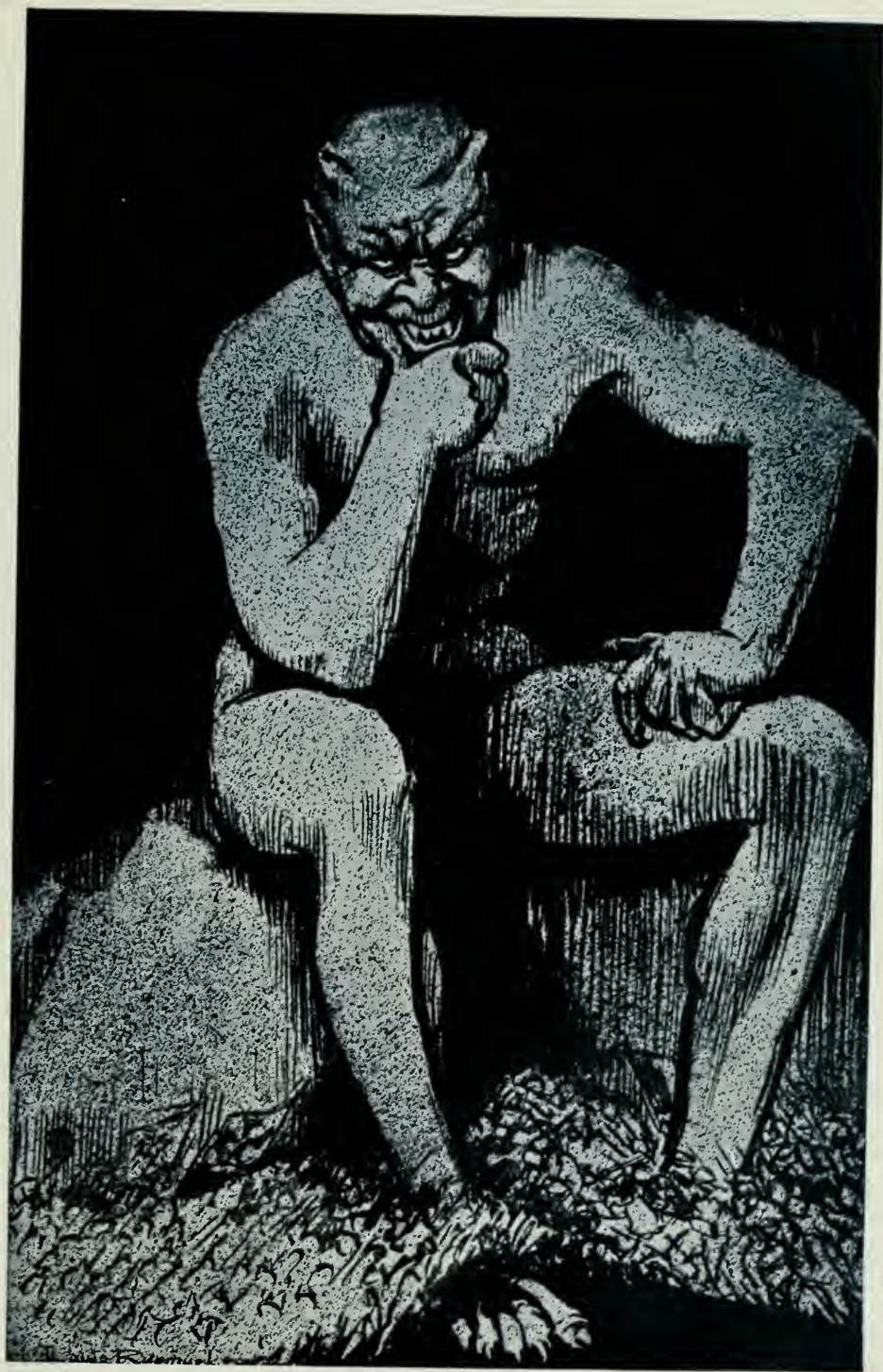
DECEMBER

By MURIEL ALBERTA MERRICK

DECEMBER'S shroud enfolds the murky meadows.
 The sky is sullen and the earth is grim.
 The trees like skeletons stand bare and shivering,
 The year is waning and the light grows dim.

December's soul is thrilled with mournful music,
 The wind is tuned to dirge-like melody,
 Which finds an echo deep in human heart-beats,
 And in our souls has touched a minor key.

In vain we try to hide our grief in gladness,
 Our mirth is choked with sobs, the laughter dies,
 The spirit of the month is masked in sadness,
 We watch earth's obsequies through tear-veiled eyes.



Bernhardi:

"War is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of Kultur"

Satan: "I cordially endorse that observation"

England's Transformation

BY THE REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



WHEN the bell in the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament pealed forth the hour of midnight on August 4, 1914, its reverberations shattered the life and institutions that had become familiar to the people of the world. Six hours later, the morning rose upon a Berlin filled with joyful and riotous citizens, who crowded the drinking shops and beer gardens and in an ecstasy of delight drank—for "The Day", long expected, had at last come. But over Great Britain the sun rose upon a London that was dumb, bewildered and unbelieving—for England was organized as exclusively for peace and good-will as Germany was organized for war and evil. Looking eastward the English people beheld a horizon black with war clouds, and already thundering with the roar of angry cannon. In that moment London realized that a cruel and merciless wild beast had been let loose upon the world. The previous day had brought a moment when Great Britain might have stood aloof from the war to her own financial enrichment. That critical moment came when Bethmann-Hollweg urged England to remain neutral and turn her face, while with mailed fist Germany struck down Belgium, picked her pockets, and looted France. Did the German Prime Minister suggest that England would find historical precedent for neutrality in that priest who passed by on the other side and

left the man who had fallen among thieves to take care of himself? Remember that a few swift steps carried the priest away from all entangling alliances or drain upon his purse.

The price suggested for England's neutrality was a glittering reward, in that, by becoming neutral, England could gain much gold by selling munitions of war to Germany. The request from Berlin held suggestions like these: If Germany counts her treaty with Belgium only "a scrap of paper", why should England not do likewise? If the Kaiser thinks national honour weighs light as feathers against military necessity and rich loot, why should England not be willing to sell her soul for the historic thirty pieces of silver? To her everlasting honour, England made indignant refusal. Lord Grey's answer exhibits a great gulf that was digged, separating England from Germany, as an awful abyss always separates righteousness from iniquity, and Jesus from Judas. Great Britain declined to play fast and loose with her treaty obligations. She hurried a message to Belgium, saying that, while she was entirely unprepared for war, she would do the best she could; and with that encouragement, Belgium, like young David, went forth with a sling against Goliath. Never was there a more unequal contest. During three days Germany's gray regiments had been massing toward the eastern frontier, and when they were within six hours

of the battle-line Bethmann-Hollweg telegraphed England that Germany would respect the neutrality of Belgium. So cunning and shrewd were these telegrams to Brussels and London that these two countries were deceived into quietness, while Germany's full hosts were assembling. Their first stroke was like the stroke of a thunder-bolt. Von Kluck's big guns annihilated Belgium's defences. The army of King Albert and Joffre had been fighting more than a week when England's first one-hundred thousand reached the Belgian line. Then came the long days of retreat, the falling back before Von Kluck with his untold millions, until the tired men of the Allies were within a day's march of Paris. Then it was that Joffre sent forth the decisive word: "Hold your ground, or die in your place." On August 25th, 1915, the Allied soldiers struck with blows of fire, while the whole world stood in suspense and held its breath.

Upon that morning, on a hilltop, from which with his glass the Kaiser tried in vain to see the Eiffel Tower, stood the German Emperor, wearing a silver helmet, dressed in white velvet, ready with his sons and his staff to ride triumphantly under Napoleon's Arch down the Champs Elysees. Never was there more bitter discomfiture than the moment when the Kaiser witnessed the breaking of his own lines and found himself in flight for safety. The decisive battle that broke the advancing waves of the Persians that threatened the civilization of Athens as an army of grasshoppers threatens a wheatfield—that battle when Charles Martel stopped the cruel hordes of the Saracens—was not more decisive than those early September days that smashed the German army, drove it into trenches for safety, built a wall of steel, while the soul of France and England exclaimed: "Thus far and no farther! Here stay thy waves of fretted fire!" To this day the Germans cannot explain their defeat. More bitter than

gall to the Kaiser is that hour when he turned on Von Kluck and degraded him. The Kaiser played "with those terrible iron dice" which Bismarck once used. If he won, Paris and Petrograd, Brussels, London and New York were to be his provincial towns, and he would be the Twentieth Century Caesar Augustus. If he lost he might become an exile, a degraded exile. If he won, his Potsdam palace would be the capital of the world. If he lost, he would perhaps in some little village inn on the outskirts of some Siberian town sit down with Nicholas, unpack from a black oilcloth handbag the battered crown of Germany. If he won, the day might come when he would ride in triumphal procession down Whitehall to Westminster Abbey. But he did not think apparently that if he lost he might come to the prisoner's dock. For men with vision, already a scaffold begins to loom up upon yonder German horizon.

During the three most tremendous years in human history, England with quiet, stern determination has gone forward, organizing her plan to slay this wild and cruel beast that was rending the white body of mankind. The unpreparedness of England was a witness to her innocence of responsibility for this war, yet that unpreparedness brought down a grievous tragedy upon her people. The Kaiser sneered at England's "contemptible little army" of 100,000 men; but what was far more discouraging was the fact that England had no munition factories for equipping a larger army. The task that confronted Great Britain was the task of organizing 40,000,000 of people for the defence of the home land, and destruction of that cruel and merciless beast let loose upon the world. Who can describe the industrial revolution that took place? Consider these facts. The British munition works put out as many "big shells in a single day as in the whole first year of the war, as many medium shells in five days

as in the whole first year, as many field-gun shells in eight days, as many cannon in a week". These munition factories, with an average breadth of forty feet, have a length of some twenty-five miles, and all these buildings have been planned so as to be turned into productive industrial uses when peace returns. Nor must we forget that England has increased the output of steel from 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons, transforming this steel into some 400,000 motors for carrying munitions and supplies, into agricultural implements for increasing her harvests, steel huts, tanks, railway engines, bridges, and everything that will help to bring this conflict to a triumphant issue. During these three years also Great Britain has made herself independent of Germany. It was England that invented the process of taking dyes out of coal waste, and now England is independent as to dyes and optical glasses, while her former dependence upon Germany for potash has been ended by the discovery that is transforming her industrial life. Few experiences can be more inspiring than days spent in the shipyards, arsenals, factories of Great Britain, where men and women, toiling at the forge, the lathe, the loom and the shop, have converted their thoughts, their loyalty, their love for humanity, into material instruments that have built a wall of defence around "this land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land".

Consider how the great war has transformed England's sailors into heroes of war. Not the sailing of Jason's ship in search of the Golden Fleece—not Columbus's voyage of the *Santa Maria*—nor the sailing of the *Mayflower*—involved adventures more thrilling than these perils that daily confront the two thousand five hundred English ships that each week meet with converging lines at some one of the English docks. Every week five thousand British ships come to or go from her harbours, while she has lent six hundred ships to France, four

hundred ships to Italy. The ships have carried eight million men to and from her shores, and ten million tons of war material. Within a few days her great battleships swept Germany's fleet from the seas and shut her great Dreadnoughts—costing one billion five million dollars—behind a wall of steel. England's invincibles are before the Kiel Canal, behind which Germany's battleships hide—just as an English bulldog is before the weasel hiding in its hole. Meanwhile, her merchantmen are sailing in perfect freedom all the seas, bringing to the home land wheat from Canada, meat from Chicago, cotton from our sunny south, sugar from Cuba, coffee from Brazil, corn and hides from Buenos Ayres, tea from China, silk from Japan, rubber, spices and all manner of treasure from India and Java and the isles of the sea. "We will make every ship to sail through the Irish Sea boiling with hidden submarines," said Von Tirpitz last February: to which the bronzed sea captain sneered, "Make it boil like the cauldron of hell and we will still sail home"—and they have.

It is my good fortune to know a purser whose ship was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. After a few days in the hospital, he signed up on a South African steamer. Torpedoed again, and escaping on driftwood, he signed up for an Atlantic ship. Side by side with him stood a man who had gone down with the *Lusitania* and survived that series of murders. Asked how he felt after the cannon on the prow had flung its hot metal toward a periscope, he answered: "If they torpedoed this ship, and every liner, I will take to a freighter; and if they torpedo all the freighters, I will go on a fishing smack; and when that goes down, I will join one of the little destroyers yonder—for England shall be fed, and my children shall not wade through this blood and muck." Germany was going to starve England in April, then it was post-

poned until July. When the German people became bitter, and asked why England was not starved, Berlin announced that London would surrender the first of September, as her people were dying in the streets. The simple fact is that in any hotel in London or Paris you will obtain just as good a meal for less money than you will find in any American hotel in New York, Washington or Chicago. We all understand that a German diplomat is a man who is sent abroad to tell lies for his country, and there is not a single German officer or soldier captured to-day in France or Belgium who does not begin his conversation with substantially these words: "Well, you may have captured me, but you have to confess that your London and Paris are both in ruins through our Zeppelins, and the English people are starving to death in their streets." Meanwhile England's blockade of Germany is growing more and more relentless. Her war against submarines is every week more successful: her shipyards are constantly increasing the number of vessels launched, and the munitions for France and England are always on time—for the vast web of England's mind, and heart, and will, enfolds the world, securing not only the freedom of the seas, but security for all her Allies.

The great war has transformed England's colonies and bound the ends of the earth to the mother land as with hoops of steel. The time was when many statesmen believed Canada, Australia and India would break away from Great Britain. The German spies in this country and in London never tired of saying that there would be civil war in Ireland, rebellion in Ottawa, revolution in India, bloody streets in Sydney and Melbourne. Berlin's advisers in this country have been a mindless, muddying lot in terms of thinking. "The Irish will rebel," said the Germans—and an Irish regiment answered by smashing through the Prussian Guards at

the battle of the Marne. "Canada will refuse to give her men and millions"—but up in a library in Montreal, on the evening of the day that Germany declared war, a university boy of twenty-one came home to dinner. "Father, I am going to war." "When, to-night?" "No: to-morrow morning." The next time the physician saw his son was at Ypres, where Canadian boys smashed the last German effort to reach Calais and threaten British shores. It is a stern condemnation of Germany that her sons pour forth mouthfuls of words for the Fatherland, yet not a regiment of Germans from her African colonies ever went to the front. She had hundreds of thousands of sons in the coffee fields of Brazil, but they never risked their precious skins in a trench fighting for militarism and autocracy. Two and a half years passed by, and German-Americans who misrepresent their fellows, who always defend the Kaiser and deny any atrocities, some of whom in Brooklyn, to this day have never put out an American flag, who hate every American who tells the truth about the Kaiser, but will never utter a word in condemnation of German atrocities—none of these men ever hired a sailing ship or a steamer, during the long months when this was possible, to sail around the North Sea and risk their lives. Nobody ever asked them to stay here. We were all ready to speed their sailing, and sing, "Why Should We Mourn Departed Friends?" They were not willing to die for Germany. On the other hand, the men from the British colonies, at the first sign of danger to the motherland, sprang to arms. I have seen men at the front who talked Hindoostanee and Bengali; men from Ceylon, whose language was the Tamal; men from Madras, who spoke the Telegu; black men from the Congo, Dutchmen from the Transvaal, white men from New Zealand and Australia, the little peoples of Fiji, whom England found cannibals and turned into self-sacrificing citizens.

At Ypres and Vimy Ridge and Langemarek these men from the colonies put their bodies before German spear-points and saved the day for the Allies and humanity. New Zealand sent 130,000 men out of a million people, while they subscribed \$160,000,000. In one squadron of sixteen airplanes, the contributors included British, Dutch, Armenians, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, East Indian and Ceylonese. One of the first telegrams that came to London on the day that Germany declared war came from the native Prince of Hyderabad, offering \$2,000,000 and one regiment. Few hours and scenes can ever be so thrilling as the hours spent in a camp where these men of India, with their turbans of white and yellow and purple were drilling, and at their head the old Indian Prince who had sworn that he would not die in his bed so long as the motherland was in peril. Happy the mother whose sons are willing to die for her, in return for her self-sacrifice and devotion. There are certain German Americans—particularly three merchants and two newspaper men here in Brooklyn—who think that they can kill the influence of every German atrocity by assembling people and talking on the crimes of England. The time has fully come for the people of Brooklyn to realize that England is our ally, and that these men are traitors to this Republic whenever they are traitors to England.

The three tests of a traitor to our Republic are: First, he defends German atrocities. German plots, explosions in munition factories. German trickery and cunning in Washington, New York, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, by going back into England's history and vilifying England, claiming that ten or fifteen years ago England wronged the Boers in South Africa or the people of Ireland. Second, having not a word of criticism of German atrocity, he bitterly hates anybody who has the proof of these

unspeakable crimes. Third, he never tires of insisting that Germany is fighting for the freedom of the seas, when in his heart he knows that for scores of years there has not been one English port in the world that has not been as open to a German ship or merchantman as to a British. Hundreds of people in this country have been forced to listen to these men vilifying America's partner, England, and this not alone in conversation, but in many kinds of public meetings. Treason has many forms, but treason toward America is most perilous when it vilifies England. These German Americans who hate this Republic seem unable to understand how to think in straight lines. As to our commercial partnerships, no merchant will listen to a man who seeks to undermine his own partner. As to marriage, no man ever permits another to secretly vilify his wife. As to military life, no Grant permits a soldier to vilify Sherman and his regiments. This Republic has formed a partnership with England and France, to destroy a lawless, merciless militarism. General Haig leads one regiment, General Petain leads another regiment, General Pershing leads a third. Whoever attacks the English regiment, and vilifies it has committed treason toward the American regiment and the American people, and should be tried and interned.

Strangest of all, these crass, stupid men who are vilifying England, fomenting seditions in Ireland, cannot even perceive that New York has safety for commerce, simply because England's battleships stand between our harbour and Germany's Dreadnoughts. But for England's fleet Germany would long ago have invaded this country. England went into this war to safeguard democracy and defend our humanity. The American people have entered upon this conflict because we believe that in this particular crisis England and France were right in defending their

treaties, the sanctity of frontier lines, and the rights of the little Belgian people, in the hour of crucifixion. The fact that justice and righteousness in this crisis are with our Allies does not mean that there were not bloody hours in the old Russia, black chapters in the history of the ancient France and England. Many of our Allies may have been quite wrong, in former wars or years, before this war, but that does not prove that our Allies are not right in this one critical hour. Despite all machinations of aliens, pacifists and secret enemies, who are using subtle cunning and secret trickeries and throwing endless dust into the eyes of the people, the civilized world to-day is concerned with simply one thought—it is the bounden duty of all righteous men to unhorse this foul creature in the German saddle, that with hoofs of fire tramples down women and children and crushes every sweet growth in the garden of God. Whoever vilifies England, therefore, is secretly plotting the betrayal of America. Every ocean traveller knows that to-day the Atlantic air fairly snaps with wireless cipher messages. Perhaps our people will not wake up until through these undeciphered messages we suffer some stunning calamity. But these men who have access to all Associated Press matter, and through their financial connections find out all the secrets about munitions and the sailing of ships, will probably bring about the sinking of some of our transports and the murder of thousands of American boys on the way to the Front.

There are multitudes of people everywhere who are very indignant, and who believe that the time has come when not only one but all institutions of a social or political character should never again place a room or invitation at the service of certain German Americans who

seek a chance to vilify England, foment Irish bitterness, stir up dissension among Americans, and thus fetter our Government and give aid and comfort to our enemy. Let us take upon our own lips the last words of Demosthenes in his plea for Athens: "And oh, eternal God, withhold the wishes of these men. Breathe into their souls, if possible, a better judgment, and a nobler feeling; but if they have sold themselves to evil, then let their wickedness be destroyed. Follow them with barriers and obstacles on land and sea; but to those citizens who love the republic, give deliverance from secret enemies and grant up an everlasting peace and safety."

Several weeks ago we were in Troye, or rather in the midst of the ruins where Troye once was. During the winter the German colonel, shot through the spine and helpless as to his legs, had been cared for by two aged French women. The time drew near for the German retreat and the shortening of the Hindenburg line. Knowing that he was approaching death, the colonel sent for the village priest. Conscious of his indebtedness to the French women, the dying man told the old priest that orders had been given for the retreat, that dynamite was being placed under every church, school, store, house, barn, that axes would be lifted upon every vine and tree, that every bridge and road would be blown up, and that these two aged women should go away immediately. Foreseeing the orgy of cruelty, lust and death that last spring turned that vast region into desolation, the dying man cursed his country. I give you the words as they were transcribed to me: "Curses upon Germany for her cruelty! Curses upon my Government and my army! Ten thousand curses upon the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg. Either God is dead, or Germany is doomed."

The Dark House

BY W. E. NORRIS



H, of course, you're much too sensible to believe in ghosts," said Lilian Tighe, a little impatiently, to the fair-haired young man who was striding beside her along the frost-bound road. "I don't know that I exactly believe in them myself, and I don't know that there are any in the Dark House. What I do know is that nobody has ever been able to live in it for nearly a hundred years, though plenty of people have tried."

Seen under the low, gray sky of an exceptionally bitter Christmas Day, the gabled, ivy-clad building to which she alluded looked grim enough; yet, since the trees which hemmed it in were bare, it was, perhaps, less manifestly deserving of its name than it would have been at a more genial season of the year. It had, so Miss Tighe's companion had just been informed by her, served as a habitation for many successive bailiffs on the Harpledon estate until the tragedy of which it had been the scene in the early years of the last century had rendered it uninhabitable by anybody. The bailiff of that period, returning home drunk from the neighbouring town one Christmas night, had surprised his wife with a man whom he supposed—wrongly, it was said—to be her lover, and whom he incontinently brained with the heavy cudgel which he was carrying. He then fell upon the unhappy woman and so savagely maltreated her that she succumbed to her injuries within a few

days. For these two murders he was in due course hanged; but, legal expiation notwithstanding, it was firmly believed throughout the countryside that his perturbed spirit never failed to revisit the Dark House on the anniversary of his crime.

"What did the people who tried to live there see?" Harry Buckland inquired with a slightly incredulous smile.

Miss Tighe really couldn't tell him. She believed it was more what they had heard than what they had seen that had terrified them. "But no doubt you would say that what they heard was only the wind or rats or something, and I'm not in the least eager to convince you that the Dark House is haunted. I shouldn't have said anything about it if you hadn't asked."

She spoke with some asperity; for she thought Mr. Buckland was laughing at her, and she did not like to be laughed at. Mr. Heyworth, who, together with a number of other young men and maidens, was wending his way to Harpleden Place from the lake, where the whole party had been skating, and who now drew up to her side, did not laugh at her. He said:

"When a man asserts that he does not believe in the supernatural he means, as a rule, that he hasn't much imagination. If we were to disbelieve in everything that we can't account for or understand, some of us would have to doubt our own existence."

"Some of us have," observed Buckland.

"And found salvation in cogitation, yes. Well, if you were to apply your great mind—I'm sure it is a great one—to cogitating upon the subject of physical research, you might end by doubting whether anybody is quite entitled to deny the existence of what are popularly called ghosts."

Mr. Heyworth was a rather offensive person. So, at any rate, Harry Buckland thought, and had some excuse for thinking. When you are invited to run down for Christmas by the parents of the girl whom you secretly adore, and when you have been looking forward for weeks to a happy time with her, it is not very pleasant to find a self-satisfied lawyer-fellow buzzing round her all day and doing his best to monopolize her. Nor, again, is it pleasant to discover that this interloper, educated by many winters in Alpine resorts, is a champion skater, whereas your own skill in that particular art is no greater than persistent lack of opportunity has allowed it to become. Put Harry Buckland on the back of a decent horse, and he would have had little to fear from anybody's competition; but hunting being, unhappily, out of the question, he had been driven to disport himself on the ice with the rest of the house-party, one result of which had been provocation of Miss Tighe's irrepressible hilarity. Now Harry, though as good-humoured a youth as another, did not any more than Miss Lilian herself enjoy being laughed at; so that when she came out with her ghost story, her hearer had been less respectful than was his wont. In any case, Harry owed no sort of respect to Mr. Heyworth, to whose impertinence he responded with a vivacity so out of place at a season of traditional good-will that the conversation had to be diverted into other channels.

Conversations which were carried on in Mr. Heyworth's presence very generally took the turn that that

clever and adroit young barrister wished them to take. It was he who, in the course of dinner, reverted to the subject of the Dark House, and although nobody else wanted to discuss it—his host and hostess saying plainly that they would prefer not to do so on that evening of all others—he suavely persisted. If his object was to irritate one with whom he was in more or less recognized rivalry into speaking irreverently and derisively, he was successful. Even good Colonel Tighe, who liked Harry and did not much like Heyworth, was not altogether pleased with the tone of his young friend's remarks.

"Yes, yes, my dear boy," said he, "but I expect, when you get to be my age, you'll be more chary of calling things impossible. The fact is that, in spite of science and philosophy, we know deuced little about ourselves and our surroundings. What I do know is that many a man with just as much common sense as you or I possess has been scared away from the Dark House. I tell you frankly I wouldn't spent to-night alone there for a thousand pounds."

"I'd do it for sixpence!" Harry declared.

"Any advance on sixpence?" inquired Mr. Heyworth blandly. "If not, I shall be charmed to pay Buckland that sum when he has earned it. But I hardly think he will."

"He most certainly will not," said Mrs. Tighe, rising. "Please let us hear no more of this nonsense."

But, of course, Harry adhered to his offer, from which, indeed, as soon as the ladies had left the room, it was made difficult for him to recede. To do so would have been tantamount to admitting that he was afraid, and afraid he was not, although he did not in the least relish the prospect of spending the night hours in an empty, freezing house. Colonel Tighe, who was very much annoyed about the whole business, and who tried hard to dissuade him, was at length prevailed upon to let him have the key

of the Dark House, reluctantly agreeing to say nothing to the ladies and promising to facilitate his exit at a later hour.

It was not, as a matter of fact, until nearly one o'clock that such facilities could be accorded to him. There had been the usual Christmas romping and dancing in the meantime, and he could not have retired earlier without exciting remark. Lilian lingered after everybody, except Harry and her father, had gone to bed. No doubt she had an inkling to the former's intentions, for she looked rather hard at him when she wished him good-night; but she merely remarked, with a slight, ironical smile, that she hoped his slumbers would not be disturbed by any ghostly visitants.

It did not seem at all likely that he would have any slumbers to be disturbed. The Dark House, Colonel Tighe told him, was practically unfurnished. There might be a bedstead in one of the upper rooms. "In fact, I believe there is. But I would not go upstairs if I were you, I would not, really. And look here, Buckland, if anything *should* happen—something, I mean, that you felt you couldn't stand—don't you hesitate to come straight back here as fast as your legs will carry you. Nobody will think a penny the worse of you, and I'll take care that you shall be let in at any hour."

He himself let his adventurous guest out, and on discovering that it had begun to snow heavily, made a final unavailing protest.

"I say, drop this tomfoolery and go to bed, like a sensible fellow. Hang it all! you didn't bargain for a blizzard. Why, you won't even be able to find your way to the infernal place!"

But Harry, remembering Lilian's valedictory smile—upon which he had placed his own construction—was not to be deterred. He had no great distance to traverse, he could hardly mistake the direction, and he had been supplied with lantern, as well as with

a fur-lined coat. Thus equipped, he did not fail to reach his destination, though he slipped and floundered in the snow more than he had expected to do, and his hand was shaking with cold when he thrust the key into the lock of the deserted dwelling. Having entered, he found himself in a narrow hall or passage, on either side of which was a room with a wide-open door. One of these was quite empty; the other contained a wooden table and a couple of kitchen chairs. He took possession of the latter, lighted a pipe and wished he had thought of bringing a book with him. For the night, he knew, was going to be desperately long, and sleep was out of the question. It may, under favourable conditions, be possible to doze in a Windsor chair, but scarcely when you are the sole occupant of a house which, haunted or not, is perishingly cold. The wind, which had risen, rumbled in the chimneys and shook the ill-fitting windows; but there was no other sound to effect the young man's nerves, which, to be sure, were steady enough. He did not in the least anticipate hearing or seeing anything out of the ordinary; he placed ghosts in the same category with fairy-tales, and could imagine no reason why the spirit either of a murderer or of a murdered person should wish to make his flesh creep. Only he did more and more keenly realize every minute that he was making a gratuitous fool of himself. What was he going to gain from this absurd vigil beyond the sum of sixpence and a highly probable cold in the head? He had undertaken it, of course, because Lilian had seemed to doubt his possessing the requisite courage; but what if she didn't care a straw whether he had the courage or not? Her behaviour during the evening had certainly suggested that she cared remarkably little about him, and he told himself resentfully that the best thing he could do was to give up caring about her.

While chewing the end of these de-

pressing reflections, he made the disagreeable discovery that he had used his last match. However, he had a sufficient supply of candles to replace, when necessary, the one in the lantern, which he utilized to light a fresh pipe, at the same time consulting his watch and finding, to his surprise and disappointment, that it was not yet quite two o'clock. He had supposed that it must be at least an hour later.

Two o'clock, he suddenly remembered, was the hour at which the double murder was believed to have been perpetrated on that Christmas night of nearly a century back; but the recollection did not perturb him, and if he shuddered it was only because he was so atrociously cold.

"Now's your time, spooks and spectresses!" said he aloud; "I'm waiting for the show to begin."

As if in instant reply to his derisive challenge there rang through the house a long, wailing shriek, followed by confused, inarticulate mutterings. Then silence, save for the moaning wind, reigned once more.

Harry, it must be confessed, was more than a little startled. There could be no mistake as to what he had heard; it was quite impossible for his senses to have played him a trick. Yet it was also impossible for vibrations to have been set up and the tympanum of his ear struck by anything except some natural agency. So, at least, he said to himself—though perhaps he was not very sure of it—as he shouted:

"Hullo, there! Come out of that, will you!"

Receiving no answer, he debated with himself for a few minutes whether he should search the house or not. It was undoubtedly the right and reasonable thing to do; yet he was aware of a strong disinclination to do it. Certainly a human screech must proceed from human lungs; only—he had heard the screech, and it was very difficult to believe that those four walls could contain any living being besides himself. Moreover, he

could not help remembering that Colonel Tighe had urged him not to go upstairs. Perhaps, if the whole truth must be told, he was beginning to be a little afraid of what he might see if he did. So he sat hesitating until once more that wild, blood-curdling scream rose, fell and died away, succeeded, as before, by what sounded like muffled curses.

This time Harry could bear it no longer. As well face the worst and have done with it, he thought, as remain where he was and wait for those horrible noises to renew themselves. Seizing his lantern, he ran quickly up the creaking staircase, only to find there was no indication of human presence on the upper floor. The doors of the four rooms which opened out of it stood ajar; the rooms themselves were vacant. He was turning away to pursue his investigations at the back of the house when again that eldritch cry rang out close to his ear. An instant afterwards something seemed to rush upon him from behind, knocking the lantern violently out of his hand, and he was left in total darkness. And he had no matches! Had it not been for that most unfortunate deprivation, he might have defied his assailant, mortal or spiritual; but, what can the bravest of men do in the dark? What Harry Buckland did was what in all probability most of us would have done; that is to say, that he groped about for the staircase, was exceedingly glad to find it, and descended to the floor below as quickly as he could.

Not that his situation was an enviable one when he had accomplished that much. He was without means of procuring light; he was in a house which he now had to recognize as possessed by weird, unaccountable forces, and he was bound to remain in it for fully five more hours. But was he really so bound? He had been assured that nobody would think the worse for him if he were to abandon what had proved to be a far more nerve-

shattering enterprise than Colonel Tighe could have foreseen, and he honestly felt that the altered conditions were exonerating. He had undertaken to spend the night in the Dark House, not in a house which was pitch dark, besides being intensely cold and resonant with gruesome shrieks. But then, he thought of Lillian's mocking smile and determined to stand his ground if he had to die for it.

It seemed to be quite on the cards that he might die for or of it. The fur coat in which he was wrapped did not prevent his hands and feet from being numb with cold, and although he still tried to think that he had been assailed by flesh and blood, he felt inwardly certain that he had not. With a stout heart, but shattering teeth, he held himself in readiness for what might befall him, and the strain of waiting in the unbroken silence was almost more trying than a renewal of the dismal sounds overhead would have been.

These did not recur; but at length there fell upon his intent ear a sound most unspeakable welcome—the turning of the front-door handle. A stream of light came through the aperture, and he darted forward, never doubting that the good old Colonel had come to see how he was getting on. However, it was not the Colonel; it was Lillian, enveloped in furs and white with snow, who almost let the lantern which she was carrying drop when he suddenly faced her.

"Oh, Harry," she exclaimed, reproachfully, "how you frightened me! What made you put the lights out! How *could* you!"

In her agitation she was doubtless unconscious of having addressed him by his Christian name; but it need scarcely be said that that circumstance neither escaped his notice nor diminished the joy with which he beheld so unexpected a visitor. He explained hurriedly that he had had an accident with his lantern and that he had

been idiot enough to use up all his matches.

"But what brings you here at this extraordinary hour?" he asked, hoping, perhaps, to receive the answer which, as a matter of fact, he did receive.

The girl honestly confessed that she had been unable to sleep and unable to endure the suspense of picturing him all alone in that house of terror. "It was my fault, too, for letting you go. I knew you wouldn't have gone if I hadn't in a sort of way dared you to do it, and I felt that you really must be released. So I woke up my maid and told her to get me a lantern and let me out."

"Oh, but how splendid of you!" ejaculated the young man admiringly.

"Do you think so? I'm afraid father and mother won't. But I could not help it!"

That is always a fairly conclusive plea, and sometimes it may be a veracious one. Perhaps Harry really could not help embracing the intrepid little lady; in any case, his adoption of that course saved time and superfluous verbiage. What he was secretly dreading throughout the exceedingly happy period of five or ten minutes which ensued did not occur; but the inevitable question did, and, unwilling though he was to alarm Lillian, he had to make avowal of his experience.

"Oh, come away!" the girl cried, shuddering, after she had heard him out. "Come away from this horrible place! You believe now—don't you, that it is haunted?"

"I believe that there's something very queer about it," Harry admitted; "but as for going away—well, I undertook to stay the whole night here, remember."

"I forbid you to do anything so crazy! Why should you? In order to prove your pluck? But you never would have stayed so long—and in the dark, too!—if you hadn't been as brave as a whole den of lions. I'll

tell you this—if you remain, so shall I; though I shall be hideously frightened and it will be most improper, besides almost certainly giving me my death of cold. Now then!”

Thus menaced, the young man surrendered. He may have reflected that he had gained all, and a great deal more than all, that he could have hoped to gain by his adventure, and it was in no very regretful accents that he remarked, while they were moving towards the door: “Well, it’s the loss of sixpence—and *prestige*. Your friend Heyworth won’t think much of me after this.”

“As if it could possibly matter what Mr. Heyworth thought of you!—Mr. Heyworth, who never would have dreamed of daring to do what you have done! Besides, he’s a tiresome, conceited bore, at best.”

“You didn’t seem to find him so a few hours ago,” Harry could not help saying.

“To you perhaps I didn’t; but you are so matter of fact. Anyhow, I did find him a bore, and I’ve never found him anything else. Please don’t let us trouble our heads about *him*!”

They had, no doubt, pleasanter subjects to discuss as they made their way towards Harpledon Place. The snow had ceased, and stars were showing between the ragged-edged clouds. Arm in arm, the lovers trudged across the hardening white surface, and very likely they forgot how cold it was.

As soon as they were well away from the Dark House, Mr. Heyworth, who had been watching them from the top of the staircase, and who had not missed a word of their colloquy, struck a light.

“Not what can be called a complete

success,” he soliloquized ruefully, “though it has failed through no fault of mine. I did that wail so realistically that I made my own blood run cold, and knocking Buckland’s lantern out of his hand was a bold stroke which was fully justified by results. If he pretends that he wasn’t frightened, he lies. But I’m the victim of female in consequence, like many another good man and true. Had to hear myself called a conceited bore, too, and accused of not daring to do the very thing I *have* done! Well, well! It would be very, very pleasant to enlighten them all to-morrow morning, but I’m afraid it would be just a little bit too risky. Some people’s perception of humour is so imperfectly developed. Better be called back to London instead, seeing that I’m jolly well cut out with a sixpence anyhow.”

He got out of the downstairs window, which he had broken in order to effect an entrance, and in due course reached the side door at Harpledon Place, where his patient valet was waiting for him.

“Have you put a hot bottle in my bed, Saunders?” he asked.

“I have, sir,” answered the man, “and there’s a kettle on the fire and whiskey on the table.”

“Right! Now, remember, Saunders, if you ever breathe a word about this to any living soul, I’ll kill you.”

“Very good, sir,” replied the imperturbable Saunders.

Presumably he obeyed orders; for if there was ever a doubt as to the Dark House being haunted, none exists to-day, and Harry Buckland, when interrogated upon the subject, can only reply that, unless his senses are utterly untrustworthy, it is.



Canada, My 'Ome

BY WILLIAM BANKS

AUTHOR OF "WILLIAM ADOLPHUS TURNPIKE", ETC.



ALBERT EDWARD TOWNSEND arrived in Canada from England with his wife, their four children, and a deep-rooted belief in the superiority of all things English over everything else in the world. Because he did not fear work he had no difficulty in obtaining employment in the big saw-making establishment in Pleasantside; the only manufactory in the village. Here his very English accent and his height, five feet four inches, subjected him to a good deal of chaffing, even from a number of old countrymen who had not long preceded him as immigrants. There was less of fun in the chaffing as the days sped on, and Albert Edward persistently preached the excellence of English methods in the making and testing of saws. The climax was reached at the luncheon hour one day when Billy Henderson, who topped Albert Edward by several inches, and outweighed him by twenty pounds, interrupted the Englishman's eulogistic monologue with a sneering, "Dry up, you sawed-off broneho; you make me sick."

Laughter, in which Albert Edward did not join, greeted the remark. The Englishman's eyes narrowed as he asked of a fellow worker, "Wot does 'e mean?"

"Well, he ain't exactly throwing bouquets at you," was the answer.

"No," said Albert Edward quietly. He took off his coat and vest, and walked over to Billy Henderson, who grinned at him derisively.

"When you sye things to me, 'Ender-son, sye 'em nicely," said Albert Edward.

"Go to blazes, y' runt," snapped Henderson.

Smack! The blow delivered by the Englishman's open hand on Henderson's cheek jarred and surprised the bigger man, who, however, promptly pulled off his coat and squared up to his attacker.

As the men crowded excitedly around the antagonists a quiet Scot's voice said, "Five to one on th' wee un".

A chorus of laughter and jeers greeted the remark, but some of the scoffers took up the offer.

Albert Edward smiled broadly. "Put a fiver on f'r me, Scotty," he called gaily. "We'll settle it later."

"Done," said Don McPherson, the Scot, quietly. "An' I'll help tae see fair play. Robertson, Hanley and Jephson, gie me a haund tae let th' fighters hae elbow room."

It was a hot fight, with all the skill and punch on one side, and it lasted just five minutes, at the end of which time Billy Henderson cried quits. His eyes were so swollen that he could hardly see, his cut lips were adding theirs to the stream of gore that was flowing from his nose, his body was

sore and his breath almost gone. "I've had enough," he said frankly, "and when I call you 'broneho' after this I'll smile." Will you shake hands, Albert Ed—I mean Bert—may I call you that?"

"You may, old top. 'Ere's me flipper, an' a bit of me 'cart goes wiv it," said Albert Edward, hereafter to be known as Bert. "I'll show yer 'ow to use yer 'ands proper, too. That's where yer weak." Even the betting losers among the onlookers cheered as the late combatants shook hands heartily.

Don McPherson, squaring up accounts with Bert later, had little to say about the fight, and about as much as to his winnings. But as he placed his share of the money carefully in a string-necked pouch he remarked dryly, "Artillery, A'm thinkin'?"

"Right O! Black Watch?"

"Gor'r'dons."

"Good 'uns, too," said Bert warmly, and, after a pause, "It's a wye we 'ave in th' army."

"An' th' lads whae followed us 'll see tae it aye bein' th' way," added McPherson.

In time Townsend became less assertive as to the merits of the old land, its customs and its workers. He occasionally admitted, grudgingly, that in some things Canadian workmen were not "arf bad". Six years after the day of the fight he was a foreman in one of the departments at the saw-making plant, reliable, steady, and the proud possessor of a small but substantial house. His children were doing well at school, and developing a spirit of sturdy Canadianism, and the unfailing readiness of his wife to aid all the children and mothers of the neighbourhood had won for her appreciation and respect, where once there had been laughter at and some mockery of her accent.

And then came the war.

Townsend swore five years off his age and enlisted in the company raised in Pleasantville as a contribution

to the first Canadian contingent for overseas. He raged furiously at the decision to limit the size of the contingent, and reverted to some of his old-time criticisms of Canada and the Canadians.

"Don't run th' country down, Bert," said his wife. "It's a grand place, and th' people 'ave been good to us."

"Why shouldn't they?" shouted Bert angrily. "Don't we own 'em and th' country, too?"

"That's 'ardly the wye to put it," she answered. "Seems to me as 'ow they're doing th' 'ansome."

"'Ansone, me neck," retorted Bert. "They 'orter tyke ev'ry men as 'll 'list. They'll be arskin' f'r 'em soon. This ain't goin' ter be no picnic."

"But th' old country don't want any more yet, Bert."

"'Ow do we know? We got nothink to go on but wot th' pypers 'ere sye," was Bert's closing argument.

Neighbours commiserated with Mrs. Townsend; some even urged that she should seek to have Bert secure his discharge on the ground that there were scores of young unmarried men willing to enlist, but she would not admit that there was any good reason for considering their proposals. "It's me as knows something abaht th' wye 'e feels," she told them. "'E served 'is time in th' army, an' if he ain't tooken hoverseas 'e's li'ble to start a mootiny right 'ere."

To Bert she always showed a smiling face, but it did not deceive him.

"Don't tyke it too 'ard, old lydie," he would say, "yer 'll be all right: what wiv th' pay, an' th' patriotic fund, an' Bill"—their oldest boy—"will be a 'elp. It wouldn't be right f'r me to be outer this fight."

Bert's former military training, his willingness to use it to aid his comrades, his accent and his strange mixture of English and Canadian slang and phrases, made him a great favourite with the company, and especially with the native-born Canadians,

to whom the discipline and drill were at times irksome.

The company, a unit in a county battalion, had its first experiences of camp life at Valcartier. These seemed like unhappy dreams to all the men as, within a few weeks, they sailed for England, confident that they would soon be in France and in the thick of the fighting. Instead, they were condemned to spend weary months in training on Salisbury Plains, a name indissolubly associated in the memory of all the first Canadian contingent men with the words "rain and mud".

Private Albert Edward Townsend, whose eyes had been suspiciously moist when he again stepped on English soil, was at first vehement in his explanations and excuses for the weather conditions. But soon even his buoyant spirits began to droop under the steady external soaking, for he was a temperate man and did not try to combat the moisture from the skies by imbibing too much moisture from bottles. He poked his head out of the tent, which he shared with several comrades, one morning when an unusually heavy rainfall was making more liquid still the already floating mud, and cried, "Lorluvme, wot a climate!"

To the sarcastic shouts of, "It's English, it's English," from his Canadian pals in the tent, Bert answered good-humouredly. "It must 'ave changed since I useter live 'ere. Now, in Canada—"

"Three cheers for Canada!" shouted his comrades. Bert joined in heartily, and then went on. "Now, in Canada yer can generally bank on th' weather bein' fine for sev'ral dyes ter-gether. But this do beat me."

Thereafter he became an ardent and zealous apostle, and "Canada" was the burden of the message he preached to whoever would listen.

The regiment was one of the first from Canada to get into the firing line, with an English county regi-

ment in close proximity. Bert was soon on familiar terms with many of the men, and to them he preached with burning enthusiasm the glory of his adopted country. He found eager audiences as a rule, but some scoffed at his glowing word-pictures of "th' land of hoppersunity". To these his answer was usually, "Wyte till yer see these 'ere Can-i-dian pals o' mine in a real haction; yer'll never rest then till yer gets to Canada, and once yer gets there yer'll want'er stay—if yer ain't afraid o' work."

St. Julien gave Bert and his Canadian pals the opportunity they sought, and truly the glory of that action shall never fade. Of the Pleasantside men forty were killed or wounded, and Bert was among the latter; "Seriously", said the cable that brought the news.

Mrs. Townsend maintained a cheerful attitude. "E ain't dead; that's one comfort," she said, "and as soon as 'e can do it, 'e'll send me a line. So long as 'e can come back 'ere we'll not 'ave very much to 'oller abaht."

It was two months before she got a message direct from him, a cablegram, that read: "Left hand a goner. Coming home soon. Sergeant Bert Townsend, V.C."

Then Mrs. Townsend wept for joy and pride in the achievements of her man, and grief for the hand that was "a goner".

That afternoon the manager of the saw plant, accompanied by the editor of the local weekly newspaper, each waving a copy of a metropolitan daily newspaper, rushed into the Townsend home.

"Have y' seen *The Daily Express*?" they demanded eagerly of Mrs. Townsend.

"No, sirs; but—"

"Bert! It's about him," shouted the manager.

"'Led remnants of regiment when all officers had fallen,'" the editor read.

"'Despite serious wounds,'" the manager quoted.

"Rescued several men, and insisted upon their wounds being attended to before his own were dressed," the editor was reading again.

"Awarded the Victoria Cross," shouted the manager.

"Pinned on his breast by the King himself," they chanted in unison.

"E didn't tell me that part," said Mrs. Townsend, whose eyes were shining with delight. "I wonder if 'Er Majesty was there?"

She showed the visitors the cablegram, of which the editor took a copy. He also obtained from the family album a group photograph of Bert. Mrs. Townsend, and their children, and from the lady herself all the details he could think of asking regarding the winner of the V.C. The two men finally left, after telling Mrs. Townsend that the reeve had already cabled congratulations to Bert in the name of the municipality, and that a public reception to the gallant soldier was being arranged, the manager adding that Bert should never want for employment.

Sergeant Albert Edward Townsend, V.C., came back to Pleasantside with his left arm in a sling and his face rather pale. Before the cheering crowds at the railway station he kissed his wife and children many times and cared not who saw that his eyes were tear-dimmed and his lips trembling. In the park grounds, where the formal welcome took place, Bert was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of gold. He blushed furiously while the address was being read, and squirmed uneasily when the local member of Parliament, the reeve, and other celebrities made speeches in eulogy of his valour and the honour he had brought to Pleasantside and Canada.

At last he was called upon to speak, and he had to stand for many minutes

before the crowds tired of cheering him. When they were ready to listen some of them giggled and laughed as he began his address.

"Go to it," said Bert smilingly, "ave a good laugh at me haccent, I don't care. I'm too hold to be cured." The crowds broke in with cheers here. Presently he was able to resume. There was deep sincerity in his thanks for the greeting they had accorded him, and very soon they began to understand that, accent notwithstanding, here was a soldier and a man speaking straight from the heart.

"In th' city in th' old land where I was brought up, they did me proud after I got th' V.C.," he said. "Offered me a job on Heasy Street fer life. It was temptin'. But d'yer know why I didn't tyke it. I'll tell yer. It was th' hattainments an' joys I've realized 'ere. I syes to 'em, 'Thank ye, no. When this scrap started I came three thousand miles t' get into it, an' most on 'em as come on th' boat wot brought me was Cani-dians. They dropped all they 'ad in a land where any man wot'll work 'as a grand chanee, an' they 'iked across th' seas to fight f'r th' hold mother just out o' sentiment like. Since I've lived in that land,' I syes, 'I've been able to buy a 'ouse o' me own, with enough land f'r a veger-table garden, an' I couldn't 'ave done that 'ere in a thousand years. An',' I syes, 'my kids'll be able to go through college if they wants, an' asso-ciate with th' best in th' land if they keep strite, as me an' my missus knows they will. No,' I syes, 'there'll always be a warm spot in my 'eart for this 'ere city an' its people, an' for th' hold motherland. But I'm goin' back,' I syes, 'to where th' weather is one thing or t'other f'r a fairish length o' time together, back to a land where there's room an' a chance for all; back to Canada, my 'ome.'"

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

XI.—MISS ROBERTA CATHERINE MACADAMS,
SOLDIERS' REPRESENTATIVE IN THE ALBERTA LEGISLATURE



WITH few exceptions, the pioneers whose struggles and achievements have been sketched in the earlier articles of this series were women who had attained to the autumn season of harvest ripeness. Their work had reached completion, so far at least as human beings may claim completion even of a lifetime's task.

But this last on our list of pathfinding women, though secure as any in her right to the title of pioneer, is almost at the first turn of her untried road, and, though she has achieved much, is still at an age when she—and others for her—may look forward to the future as a land of promise.

Miss Roberta Catherine MacAdams is the third daughter of Mr. Robert MacAdams, formerly editor of *The Sarnia Canadian*. She was born in Sarnia, of Scotch-Irish lineage, her father being Irish and her mother Scotch. Her eldest sister is the wife of the Honourable W. J. Hanna, the Dominion Food Controller. One of her brothers, Captain Johnston M. MacAdams, is, like herself, on active service. He went overseas with the

34th Battalion and has been for two years in France. He is now attached to the Third Brigade headquarters.

Miss Roberta MacAdams obtained her early education at the public and high schools of her native town. Leaving school, she led for some years the life of a girl at home, helping her mother with the housekeeping and so forth. Presently, however, she decided to take up the normal course for teachers of domestic science at the Macdonald Institute, Guelph. Entering the Institute in the autumn of 1909, she completed the two years' course with first-class honours, "breaking previous records in many departments". She distinguished herself especially in English, a subject to which much attention is given there. She passed the English examinations of the first and second years of the University of Toronto, and carried off the English prize offered by Professor Wrong. An editor's daughter, she edited the school magazine, and was chosen by her fellow-students as class president.

Later on she took a post-graduate course in the higher branches of household science at the University of Chicago. Before this, in 1911, she

went to Edmonton to take up work under the Department of Agriculture, as organizer of Women's Institutes. This obliged her to travel far and wide through the Province and brought her into touch with all sorts and conditions of people. Thus she was enabled to gather knowledge at firsthand of the kind of life actually led by different groups and classes of immigrants.

She tasted for herself something of the discomforts of living in sparsely-settled districts, when, as frequently happened, she had to spend a night at some roughly-conducted "pioneer hotel", or to take a long drive across the prairie, perhaps in bad weather, in a rude country conveyance. More than once on these trips, she had the exciting and dangerous experience of being run away with by a team of bronchos.

On one occasion she spent some days amongst those strange people from Russia, the Doukhobors. She also "visited the Mormon settlements and was much interested in the industrial efficiency of the Mormon settlers, and the apparent contentment of the women with the Mormon system, as conducted in Alberta, where, if the peculiar matrimonial system of Mormonism is practised, it is concealed so carefully as not to be observed by an outsider". Everywhere she met with a cordial reception, finding "the women of the foreign settlements most anxious to learn what they could of Canadian cookery and Canadian household methods generally".

Miss MacAdams did some work for the Schools of Agriculture, then being organized, and also taught in the short course schools (conducted by the Government) on subjects connected with the values and preparation of foods.

During the last two years of her sojourn in Alberta, Miss MacAdams filled the position of supervisor of household arts in the public schools of Edmonton—a branch of the educational work of the city, which it fell

upon her to organize. Curiously enough it has happened that at many times in her life and in several different lines of work she has been so much of a pioneer that, as she puts it, she has had "to make her own duties".

After the outbreak of the war, Miss MacAdams volunteered for service overseas, and was appointed dietitian to the Ontario Government Hospital. In the early spring of 1916 she sailed for England with the sisters attached to the new hospital, which was stationed at Orpington, a little country town in Kent, some ten or twelve miles from London. It is interesting that, when this hospital was arranged for, it was stipulated by the Ontario Government that it should not be for the benefit of Canadian cases only, and often but a small proportion of the patients occupying its 2,000 beds hail from the land of the maple.

Here again Miss MacAdams had to begin at the beginning, by organizing the household staff. She has the oversight of the hospital kitchens and of the preparation of all foods used in the establishment, including the management of special diets required for difficult cases. Because she has the position of sister in the hospital she is often erroneously described as a trained nurse. This is not surprising as there are at present few trained dietitians in English hospitals, and, like the nurses attached to the Canadian Army Medical Corps, Miss MacAdams holds the rank and receives the pay of lieutenant.

Her hands were more than full with the duties and responsibilities of her position and she had no thought of adding to them by becoming a candidate for election to the Alberta Legislature until long after the list of male competitors for the votes of the thirty-eight thousand soldiers and seventy-five sisters from Alberta had reached most formidable proportions. Only those on active service were eligible as candidates or voters, but no less than seven lieutenant-colonels,



MISS ROBERTÀ CATHERINE MACADAMS

one major, five captains, one lieutenant, four non-commissioned officers and three privates consented to stand. Nevertheless, Miss MacAdams was urged to allow herself to be nominated.

The request came first by telephone. Startled by the suggestion, she refused. But, declining to take "no" for an answer, several of her would-be supporters hurried down from London, and at last persuaded her to change her mind.

It was a unique political contest. Ordinary electioneering methods of meetings and speech-making were impossible, for the constituents were scattered throughout England and France, in hospitals, camps and the trenches of the firing lines, and so Miss MacAdams confined herself to a single effort to reach and interest the Albertans on active service. She sent out what is surely one of the shortest, simplest and most effective electioneering documents ever issued. It is adorned with the charming portrait of Miss MacAdams in the sister's

dress, here reproduced, and contains less than a hundred words. This is its plea:

"Soldiers and nurses from Alberta, you will have two votes at the forthcoming election under the Alberta Military Representation Act. Give one vote to the man of your choice and the other to the sister. . . . She will work not only for your best interests, but for those of your wives, mothers, sweethearts, sisters and children after the war. Remember those who have helped you so nobly through the fight."

Miss MacAdams's nomination forms, which were only completed a quarter of an hour before the lists closed, were signed by "one officer, one non-commissioned officer, and eighteen Tommies".

The balloting began on the sixth and ended on the sixteenth of August. The votes were counted at the Alberta Government Offices at Charing Cross, and the results were not made known till well on in September.

The candidate at the head of the

poll was Captain R. Pearson, of Calgary, an official of the Young Men's Christian Association at the Front, who was often called "the fighting parson". Though formerly general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Alberta, he had been a combatant and was in hospital, wounded, when he was asked to stand as one of the active service candidates. He obtained 4,286 votes of the 26,600 cast by the 17,000 men and women who exercised their privilege of voting.

"The Sister" came a close second with 4,023 votes. Naturally her election aroused much interest amongst the suffragists of England, as she was the first woman to be elected an M.P. on the soil of the British Isles. She was not, however, the only or the first woman to be elected to sit in the Alberta Assembly, for at the general election held in the Province in the previous spring, Mrs. McKinney, a lady strongly identified with the temperance cause, was elected for the constituency of Claresholm, and she has the distinction of being the first woman legislator of the Dominion.

It is notable, as Miss MacAdams pointed out to one of her numerous interviewers, a representative of the London *Times*, that the military electors "chose both their representatives without any reference to politics". No doubt many a party consideration fades into utter insignificance under "the fierce light" of the battle fires. "We both stand as the soldiers' and sisters' advocates," she said. "We have no special grievance, but we shall have to face the same problems that you will have to face here after the war—to find employment for the returned people without any hardship to those who have been carrying on in our absence. We have no geographical electoral district at the moment; we stand for the fighting exiles."

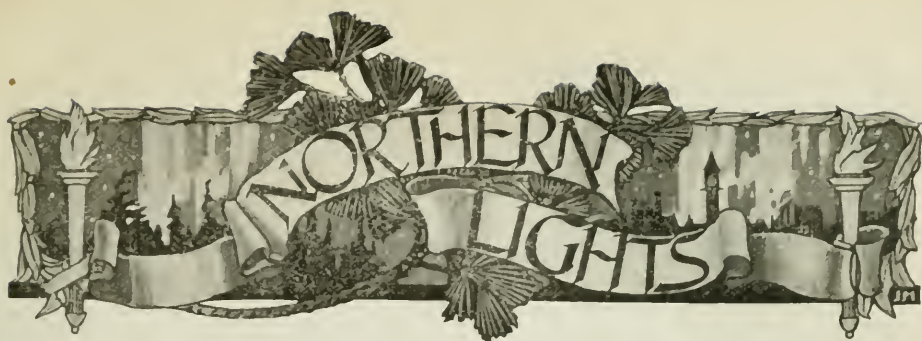
"The election was probably the first ever conducted without speeches," she added, "and it was very inex-

pensive. A few shillings for postage, and a small sum to the printer for the little election bill, was all it cost me."

Though she did no canvassing for herself, a number of Alberta ladies, living in London, worked hard to secure her return, and altogether a very great deal of interest was shown in this remarkable election. Fêted, congratulated and interviewed to a degree that must have been wearisome to a busy woman, Miss MacAdams's personality and her modest statement of a quite comprehensive platform, made a most favourable impression. The representative of the staid *Manchester Guardian* described her as "the most charming parliamentary candidate that England has ever seen", but the lady herself regarded her success as "a vote of confidence in the Canadian Army Medical Corps", as many did not vote for her personally, but "for the sister".

The experience gained whilst working for the extension of the admirable scheme of Women's Institutes has evidently not been driven out of her thoughts by her newer experiences of war-time service. According to a report in *The British Journal of Nursing*, she declares: "I shall work for the pension scheme for our soldiers, and I shall put my best efforts into plans for placing soldiers on the land when they return to Canada.

Miss MacAdams is one of the growing number of people who believe that there is a need in our Parliaments for the help of women, for the oft-repeated reason that while men are likely to think, to a great extent, in terms of money, women tend rather to think in terms of human life. But no one recognizes more clearly than she that "men and women have worked together and are still working together in this war for victory and . . . when peace comes, we must work together just as closely so as to make Canada a place where every willing man and woman—and their children—shall have a fair chance".



A NEW DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MR. FRANK D. MOORE, whose clinic was the most largely attended of all the clinics held in connection with the recent great Clinical Congress of Surgeons at Chicago, was reared on the sand dunes of Ballantrae, Ontario, where in winter he attended public school and in summer earned as much as twenty-five cents a

day working on the farm or in the local store. Sometimes the work included hauling produce to the railway station for shipment to Toronto. But all this time he was an inveterate reader. His favourite books were biographies of Napoleon, Lincoln, and Garfield. Impelling forces drove him to larger centres, and in various Canadian cities he worked at whatever was available, but always with a yearning for something better. The study of medicine became a possibility through his connection with a firm of pharmacutists, and towards that end he directed all his energies; in brief, he attended lectures and completed his course in medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago, and at the same time sold drugs to Chicago druggists. But drugs did not satisfy him. On graduating he received a fellowship in pathology in his alma mater, and then for several years, with eminent success, he practised medicine in Chicago. But, after all, he bent towards surgery. He went to Berlin and Vienna, and took post-graduate work at all the important hospitals of Europe, as well as at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, of Baltimore, the University of Chicago, and the New York Post-Graduate Hospital. He is a fellow of the American College of Surgeons, one of the professors of surgery and clinical surgery in the School of Medicine, University of Illinois, and a member also of the staff of University Hospital.



DR. FRANK D. MOORE



DR. CHARLES K. CLARKE

DR. CLARKE, PSYCHIATRIST

THE recent appointment of Horace L. Brittain, B.A., Ph.D., as temporary Superintendent on the staff of Toronto General Hospital, constitutes the sequel to the resignation which Dr. Charles Kirk Clarke, medical superintendent of the hospital, offered the Board of Directors in November of last year. This has never been accepted. On the contrary, after an economic survey has proved that he has administered the affairs of the institution at the lowest per capita cost of patients managed by any other hospital on the continent, of equal standards, he is relieved of those duties which he found most burdensome.

"I'm tired of being held responsible for the lost chicken," he said, half-drolly, on being questioned last year as to his reasons for retiring.

From the age of seventeen he has occupied responsible positions in the public service. When ready to go up to the University of Toronto from the high school in Elora he chose medi-

cine as a career and was invited by the illustrious Dr. Joseph Workman to join the staff as clinical assistant on the staff of what was then called the Provincial Lunatic Asylum (1974). After filling minor offices in similar institutions he accepted the superintendency of Rockwood Asylum for the Insane, at Kingston, Ontario, in 1885, at the age of twenty-eight. During twenty years of residence there he accomplished a remarkable work of reconstruction in developing his scientific theories and humanitarian ideals in the care and treatment of the insane. His ideas, in fact, and methods, which one appeared almost utopian, are to-day those commonly accepted throughout the civilized world in the treatment of the insane. He went to Europe in 1907 as Royal Commissioner to study and report on continental methods in psychiatry, returning with a deepened conviction of the vital importance of an early diagnosis in mental diseases, with a view to curative treatment. In 1909, while superintendent of the Provincial Hospital for the Insane, he opened a small psychiatric clinic in connection with the Toronto General Hospital. This beginning of his plans was successful, but brief, the building being demolished when the foundations of the new hospital were laid. In April, 1914, as medical superintendent, he revived this clinic in connection with the social service department of the hospital. The first, and as yet the only one of its kind in Canada, the clinic has developed to remarkable proportions, with the assistance of Dr. Clarence Hincks, who recently was appointed psychiatrist to the Board of Health. Its fame has circulated throughout Canada and patients are sent to it by many social organizations. More than 3,000 cases have been diagnosed and treated in this one clinic.

Dr. Clarke's services to medical education have been signal, also. In 1908 he was appointed Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of

Toronto in recognition of this fact, and in his time has been instrumental in extending the course from four to five years, and again to six, the last extension to take effect in 1918. The university is thus maintained in respect to medical education fully the peer of any in the world.

Dr. Clarke's professional achievements have by no means filled his life, which is rounded out with manifold and delightful interests, in the fine arts, particularly music, in which he is an accomplished amateur, and a widely-read critic; in studies in natural history, particularly ornithology to which he has made notable contributions; in athletics, in which his influence has been thoroughly wholesome and wide-reaching.

The Dean could never, even with fewer gifts, have belonged to the Bruhminical order in science or any other thing. He stands for all humanity, universally interested and universally interesting.

*

MISS GRACE BLACKBURN is a newspaper woman and a poetess, if that is not too much of a paradox, and among her admirers are many who regret that her work is given exclusively to a city daily. They would like to see her in a larger sphere. She writes editorials, travel sketches, dramatic criticism and verse. The Reverend Robert Norwood, himself a poet, accords Miss Blackburn first place in the Canadian poetic world. Her free verse has been the most appreciatively received, at least it has brought her the widest recognition. And hand-in-hand with her success as a writer, she has acquired an enviable reputation as a lecturer and an interpreter of her own work. Before several of the clubs in New York city and elsewhere, Miss Blackburn has recited her "Chant of the Woman", and always it has won her the sincere plaudits of her audiences. "Not for the poem itself," the author of it modestly tells you, "but for the cause it



MISS GRACE BLACKBURN

represents; your cause and my cause; the world's cause—the cause of the woman."

But "Christ in Flanders" is the favourite—among her literary children. A criticism of it in so small a space would savour of artistic impertinence, but the last few lines might be quoted as an example of the exquisite whole:

But the wound in her side, the deep, deep heart-wound
Is the wound of all wounding; slowly it bleeds far inward!
Feet, hands, side! Five wounds has the woman!
The Christ had none other.

Miss Grace Blackburn is one of several gifted sisters. She has travelled extensively and has looked upon the world with wide-open, keen-seeing eyes, and this breadth of vision shows in her work. That it makes her a



MRS. W. M. DAVIDSON

delightful companion and conversationalist goes without saying, and an afternoon spent in the Blackburn home is an afternoon to be appreciatively remembered. The atmosphere is different from that outside, different from the tiresome and common-place; yet it is not heavy with obvious learning and stilted high-browism. By no means! There is nothing there to appal the unlettered or crush merriment from the frivolous. One finds extreme simplicity and much entertainment. In fact, so great is the cleverness of the entire family that the visitor does not realize it, and leaves with a feeling of delightful self-satisfaction at having done so brilliantly. One is apt to overlook the circumstances that in that atmosphere one gathered many gems of thought with which to stud an otherwise sombre day.

A YOUNG CAMPAIGNER

DID you ever stop think what an important effect "ifs" have had upon your life? If you had not happened to look in that old box—and if you had not mislaid that particular paper—and if grandfather had not made that grotesque will!

Well, if a certain E. Haydon, of St. Thomas, Ontario, had not grasped courage in both hands and answered an advertisement in a Medicine Hat paper, and if E. Haydon's offer to fill the post of general reporter for that paper had not been accepted at long range by the editor, then the editor would not have fallen into a comatose state lasting several moments when a slip of a girl walked into his western office as claimant for the position. The editor had thought throughout the correspondence that "E. Haydon" was a man.

If the editor had not been very much in need of a general reporter perhaps the rest of this sketch might never have been written, but he did, and Ethel Haydon, who had been broken in to do almost any kind of work on the little St. Thomas paper, joined the staff. When she left it to take over the editorship of the woman's page of *The Morning Albertan* in Calgary, it was acknowledged that no one ever did the work better, if as well.

If Miss Ethel Haydon had not gone to Calgary, she perhaps would not have met the owner of that paper, and naturally she would not have married him. But she did both, and as Mrs. W. M. Davidson she did not lay her pen away in lavender with the wedding-veil. She continued to write. She was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Consumers' League, and she worked untiringly in connection with the Free Hospital Campaign which has been waged all over Alberta. But of greater interest was the part she played last year during the spring session of the Alberta Legislature. Mrs. Davidson

went to Edmonton to report the proceedings for her husband's paper. Her work, as usual, was so excellent as to attract attention, and being keenly alive to every possible source from which strength might be drawn, Premier Sifton asked Mrs. Davidson to do some campaign work for him. She consented and spoke in the interests of the Sifton Administration at Calgary and several other places, and it is especially noteworthy that although her husband was running for the Legislature, she did not introduce his cause, but confined herself to speaking on the good work accomplished by a progressive Government. Mrs. Davidson may be said to be the first woman in Alberta to campaign in the interests of the Provincial Legislature, with the exception of Mrs. McClung, whose work contained various elements of dissimilarity, and Mrs. McKinney, who spoke in her own interests.

*

Everybody along the street stops to look at Arthur Mark McElhinney when he shoots by in his unique little aero-sled. This vehicle is his own invention and was built entirely by him. Its mechanism is of the simplest, and its motor power is amazing. Sixty miles an hour is not its limit by any means.

Unlike many contrivances of somewhat similar nature, the aero-sled contains nothing in the way of teeth with which to grip the snow and ice. It skims along the surface on its three runners, with a powerful propeller high at the back, resembling that of an aeroplane. It is a much more satisfactory conveyance, says its inventor,



ARTHUR MARK McELHINNEY
And his Aerosled

than an auto-sled, of which many kinds have been built, notably for use in the different Polar expeditions.

Young Arthur McElhinney is not a mechanical novice. He has built numerous automobiles, one scarcely larger than a comfortable arm-chair, and he has sailed gaily about in many a boat of his own making.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE SOUL OF A BISHOP

By H. G. WELLS. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada.



OPENED this book at the place where "works by the same author" are noted. There was a pageful of them, all neatly arranged in their respective divisions by the publisher. I looked across the study table. "How does he do it?" I asked. "It's like a second Everyman's," was the response.

We don't like to say it. It sounds hackneyed. But it is true. Mr. Wells is writing too much. One imagines him sitting so many hours—regular hours—a day before a long-suffering typewriter, regularly handing out sheets to his secretary, who as regularly mails them to the publisher. It won't do. Not that a man might not write as many books as Mr. Wells writes and have them great; it has been done. But it is very doubtful if Mr. Wells can do it. It is doubtful if his peculiar type of genius can stand it. His genius is not quite rich enough.

All this apropos "The Soul of a Bishop".

The book has a kind of *thinness* about it. One has the sense in reading it that it was written in a vacuum. The bishop is without a local habitation, and the name, despite the fact that a name is given him and his industrial district, is described in a few phrases as well as any industrial district has ever been described in modern novel-writing. Everybody in the book speaks with far-away voices. It is all as attenuate as vapoury dreams

in cold impalpable places. This in Mr. Wells damns him. Because if not a modern of the moderns dealing with the realities of the world, the flesh, and the devil, he is nothing. Even when most free in his imaginings he has always been gloriously cluttered up with the earth. In this book then he comes near to a negative result. The visions of the bishop in the book, upon which so much of it seems made to turn, nauseate the twentieth-century mind. A religious experience that comes out of a vial containing a liquid that is honey golden against the light simply won't go with the modern. What in the world made Mr. Wells do it one cannot imagine. It ruins his book just at the point where it seems to touch achievement. The young doctor to whom the bishop goes in his mental and spiritual and physical (he has been longing for weeks for a cigarette) distress begins by giving the bishop a bit of philosophy that may well be the saving of the modern religious situation and—ends by being a benighted medicine man. The descent is so startling one wonders if one can possibly have missed a big reason for it. None being found, Wells seems convicted of a tremendous literary laziness in the making up of his plot, or of some mental lapse as unaccountable as those occurring when a strong keen brain suddenly weakens to entertain "notions" or illusion. If Mr. Wells has really had an "experience" in the department of the religious, as his book, "God the Invisible King", seems to indicate, one hopes that this which he makes the crux of his latest book is not suggestive of its nature.

But "The Soul of a Bishop" has a greatness beyond its failure. No one will read it without wondering about religion. Miriam's question, "Daddy, I know I'm stupid, but are we still Christians?" will stick.

It is as if Mr. Wells had just discovered religion—and this may indeed be the case; many modern men and women are living apparently very well without it—and, being of an observant and analytic turn, he discovers anomalies and compromises in the existing types of religions as they are organized. A Buddhist priest rings his bells, and an Anglican bishop droning his collects, yes, indeed, and a Methodist parson crossing his legs behind his pulpit and folding his hands and shutting his eyes in the "long prayer"—these all present their element for pity, ridicule and scorn. Mr. Wells is a copious dispenser of all three. But when he has done with the anomalies and compromises, and shams, it may be, of organized ecclesiastical religion, what does he do with religion? It is felt that Mr. Wells should do something. But he leaves his bishop strangely at a loss, talking nebulously with delirious gestures about God, or arguing within himself in a beautiful golden haze of words about "the Kingdom". This is no worse than the church at her worst, and much short of the church at her best.

The prophets achieved their ancient power through their elemental concreteness. Jesus had a precise indicativeness about Him that we have only evaded—and that by a hair's breadth—by turning the whole New Testament topsy-turvy and talking about "Eastern hyperbole" and "figurative language". H. G. Wells is naïve and delightful in his "God the Invisible King" when he by his obvious implications includes himself among the prophets. But he might better have made it priests. He is not, after all, concrete enough to be a great prophet. He is giving us, after all, in his latest book of his re-

ligion as the priest gives it, with mystification and indirection. He is eluding issues and shelving the problem. He knows with conviction much that is the matter with ecclesiastical religion—what man with his eyes open doesn't—but he knows, after all, with conviction not so very much that is well with religion.

And yet, to confound it, we like this Wells anyway. He ends his book with this paragraph. Reading it, can one help liking him after all, and paying him a tribute due to sincerity and forthmindedness, even if it is sometimes intermixed with what seems tawdry, and belonging to the tyro, if not the charlatan?

"So far as one can know God," he said presently. For awhile he remained frowning at the fire. Then he bent forward, turned out the gas, arose with the air of a man who relinquishes a difficult task. "One is limited," he said; "all one's ideas must fall within one's limitations. Faith is a sort of 'tour de force'. A feat of the imagination. For such things as we are. Naturally—naturally—one perceives it clearly only in rare moments. That alters nothing."

*

OTHERS

An anthology of the New Verse. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

OF all the volumes of so-called "free verse" this is the freest. It is edited by Alfred Keymborg, who is himself a poet of this new style, if the words "new" and "style" have in this instance any proper meaning. It is a volume of American verse, and to the hundreds of persons interested in free verse it should prove to be of unusual interest. It contains examples of many of the most widely-known exponents of free verse in America, among them Mary Aldis, Ezra Pound, Walter Conrad Arensburg. Skipwith Cannall, Mary Carolyn Davies, Douglas Goldring, Alice Groff, Orrick Johns, Hester Sainsbury, Carl Sandburg, Adolf Wolff, and a score of others. Mary Aldis has first place, with "The Sisters", which is about

four sisters who live together sewing
"on garments for the church sewing
society":

We never meet,
My three old sisters and I.
We never look into each other's eyes,
We never look into each other's souls,
Or if we do for a moment
We quickly begin to talk about the jam,
How much sugar to put and when.
We run away and hide like mice before
the light.
We are afraid to look into each other's
souls.
So we keep on sewing, sewing.

In "Olives" Orrick Johns has this
stanza:

Blue undershirts
Upon a line,
It is not necessary to say to you
Anything about it—
What they do,
What they might do . . . blue undershirts.

Skipwith Cannell considers things
that need cleansing when in "Ikons"
he places these lines::

I have been all wrong from the beginning.
I will re-create myself.
I will be right.

But I'm in too great haste to pluck liee
away.

And then Robert Carlton Brown
puts what one would hope is the last
touch:

Fly speak,
You are such a neat, tidy, unimportant
Little thing
That one hates to take offence
At sight of you,
Or mention of your name.
But you irritate me
With your polite little airs of decency,
Why don't you grow up
And be something?
Even a fly speak
Can aspire to be
A manure heap.

*

THE NEW JOAN

By KATHERINE HALE. Toronto: Mc-
Clelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

A BROCHURE of poems by this
gifted author always is welcome,
especially during the Christmas sea-
sons. Her "Gray Knitting" is recall-

ed by thousands of readers, and this,
her latest, is likely to prove even more
successful. The contents are songs
mostly of women's work, but there is
a "Christmas Song" for soldiers,
which begins,

Christmas! Is it merry?
"Smokes the bully-beef!"
Not one blood-red berry,
Not one holly-leaf,

and ends,

Though all earth be broken,
Two things live above,
These—God's ancient token—
Quiet stars—and Love.

Stars for life's last reaping,
Stars in heaven's bright dome,
Love for your safe-keeping,
Love to lead you home.

*

TWO GREAT ANNUALS

"The Boy's Own" and "The Girl's
Own". Toronto: Warwick Brothers
and Rutter.

MANY parents who always see that
"The Boy's Own Annual" is on
the list of Christmas supplies for the
home have overlooked the important
fact that there is a companion vol-
ume, "The Girl's Own Annual". The
first is too well-known to require any
commendation here, but a word might
be said for the other volume, which
is designed to instruct, interest and
amuse the girl who has not passed out
from her teens. It is quite as valu-
able as the volume for boys and quite
as desirable in every home where
there is a little daughter to appreci-
ate it.

*

COMPTES RENDUS

By J. Y. BUCHANAN. Toronto: J.
M. Dent and Sons.

HERE are found in one volume the
scientific observations and reason-
ings of one who has studied and ex-
perimented with natural phenomena
in many parts of the world. While it
is a scientific book, for scientists, it is
popular in style and can be read with

interest and profit by the average person. The first chapter treats of recent Antarctic exploration. Then follow papers on ice and brines, steam and brines, ice-grains in glaciers, ice and its natural history, solar radiation, eclipses, etc., with essays of a different character on "The Power of Great Britain", "And the House of Commons?", "Lord Milner and Imperial Scholarship", and "History in Handy Volumes".

*

THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR

Edited by Sidney Lanier. Abridged edition, with illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THESE inspiring tales, taken from Sir Thomas Mallory's history of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, are here charmingly told for boys by a charming and famous writer. For pure romance and chivalry nothing in the whole scope of English literature compares with these beautiful tales. The best of them, those of Arthur, Launcelot, Tristram, Gareth, Galahad, Percival, and the Holy Grail, are in this book, and the illustrations by N. C. Wyeth, all in colours, help to make a most attractive volume.

*

SONGS OF OUR MAPLE SAPLING

By ANNIE BETHUNE McDUGALD. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

MR. W. D. LIGTHALL, in a foreword to this brochure, says of "War Debt", which appeared first in *The Canadian Magazine*, that "Few poems of womanhood quite so moving have ever been written". The other two poems in the brochure are "Langemarek" and "St. Julien, April 22nd, 1915". Inspiring in theme and fine in rendition, these two poems excel the ordinary patriotic outburst. We quote the last stanza of "St. Julien":

Oh! dripping, blood red maple leaves!
The glory of your passing
Is as the glory of your native hills in
autumn,
Where your parent tree
Hath struck its roots deep into freedom's
soil,
And nourished by the dews of Empire,
Will bud, and bloom, and bring forth yet
more maple leaves,
To stain them red, in that age-long stream
That over hath dyed the path of liberty.

The cover design, maple trees fronting an open window, through which can be seen the wooden crosses of a soldiers' graveyard in France, is the work of Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey. The proceeds from the sale of this brochure will be given to the "Soldiers' Comfort Fund" of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, at Montreal.

*

THE LOST PRINCESS OF OZ

By FRANK BAUM. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS latest of the famous Oz books for children is the story of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the Princess of Oz, of the great and elaborate efforts that were made to find her, of the wonderful adventures that befell Dorothy, Betz Bobbin and Trot, the three girls who lived with the Princess in the palace, as well as the Patchwork Girl, Captain Bill, and many others. It is one other real contribution to the library of imaginative literature for children.

*

MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND

By GELETT BURGESS. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is the story, amusingly told, of a man who as "Mrs. Hope's Husband" is the life-partner of a celebrity, a woman who has been made famous by writing a popular novel. The husband, a successful attorney-at-law, bitterly but silently resents the attitude of indifference that everybody takes to him when his wife is about, and in order to regain his self-

respect and the respect of his wife, which is waning, writes a successful novel himself, but uses a nom de plume. His wife, never suspecting the author to be her husband, opens a correspondence, and the result is that she falls in love with "John Irons", a man she believes she never has seen. But when she does discover that "John Irons" is her husband she sees for the first time the virtues of her husband and falls madly in love with him.

*

BEYOND

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

HIGH BOHEMIA as it is known in London receives in this fine piece of fiction a mild castigation. The novel, apart from its revelation of the love affairs of "Gyp", herself the result of the love affair of a married English woman and a retired English officer, not her husband, draws a comparison of home life and Bohemia, much to the discredit of the latter. The plot, if such it can be called, is simple. As is characteristic of Galsworthy's work, there is no mystery, as mysteries go in novels, but the reader's interest is held by the personality of the actors and the attractiveness of a series of episodes. Gyp, living with her real father, after her mother and the man who supposed he was her father have died, has as an adopted daughter all that an indulgent and rich English gentleman could give her. She is not wilful, and although she has had many advantages, she knows but little of life, with the result that while she and her father are staying at Wiesbaden, she becomes seriously interested in a professional violinist named Gustave Fjorsen. After she returns to London Fjorsen follows her.

The spell which he has cast over her increases, and at length, contrary to her father's wishes, she marries him, although she really does not

know him. The marriage, like many of its kind, is bitterly disappointing. Her husband, like many celebrities, is brutally intolerant, and soon she and he engage in extremely unpleasant scenes. She discovers that she never really loved him, and that Bohemia, for which she had imagined she was destined, was not her natural habitat. Soon she falls actually in love with another man, but discovering him in the company of a pretty cousin, in suspicious circumstances, she accuses him of the worst that might have happened, disbelieves all avowals of innocence and declines all offers of reconciliation. Perhaps her experiences have hardened her. In any case the book reveals some of the absurd fancies that beset the unsophisticated and the pain that follows indulgence.

*

THE TRIAL OF SIR ROGER CASEMENT

Toronto: The Canada Law Book Company.

EVEN in these days a hanging in England for high treason is enough to make one stop and think. Sir Roger Casement was arrested by Irish police on the Kerry coast, near Tralee Bay, on April 16th, 1916, and on October 3rd of the same year he was hanged in Pentonville prison. In his case the law was carried out quickly and certainly, and yet the trial, reported as it is in this book, is of unusual interest and importance, not only to lawyers but to lay readers as well. For twenty-one years Casement was a romantic, even a mysterious figure, in the British consular service, and yet, although he was knighted by one King and de-knighted by another, almost nothing is known by the public about his private life or affairs. This book has to do only with his crime of high treason, his trial, and his appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal. It is based on the notes taken by the Government shorthand writers, and is verbatim, except the pas-

sages of a purely formal character. It has been read and approved by Viscount Reading, the Lord Chief Justice, who presided at the trial, and by his colleagues, Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Horridge, as well as by Mr. Justice Darling, who presided at the Court of Criminal Appeal.

*

MIXED COMPANY

By DOUGLAS D. KENNEDY. London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

HERE is a new kind of tramp story, or, rather, a new set of tramping experiences. Jack London, as a writer, took to the old-fashioned way of tramping—riding on the bumpers or on the roof if nothing better could be procured. But this tramp, being a student of human nature as well as a cripple, sets out, with the assistance of a friend who wheels him about in a chair, to fiddle his way into the hearts and pockets of the people he meets here and there all over England. It makes interesting and entertaining reading and gives one a new view of trampdom and pedlardom. It tends to bear out the claim in the foreword that it is a true narrative.

*

KING COAL

By UPTON SINCLAIR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IF it is still true that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, it is also a fact that the reading half is being provided with increasing opportunities for finding out. A book like Upton Sinclair's "King Coal" leaves little to the imagination. It gives a picture of the lives of the coal miners, in the closed coal camps, which bears truth upon the face of it; a sordid, dreadful truth, but a truth which, once known, is capable of infinite improvement. That these things are so, but that they need not be so, is the clear message of the book.

A young lad, Hal Warner, son of a

coal magnate, fresh from his college course in sociology, decides to see how theories work in practice, and goes into a coal camp as a tender of mules, and later as a "buddy"—the unskilled helper who assists the miner in loading up his coal. The conditions which he finds in these isolated and capital-governed camps form the material from which Mr. Sinclair has built up a strong story. It couldn't be a pleasant story, but it is intensely human and interesting, and above all it has an air of being quite unexaggerated and true. Its grim tragedy is lighted, as almost all human tragedies are, by gleams of humour, and by a very real hope that already these things are beginning to belong to the past. Light is being brought into the dark places, and even the coal barons will soon be unable to shut it out. Mr. Sinclair makes no secret of the fact that the struggle will be a long and bitter one. It is not only good laws that are needed. Many excellent and life-saving laws are already in existence, but what is wanted is the power and the spirit to see those laws enforced. When that is done, when the law-enforcers are no longer bought-men of the coal companies, many of these abuses will cease to exist. Then, such horrors as that of closing the mouth of a mine upon entombed miners and delaying their rescue for fear of a fire which may burn up some of the company's coal will become forever impossible. It is the conscience of the country which needs awakening, and few better ways can be thought of than the wide reading of a sincere and fair-minded book such as "King Coal".

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A CANADIAN TWILIGHT

By BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THESE poems of "war and of peace" are all their author, who was killed in action in France last May, was able in his brief literary in-



BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER
Author of "A Canadian Twilight"

terval to leave behind him. He had many marks of the real poet. After his sublimely pathetic poem "A Canadian Twilight" was published in *The Canadian Magazine* shortly after the beginning of the war, it was reprinted in newspapers all over the Dominion. It is a genuine poetic outpouring, and we find something of the same sure touch in other places throughout the volume, for instance, in the second sonnet of the sequence entitled "To Esther":

I thought to-day, how, long and long ago,
Upon the beach at Santa Barbara,
And in the marble moon-washed pergola,
And up the canyon pathways treading
slow,
We talked of England; and in words aglow
With the strange magic of that mighty
name
Planned how, as pilgrims to the shrine
of fame,

To our loved poets' England we would go.
Ah! happy dreams! but you will never
stray

On Wordsworth's hills, listen to Shelley's lark;

And I, who thought no sterner part to play
Than pupil-idler, go with naked sword—

Cry: "Take and use!"—to England
grim and stark,

Holding the pass 'gainst a barbarian
horde.

Among the many books of verse of recent publication here we find the real essence. We commend the book on its sheer merits. Two of the poems alone are worth its price, if a thing so vulgar can be considered where the muses dwell.

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THE BOY SCOUT

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Toronto:
The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a book of stories that make a direct appeal to boys. It includes a number of the author's famous tales, especially "The Boy Who Cried", "Blood Will Tell", "Gallegher", the immortal, and "The Bar Sinister", one of the most deservedly famous of all dog stories, including even "Rab". "Bob, Son of Battle". and "The Call of the Wild".

✱

—A number of volumes of new verse by Canadians are offering for the Christmas trade, some of which we should like to notice at greater length: "An Ode on the Canadian Soldier Who Fell at Ypres", by Warneford Moffatt, (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Company); "The Shell", bound so as to represent a shell, by A. C. Stewart (Toronto: William Briggs); "Heart of the Hills", by Albert Durrant Watson (Toronto: McClelland, Goodechild, and Stewart); "Songs from a Young Man's Land", by Clive Phillipps-Wolley (Toronto: Thomas Allen).



Photograph by Edith S. Watson

FOR HER SOLDIER BOY

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. L

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1918

No. 3 1



The S.S. "Porsanger", of 8,000 tons, the largest ocean going vessel ever built in Canada, being launched at the magnificent yard of the Canadian Vickers Limited, Montreal, Quebec.

An Ocean Merchant Marine

CANADA'S MIGHTIEST PROBLEM

BY J. W. NORCROSS



HE establishment of an ocean merchant marine is the most important domestic question before Canada to-day, for the continued prosperity of the Dominion will depend very large-

ly upon our ability to ship our products to the markets of the world. This we cannot do unless we have the ships, and it would seem that the only way we can be assured of them is to follow the example of the United States and build them ourselves.



The S.S. "Orleans", built at the plant of the Thor Iron Works, Toronto. An ocean going vessel of 4,000 tons deadweight capacity. She is now in commission.

The people of Canada must be awakened to the urgency of this problem, and to its vital bearing on the future prosperity and development of our country. The extraordinary business expansion of Canada in the past year or two has left us somewhat complacent perhaps as to the future. But we must remember that this expansion has been due wholly to our participation in the war on the side of the Allies, and is not a normal development. In three years' time we have become a lending instead of a borrowing nation, and our foreign trade balance sheet has turned tremendously in our favour. This happy condition might not have been effected in peace times in twenty years.

But what about the future? It is all very well to be optimistic, but facts are facts, and we cannot overlook them. Personally, I have always been a firm believer in the importance of foreign trade to the prosperity of any country, and I am one of those who is firmly convinced that Canada can de-

velop her export business to enormous proportions. But I realize only too well that such development can be possible only if she has the ships to carry that business. Now suppose the war were to end with Canada having made no attempt to establish a merchant marine of her own? What would happen? There would be a demand for tonnage such as the world had never known. Freight rates might be tremendously high, and the markets offering the best returns would get the ships. Ocean transportation in normal times is based on carriage of cargo in both directions; that is to say, the owner wants assurance that if he carries a cargo in one direction he will be able to get a return charter at an accessible point, and not have to run thousands of miles in ballast. Now, Canada's freight is mostly of the bulk variety, the class carried in peace times by the so-called tramp steamer. But an export trade in raw products never made any nation wealthy. We must supply transportation for our



MR. JOSEPH W. NORCROSS

Vice-President and Managing Director of the Canada Steamship Lines and Director of Ship Construction, Department of Naval Service, recognized as the Dominion's chief authority on Maritime affairs.



The Northern Navigation Liner, S.S. "Hamonic", built at Collingwood, Ont. Her graceful lines are a tribute to the skill of Great Lakes naval architects.

manufactures. We have a certain tonnage now, but only through grace of the Admiralty. This tonnage probably will not be available after the declaration of peace. Great Britain, through mines, submarines, and marine risks, is losing ships faster than she can build them, even with her yards working night and day to meet the demand. Out of a total tonnage of some 20 million, Great Britain will have lost at least five million tons through the agency of the submarine alone by the end of the current year. This will represent the result of only one year of submarine frightfulness, and will not take into account the losses in the first two and a half years of the war, when such mighty liners as the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic* were sunk. In making this statement, I am not attempting to predict what the net loss of British tonnage will be when the war is finally concluded, but merely wish to show how a depleted

tonnage will affect Canadian interests. Great Britain's foreign trade is world wide, and if she is to retain it she will have to bend every energy toward that end, and this in the face of the greatest competition the world has ever witnessed. In South America, for instance, where before the war Great Britain and Germany had a practical monopoly, the United States will be a sturdy competitor, for she has improved the past few years to splendid effect in that field. This will mean that to retain the trade of the southern half of this hemisphere, so important to her merchants, Great Britain will have to divert a large portion of her merchant fleet to South American waters. And the same condition will apply also to other countries, especially those supplying the raw materials for British mills, such as the United States and Australia.

What, then, will be the position of Canada? There will be a certain ton-

nage to the St. Lawrence, of course, but will the available freight tonnage especially that of the tramp character, to care for the mighty export business of the Dominion be forthcoming? For one, I do not think so.

That is why I think the Government of Canada has a profound duty to establish a merchant marine that will make the Canadian farmer and manufacturer independent to a degree at least of the foreign shipowner for the carriage of his products.

This merchant marine, in my opinion, should be built in Canadian yards—for we have yards in Canada sufficiently equipped to build a considerable fleet. This would not only supply work to the existing yards, whose wonderful development in the past two years has been due almost wholly to Admiralty requirements, but would afford a new field of endeavour to the manufacturers of munitions, and continued employment to

the thousands of skilled workers who have been very largely the product of that great war industry.

The vital need of the Canadian shipbuilding industry to-day is raw material. At the present time there are no steel mills in Canada for the manufacture of plates, channels, or angles, the reason being the total inability of the domestic steel industry to compete with his American competitor. The Dominion Iron & Steel Company did attempt to erect a plate mill at Sydney, but finding it absolutely impossible to make it a commercial success were compelled to sell it back to the United States. The product of that particular mill is now being sold in Canada. The workmen who made the product, however, are Pittsburghers, not Nova Scotians. How best a steel industry, to supplement the shipbuilding industry could be developed, I am not prepared to say, but any reasonable subvention would be justified.



The "W. Grant Morden", largest of all Canada's Bulk Freighters, the queen of the Canada Steamships Lines Fleet.



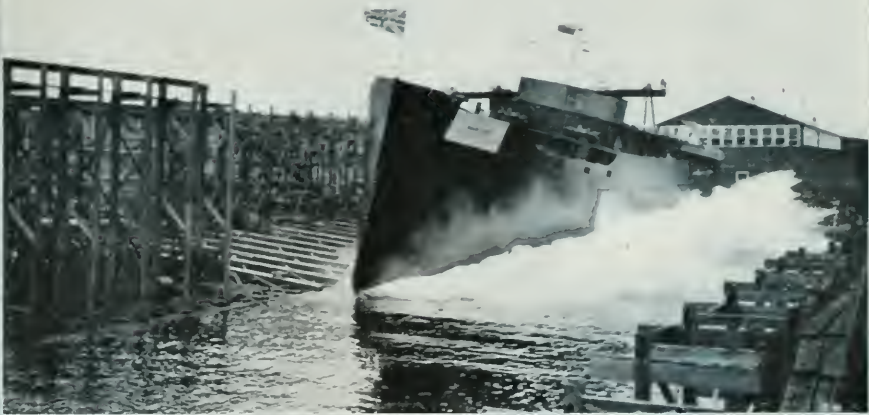
The "War Fish", built for the Imperial Munitions Board in the yard at Port Arthur, Ont.

Perhaps the most effective method would be to order a certain amount of material over a period of say ten years at a figure that would justify a fair profit on output and render the investment in such plants absolutely safe; meaning, in other words, that if a certain plant were not required after ten years it could be dismantled without financial loss to its builders.

The upbuilding of a Canadian merchant marine is both a national and an imperial obligation, and it is one, in my opinion, that the Government should waste no time to put into effect. This can best be done by the establishment of a commission along the lines of the National Shipping Board of the United States, which should be empowered to consider the merchant marine question in all its phases, to construct or purchase ships, and to do anything else that promised to rehabilitate the once important ocean marine of Canada. The ships constructed should be built on a programme that promised continuous activity to existing Canadian yards for at least ten years, and the fleet established,

whether by purchase or construction, should be capable of carrying at least sixty per cent. of the foreign trade requirements of the country, which is the percentage of British trade carried by British ships before the war.

Until the declaration of peace these ships should be operated under government control, when they should be sold to private interests at prices determined as equitable to all concerned. For public operation of ocean carriers has never proved practicable, and never will. The reasons for this are self-evident. Successful ship operation lies pretty much with the personnel of the company operating. Private enterprise will always reward talent, and talent will go always where its services will be most recognized, except, of course, in times like the present, when many of the biggest men in the various countries at war are lending their services to the public at great personal sacrifice. But in ordinary times big brains cannot be tempted by the moderate salaries that are paid to government officials. And the government of no country can pay



The "War Fish" taking the water.



The "J. H. G. Haggarty", of the Canada Steamship Lines big Freight Fleet, on the ways of the Collingwood Ship-building Company. She is an example of a modern bulk freighter. She was launched in 1914.



Shipbuilding activity at the Collingwood yard.

large salaries, as the people would not tolerate such a policy for an instant. Government operations of any character always deter private enterprise, as these operations can be carried on at a loss—another reason why the maritime nations have always preferred to encourage private enterprise by preference or subsidy instead of entering the field in their own behalf.

Why should the ships for the proposed Canadian merchant marine be built by the Government, when the conditions for shipbuilding at present are so favourable? will be, no doubt, a question that will occur to the layman who is uninformed as to the actual conditions. To understand the reason for this we must remember that the shipbuilder and the ship operator are entirely different people, just as distinct, in fact, as the builder of railway equipment and the operator of railways. The intrinsic value of a ship is not the value of the elements that have entered into her construction, but is governed wholly by the

earnings she makes on the investment. These are abnormal times, and call for emergency measures. Thus ship construction at present high rates, even though the prevailing high freight rates might seem to justify it, is in a sense speculative. It is impossible to predict for how long the charges on ocean freight will remain high after the war, but it is self-evident that even if there is not a sudden break in the market after the declaration of peace, there will be a gradual decline to pre-war levels, particularly if the struggle is prolonged to a date that will witness the consummation of the shipbuilding programme of the allied governments and of neutral nations, such, for instance, as Norway, which last year expended nearly \$200,000,000 in new tonnage and this year has an even more extensive programme.

Thus it is not fair to expect private builders to take such a great chance, especially considering the shortage of labour and material. Certainly, the Canadian owner is in no position to

finance ships without some guarantee, as he has neither the money nor the established business to make such an undertaking feasible.

A Canadian merchant marine, built and operated with government assistance, while primarily serving Canada, would be free to trade in any part of the world, thus adding to the wealth of the Dominion by drawing upon the resources of other lands. This fleet would in addition, of course, increase the material prosperity of the country by finding ready and profitable markets for Canadian products and importing the raw materials needed by the manufacturing industries as well as the so-called luxuries that contribute so much to make life worth living.

A merchant marine so developed would afford Canadian exporters a decided advantage in rates, as take the case of Japan, which besides retaining all its coastal privileges for the benefit of its own mercantile marine, is the

second nation in the matter of marine subsidization. Even with present high freight rates, Japanese ports have a 50 per cent. preference over Hongkong, Shanghai, and Manila. It is said, indeed, that because of national subsidization the merchants of Japan are enjoying pre-war rates, while the Philippine Islands and China are paying more than 100 per cent over the old schedules.

Another vitally important reason for the establishment of a merchant marine, and one apart altogether from commercial or mercenary motives, is the creation of a trained organization upon which Canada can draw for the personnel of the navy which, soon or late, she is bound to possess. The most serious problem in creating a navy, or for that matter a merchant marine, is to furnish the necessary complement of officers and men. In this regard Great Britain has been particularly fortunate, but her good fortune can be attributed solely to an unswerving



Joining a Great Lakes vessel at the Davie Shipbuilding Company's plant, at Lauzon, Levis, Que.



A part of Canada's fine inland waterways fleet, which should be supplemented by an ocean marine.

policy of interconnecting the two services. Thus in the present war we find that the fighting forces have had to draw very largely on the Naval Reserve of the mercantile fleets, and to the undying glory of the latter it can be said that they have acquitted themselves with the spirit and sacrifice that are the traditions of the service.

But the creation of an organization in Canada will be more difficult than in Great Britain, where seafaring is the recognized avocation for families whose forbears have followed it for centuries. It has been the experience of every nation that the greatest difficulty in establishing a merchant marine is to make the life sufficiently attractive to induce the youth of the nation to follow it as a profession. Going to sea means giving up all the pleasures and comforts of home, and to offset the loss of these the boy must be promised compensating advantages.

This condition is especially true of Canada, where the standard of living is very much higher than in any of the Old World countries and where the social distinctions are less defined. Such a plan has been adopted on the Great Lakes, with the result that at the present time nearly all the officers are Canadian born, where only a few years ago the large majority were foreign.

Viewed from whatever angle possible, the importance of a merchant marine to the development of a nation cannot be overestimated. The war has shown that no country can afford to depend on foreign carriers for the safety of its extraneous trade. Thousands of years of peace have proved beyond a doubt that the nations making the greatest development commercially have been those that have developed their mercantile interests. Cobden, the great English economist,

once said: "I shall begin to have hopes for Turkey when I find Turkish ships, built in Turkish dockyards, manned by Turkish seamen, navigated by Turkish officers, and laden with Turkish cargoes, sailing out of Turkish ports." In these days we do not like to point to Germany as an example for anything. But no thinking person can overlook Germany's wonderful record of commercial growth in the 25 years before the war. In 1890 three-fifths of all Germany's mercantile tonnage was built in Great Britain. Ten years later, through a far-sighted policy of benevolent consideration, the German yards were constructing all the tonnage required by German owners and catering to foreign business as well. In the same decade, too, British shipping through the Suez Canal decreased from nine million to seven million tons, while that of Germany grew from one and

a half to at least two million tons.

Before the war it was generally recognized that sea power would be the chief contributing factor to victory. That is why both Britain and Germany were working so feverishly on their naval equipment. But it was from the fighting ships that victory was expected, not the humble merchantman. And yet it is the peaceful cargo carrier that is playing the supreme part in the struggle, giving all due credit to the magnificent fighting ships that on constant vigil are holding the enemy at bay. In the war after the war, so called, the merchantman again will have to lead the van, and in my opinion the only countries that will have an even chance will be those who have the ships to send out on the trade routes of the world.

The establishment of a Canadian ocean merchant marine is a national opportunity and a national obligation.



The facilities at Montreal for Export are unsurpassed.

Canada and the United States

A HOPEFUL REVIEW OF PAST AND PRESENT RELATIONS

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

DEPUTY MINISTER OF EDUCATION FOR ONTARIO

IF the relations of Canada and the United States become more cordial in future, as they well may, the change must rest on a mutual understanding

clearer than any that has yet existed. Since the Peace of 1814 the two countries have been on fairly satisfactory terms. There have been disputes—some of them acrimonious and dangerous—but no bitter or lasting animosities. A small community situated beside a large one, cherishes its rights with exceeding jealousy. It is the privilege of power to be generous, the necessity of the weaker to be vigilant. The social friendship between the two peoples has for many years been sincere and undisturbed. Probably no two nations have ever maintained such close personal relations as have the United States and Canada without a political coalescence. But of this there is not the slightest sign; in fact, politically, the two nations are farther apart than they have been in the memory of any person now living. The differences between the two Government systems account for the political cleavage. But the political cleavage can and does exist and grow alongside a great and growing personal recognition of each other's worth, and what little estrangement yet remains, so think the men of the north-

ern zone, is due in large measure to erroneous views of their own history bred in the bone of the people of the United States.

"Anything but history," declared Walpole, "because history must be false," and there is no denying that from early times the youth of the United States were inspired by stories of the nation's foundation and development which were based on what could be very mildly described as a tissue of deliberate misinformation. Possibly the reason for the absence of truth in the writings of the early American historians was that at the times in which they wrote some dissatisfaction and disunion prevailed, and consequently it was necessary to stiffen the backs of the people. The conduct of Great Britain, both in the Revolutionary War, and in the war of 1812, was unduly censured, and her military achievements were ludicrously belittled. On the other hand, the achievements of the Americans during the same period were lauded to a degree which could only, sooner or later, bring about an inevitable reaction. This reaction has been a long time in coming, but it is undoubtedly here. Scholarship and talent are now applying the scientific method to the facts of United States history, and the old stories which lent fuel to the fire of so many orations and enthusiasm to sev-

eral generations of budding patriots are being modified before our eyes.

The truth began to be told long ago about the Loyalists. Writers like Taylor, Van Tyne, Frick, and Fiske set forth the other side of the case, and the authors of "The True Story of the American Revolution" and "Myths and Facts of the American Revolution" laid bare records which must have provided strange reading for those who were reared upon the inaccuracies of the Bancroft school. To the credit of many modern American writers of history they believe in the honest use of materials and ignore the English Whig tradition that the Mother Country was always in the wrong. It is to the history written by passion and prejudice that the famous dictum of Sir Robert Walpole applies.

The Great War has brought the United States face to face with realities, and among the duties of the crisis is to see how the past bears upon the present. The language of Senator Chamberlain (September 12th, 1917), in reporting adversely from the Committee of Military Affairs a bill which challenged the right of the United States to raise an army by means of compulsory service and to send it to fight in Europe, marks the change of view. The report states:

"There is a reason why the casual student of our military history has not grasped the inherent weakness of the militia or volunteer system in the wars which have been waged in the United States. For the most part the histories which have always been used as text-books in the schools have dwelt at length upon the splendid valour and the patriotism of the volunteers, making no distinction between the individual and the system which collectively he goes to make up. The Fourth of July orator and the demagogue alike discuss the individual and not the system. It sounds better and appeals to the pride of the average American audience to be told of the valour of their ancestors. But you will remember the storm of protest that was raised in the last campaign when a distinguished cabinet officer dared tell a part of the truth about the militia-man of the Revolution. Yet true it is that but for

the timely aid of France and the military instruction of Von Steuben and others, it is as certain as can be that the Revolution of 1776 would have resulted disastrously for the Colonies."

The candour of utterances like this will not be without effect. The American has much to correct and to unlearn. He is not the practical and sagacious man the world believes him to be if he tolerates the continuance in school text-books of exaggerated statements which lull him into false security at home and render him ridiculous abroad. The generous tributes to Canada and the Canadian Army which have appeared in American books, periodicals and newspapers during the war betoken a better comprehension of Canadian worth and of our pride in the British Empire. And it is a significant testimony to the broadness of the view of former American unpleasantnesses now taken in all parts of the Empire that few educated persons can imagine any other ending to the Revolution than that which actually occurred and would not have been perhaps more disastrous for Great Britain than for America.

That American text-books are responsible for much of the misunderstanding that still exists is a subject which has been carefully examined. A New York business man, struck by the enthusiasm for France in the United States and the absence of it for Great Britain during this war, has written a book embodying the results of a series of most painstaking researches,* into what American school text-books have been teaching for the last twenty years. Professor Shotwell of Columbia, who furnishes an introduction to the book, declares that the texts most in use exhibit a "very limited knowledge of the actual facts". There has, accordingly, been a distortion in perspective. Ancient uncriticized traditions have been perpetuated. Recent books show a marked improvement, but they have come too late to affect the genera-

*The American Revolution in Our School Text-books. By Charles Altschul. New York: Doran and Company.

tion which has to mould policy and fight the war. Ninety-three text-books were examined and the author finds in them "an incompleteness that makes for superficiality and prejudice, and that is responsible for an impression that is inaccurate, however correct the statement of narrow fact may be". The difficulty is one experienced in every day line: to convey the right impression where the narrative is abridged. The origin of the Republic necessarily creates some bias in the American mind and those who write the history of the separation between the Mother Country and her American colonies need not fail in patriotism because they see all the facts in a true perspective. When the leading minds of the Republic realize that a broader, more sympathetic treatment of a great theme is required in the interests of truth as well as of the United States itself the reform will come. No foreign protest can avail. If England and France had been fed for generations on narrow views of their centuries-long historic struggles they could not be allies in the present war.

An example of historical writing which may be verbally right, but may yet produce a wrong impression, is a recent treatise by Major John Bigelow.* The author frankly sets out to defend his country against intemperate attacks in certain English newspapers, charging the United States with persistently violating treaties, beginning with the Treaty of Peace in 1783. The tone of the work is historical. It would not be easy to place the finger upon a wilful misstatement. One example will serve for illustration. The treaty of 1783 promised that Congress should recommend to the several States the protection of the Loyalists as to their persons and property. This Congress did, but all the world knows how cruelly the Loyalists were treated. Major Bigelow argues that as Congress fulfilled the letter of its engagement this

article of the Treaty was not violated by the United States. Great Britain, he argues, did violate the treaty because she retained possession of the western posts, such as Niagara and Detroit. Such a technical view has not, however, dictated the verdict of posterity. Nor did it avail at the time if we accept the testimony of a witness not usually regarded as hostile to the United States. George Washington wrote to a member of Congress:

"It was impolitic and unfortunate, if not unjust, in those States to pass laws which by fair construction might be considered as infractions of the Treaty of Peace. Had we observed good faith and the western posts had been withheld from us by Great Britain we might have appealed to God and man for justice."

The reference to treaties, or parts of treaties, affecting Canada is incomplete and thus in striking a sort of balance sheet of money claims paid by one country to the other the author deprives himself of the advantage of the \$5,500,000 awarded by the Halifax Commission for illegal fishing. The author, one does not doubt, desires to be fair. But his general conclusion, or summing up, that both countries have violated several treaties and that the United States "has more than a safe balance of good faith to its credit" is not likely to pass unchallenged. It may be excellent special pleading, but it is not history and does not get us a step forward on the road to a better understanding.

There is no reason why the good feeling of Canada for the United States should not be stimulated by the war, and the sovereign remedy for international bickering is respect for each other's rights and absolute fair dealing. Sentiment, without these, will not help much. Time has removed the chief causes of ancient controversies. The future promises fair. A feud between London and Washington with Canada as the battleground has become unthinkable. The old boundary disputes, which fill the dreary pages of many state papers, should

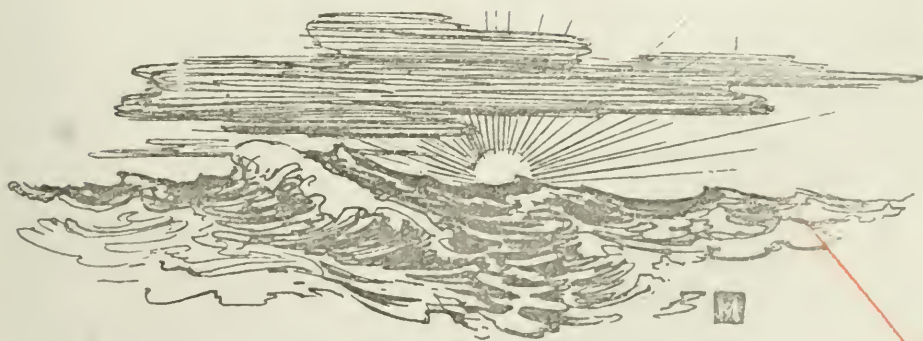
*Breaches of Anglo-American Treaties. By John Bigelow. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

trouble us no more since we know almost to an inch the limits of our territories. The Fisheries Question, which provided several generations of diplomatists with problems of various kinds, is practically settled. The extradition laws provide for the easy translation of miscreants who cross the boundary in the wrong direction. The bonding privilege, once termed a concession that might be suddenly withdrawn, is seen to be rich in mutual advantage. International agreements have grown into a mere matter of official routine, and secretaries can arrange in a day what Ministers of State vainly fought for during weeks of discussion and correspondence. A new era, in short, has dawned. But it is not the millennium, and as each age brings its own special problems and clothes us with fresh responsibilities the opportunities for misunderstandings and for ill-feeling may present themselves under another guise. War on a vast scale, however, has produced at least one permanent good. It has enlightened the people of the Republic as to the martial quality of their Canadian neighbours and it has reminded Canadians that fate and fortune have placed

them forever alongside one of the greatest powers of the world.

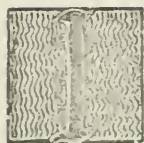
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Since the foregoing was written there comes the announcement that the National Board of Historic Service has been formed. This is a voluntary body and its membership includes some of the best known historical writers and professors of history in the United States. The board has received letters from teachers of history which show that its work is cut out for it. An Ohio professor wrote: "There are many intelligent people of this community who seem to have only a vague understanding of our purpose in the war. The feeling that it is a war to defend our property rights which have been invaded by Great Britain as well as by Germany is rather common and calls for a campaign of education." A Kentucky professor declared: "There is difficulty in making the people see that England's offence is not about equal to that of Germany. I daresay that the spirit of the American Revolution has remained in this mountain region longer than in some sections."



Why Do They Defame Us?

BY THE HONOURABLE CHARLES LANGELIER



IN the November issue of *The Canadian Magazine* there is an article by Mr. H. C. Hocken which is a libel on the Province of Quebec. Mr. Hocken falsifies history in order that he may represent Quebec in the worst colours.

I propose to establish the facts as they are in the light of history by invoking the testimony not of a French Canadian historian, but of an Englishman, Mr. Frank Basil Tracy, the author of a remarkable work, "The Tercentenary of Canada".

Mr. Hocken begins by recalling the Rebellion of 1837. He affirms that it was produced because the French Canadians, guided by Papineau and encouraged by Catholic clergy, wished to "shake off the yoke of Great Britain" and establish a republic. Now, those who are a little acquainted with our history know what were the causes of that rebellion. There then existed intolerable abuses: the public lands, the mines, the revenues of the country, all was the property of the Empire, which disposed of it at its discretion, sometimes to pay the debts of a too prodigal duke, sometimes to come to the help of a needy baronet. Treaties were made that were dismembering the provinces and endangering their future without consulting the people. Measures of the highest importance for the internal economy of the provinces were systematically ignored. Those who complained

against certain officers of the Crown were not listened to, or if they were sometimes heard, their complaints were unavailing, as the Ministers were not responsible. They held their appointment from the Crown and the people, with whose interests they were entrusted, were never consulted.

Such a state of affairs could not last. Men of courage and brave hearts rose up against such a revolting system; Howe in Nova Scotia, Wilmot in New Brunswick, Baldwin in Upper Canada, Papineau in Lower Canada, fought vigorously. They demanded that the people be given the control of local revenues; that the people have the right to appoint officers; in a word, they wished to have responsible Ministers to administer the affairs of the country.

That was their crime!

The wind of reform was blowing over the world at that time. The Revolution in France placed Louis Philippe on the throne; the Belgians were striving to gain their independence; Poland rose up against its tyrants; Italy was in the midst of civil war; England was abolishing slavery in her colonies, and repealing the Corn Laws. All the great movements of emancipation and liberty were felt amongst us.

But do not forget that the Rebellion of 1837 did not take place only in Quebec; it took place also in Upper Canada, where it was championed by William Lyon Mackenzie; and in our Province it was upheld by the

two Nelsons, who were the lieutenants of Papineau.

As long as the latter confined himself to a constitutional agitation, he received the aid of the Catholic clergy, who abandoned him as soon as he preached revolt. This is what I find written in black and white in Mr. Tracy's history, Vol. 3, p. 810:

"... He was assisted by Wolfred Nelson, an Englishman, who out-Papineaued Papineau in his attack on the British authorities. By this time the Roman Catholic Church's inactivity ceased, and it began to exercise its strong influence against sedition. This only infuriated Papineau the more, and he defied the Church and led many of the people with him."

The same historian in the same volume, at page 804, in speaking of the movement preconized by Papineau, says further:

"There was just one agency that could have stopped all this nonsense and put an end to all these fond dreams of independence. That was the Catholic Church. That Church had shown itself in crisis in the history of Canada under England to be loyal and wise in a crisis. So much to its credit."

And it is in the face of such facts consigned to impartial history that Mr. Hocken dares to affirm that the Catholic clergy made common cause with Papineau to "shake off the yoke of Great Britain"!

On the contrary, whenever the interests of England were in peril in our country, the Catholic clergy raised its voice to preach fidelity to the King of England. Thus, at the time of the American invasion of Canada, 1813, the clergy preached loyalty. It is again the historian Tracy who will furnish us with the proof in the second volume of his history, at page 597:

"The attitude of the Roman Catholic Bishop Brind undoubtedly did much to hold the habitants to some sort of loyalty or at least neutrality during the struggle. He had issued a mandement calling attention to the excellent government which the English had given the habitants, the liberality with which the practice of the Ro-

man Catholic religion was permitted, and their own participation in government, and he besought them to join in the attempt to repel the enemy."

Later, in 1807, when serious trouble threatened following the collision between the ships *Chesapeake* and *Leopard*, Administrator Dunn ordered the militia to hold itself in readiness. What did the Catholic clergy do then? It is the historian Tracy who speaks, Vol. 2, p. 689:

"The administrator, Dunn, ordered the militia to be held in readiness and the Roman Catholic Bishop issued a mandement which was full of loyalty and patriotic injunctions to the habitants."

It is not necessary to go so far back to prove the loyalty of the Catholic clergy. In the dark hours through which we are passing, His Eminence Cardinal Bégin, the Primate of the Church of Canada, has published an admirable pastoral letter, in which he recommends Catholics to do their duty by taking part in the war. Besides that, has he not done all in his power to help the Red Cross? Very recently, whilst passing through Halifax, did he not make a fine appeal in favour of this work?

Must one need recall to Mr. Hocken that they were his brother Orangemen who burned the Parliament Buildings in Montreal on the 25th of April, 1849, and assailed the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, with stones and rotten eggs, when he was getting into his carriage after having sanctioned the Indemnity Bill in favour of the victims of the trouble of 1837-38? Must one recall to him also that those who were guilty of these excesses were recruited among the elite of the English society of Montreal? All the English clubs to which Lord Elgin belonged struck off his name: the St. Andrew's Society pushed impropriety so far as to return the amount of his subscription. These same people began an agitation in favour of annexation with the United States.

According to Mr. Hocken the victory won by de Salaberry in 1873 signifies nothing; he looks upon it only as a "skirmish" without any importance. Nevertheless, de Salaberry repelled the invasion of 5,000 Americans, commanded by Hampton. By a skilful *m œuvre*, de Salaberry, who had only 300 soldiers under his command, succeeded in putting him to flight and saved the situation. Here is how the historian Tracy, in Vol. 2, p. 736, appreciates the event:

"The credit for this victory was claimed by Prevost himself, although he had nothing to do with it, and he so belittled the achievements of the men who really did bring it to pass that it was not for some years that the true facts were given and the real heroes of the affair, de Salaberry and McDonnell, received their reward. De Salaberry's part in the battle is especially worth noting, for it was the first victory won by the French Canadians for the British flag. It was a humiliating experience for the Americans to be tripped by any opposition force, and especially to be beaten and to be compelled to retreat by a force much inferior."

According to Mr. Hocken, one should judge of the success of a battle by the number of dead and not by the results produced by it. He treats de Salaberry's victory with disdain because only fifty dead were found upon the battlefield. Yet history brings to us across the centuries the famous exploit of the Thermopyles, where three hundred Spartans checked the advance of the formidable army of Xerxes! It tells us also of the celebrated battle of the Horaces and Curiaces, which determined the supremacy of Rome over the city of Alba. It was by the means of a *manœuvre*—Mr. Hocken may call it a skirmish—that the last of the Horaces, fleeing, drew after him the Curiaces who were following him, and, turning suddenly, he killed them one after the other, thus assuring the triumph of Rome. There only remained five dead on the field of battle and notwithstanding this small number, history does well by commemorating the battle!

Mr. Hocken says further:

"The French people in Canada, led by their priests, have taken advantage of every crisis in the affairs of this country to wrest special privileges from the Imperial Government and the Canadian Parliament."

I have shown already the fallacy of this stupid accusation by proving in the light of history that every time British interests were threatened in Canada the Catholic clergy intervened to preach loyalty to the French Canadians who would listen to their voice.

After the cession of the country to England we obtained the retention of our religion and our language. As our fathers had been the first civilized settlers in this country, as they had carried everywhere the torch of civilization, it was only just to leave them the rights and privileges that are dearest to a proud people. This is what the British authorities understood.

Mr. Hocken pretends that we have profited by the present war to emphasize our claims to teach the French language which they are trying to strangle in Ontario. The fact is that an important group of our countrymen has asked that an end be put to our intestinal divisions here as France and England have done in Europe in order to unite against the Germans. We only asked for our compatriots in Ontario the same rights and privileges which we grant to Protestants in Quebec. Many right-thinking Englishmen in the sister Province found the request just; but the Orangemen, dear to Mr. Hocken, furiously opposed any idea of conciliation. Here as in England they are and will remain a brand of discord, a permanent menace to public tranquillity.

Mr. Hocken settles the question peremptorily:

"These clerical leaders know that their claims for the use of French in the public schools of Ontario have no sanction or support in the British North America Act."

The thing is not so clear, as we are going to see.

In the month of August, 1866, there was a question of the enactment of an Education Bill, which had for its object the protection of the Protestant minority in Lower Canada. Sir John Macdonald opposed it and made the following important declaration:

"The dispositions of this bill form a part of the guarantees which are foreseen by the Act of Confederation, and all the laws on this subject in force when Confederation will be accomplished *can no longer thereafter be modified; otherwise every group (section) would be exposed to suffer grievances for the redress of which there would not be any remedy.*"—(J. H. Gray, "Confederation of Canada", Vol. 1, p. 366).

In the scheme of the Federal Act as originally drawn, clause 93, which provides for the maintenance of separate schools in each Province, did not exist; it was added in London while the scheme of the Act was being discussed. This clause 93 is very clear. It reads as follows:

"In and for each Province the Legislature will have exclusive power to make laws relating to education, subject to the following provisions:

"1. Nothing in such a law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege regarding separate schools that any class of persons possessed in a Province at the time of the union."

We find in this text of the law the thought which was expressed by Sir John Macdonald, namely, that after Confederation was established the laws concerning education which existed at that time could not thereafter be modified.

Now, what were the rights of the Catholic minority in Ontario? Did it have its separate schools? Was French taught in them?

From 1763 to 1841, that is to say, for three-quarters of a century, the French Canadians had full freedom to organize and direct their primary schools. In 1753, Abbés Hubert—who later became Bishop of Quebec—and Pothier taught French classes in

Essex to the Canadian descendants of La Mothe-Cadillac, the founder of Detroit. As far back as 1793 French was recognized as an *official language* in the Parliament of Ontario. The Act of Union consecrated for the minorities of the two Provinces of Quebec and Ontario the principle of the public separate school. In 1857 there were French schools in the counties of Kent and Essex. The 30th of May, 1855, the principle of separate schools received its royal sanction in a law called "The Taché Act". In 1863, at the instigation of the Honourable R. W. Scott, that organic law, "whose principal object," he said, "was to give to Catholic parents the right to instruct their children according to their own views", was again amended and passed by Parliament. It finally received its definite consecration in 1867 in articles 93 and 133 of the British North America Act.

These solemn guarantees are at this moment ignored to the detriment of our compatriots of Ontario, whilst we respect them in the Province of Quebec to the profit of Protestants. In speaking on this subject before the Canadian Club at Quebec, the Honourable Mr. Justice McCorkill, whose breadth of view is well known, said, in addressing himself to Sir Lomer Gouin: "If you did the same thing to the Protestants of this Province there would be a revolution."

The famous regulation 17 is simply the proscription of the French language in the schools. The thing can hardly be believed, but it is, nevertheless, true: the teaching of German is more favoured in the schools than is French!

This crying injustice did not prevent French Canadians from enlisting and doing their duty. If recruiting did not succeed well in this Province it is because recruiting officers were sent into the country places who could not speak a word of French, instead of entrusting with this duty men like General Lessard and Lieutenant-Colonel Pelletier, two

officers who possess the confidence of their compatriots. Moreover, in many cases our men deserted because their pay was stolen and their families were starving.

But there is a further reason: as I am writing these lines I see in *The Herald* of the 5th November that the new Minister of Militia himself, at a meeting held in Hamilton, has condemned the manner in which the Government carried on recruiting. He criticized the former policy.

"I felt then," said General Mewburn, "and I feel now that there were grave mistakes in our recruiting system. The splendid old regiments that had been the backbone of recruiting had not been allowed to keep their identity. Battalions had been sent out and split up into drafts. The result was thousands of surplus officers."

It is precisely in regard to this method that French Canadians complained. By thus splitting up the battalions, to spread them among other units, all enthusiasm and ambition were thereby taken away. There was only the 22nd which succeeded in maintaining its unity, thanks to the energetic and intelligent intervention of Major Asselin. We have also seen how it distinguished itself and brought honour to its race.

Here, then, is the explanation of the little success of recruiting among us.

Notwithstanding their opposition to the law of conscription, we note that French Canadians are submitting to the law. This is what *The Chronicle* (Quebec) said in its issue of the 3rd November:

"The returns from Quebec city yesterday showed a surprising increase in total registrations. The percentage of Quebec city registrations in respect of available population has hitherto been low. Recent returns have increased Quebec's percentage so much that the city now stands well up in the list. The minimum percentage of increase in Quebec yesterday was higher than in any district except Kingston."

This isn't too bad for the most French city in Canada!

Another serious grievance discovered by Mr. Hocken is that French Canadians take the liberty of going to live in Ontario. He sees in this fact a diabolical plot on the part of the Jesuits who would thus try to invade Ontario, a sister Province. Does he forget that the first men who put foot on that soil were French? When the English came later, the former did not dream of resenting the intrusion. According to Mr. Hocken, the French Canadians should not be allowed to cross the Ottawa River, and do you know why? It is because they are such a prolific race that before long *they would found a new Quebec!*

I do not know of the right being denied to the English to establish themselves in Quebec, and there having numerous children! Why should our race not have the same right in Ontario?

Mr. Hocken strengthens his assertion by saying that Sir Lomer Gouin roused the indignation of Ontario by having a law adopted in the session of 1916 which authorizes the school commissions to levy five per cent. on their revenues to help the French Canadians to fight the laws of Ontario. He qualifies such a law as *atrocious*.

Well, to calm the indignation of this brave Orangeman, let him permit me to tell him that what he says is absolutely untrue. He has only to consult the statutes of Quebec to be convinced that he has deceived his readers, that such a law does not exist. Yet another windmill which this modern Don Quixote can no longer assail!

A last word.

Here is another pearl that I find in the sympathetic article written in regard to us. It regards the supposed *ignorance* of our people:

"These ecclesiastical rulers of Quebec hold the fortunes of every Quebec man in that Province in the hollow of their hands. When the educated classes among the French Canadians exhibit this child-like obedience to the priests in the performance of their public duty, how can

we wonder at the docility of the habitant? His education is so sadly neglected that he is entirely ignorant of affairs, and his mental processes revolve around the subject of the barnyard."

These few lines contain as many falsehoods as words; they show that he who wrote is not at all conversant with what passes in the Province of Quebec.

Undoubtedly our public men entertain the greatest respect for the clergy; but to pretend that the clergy hold them in the hollow of their hands is a very different matter. The Catholic clergy for a long time was closely linked with the Conservative party. Things have changed much since then; a great number of priests belong to the Liberal party, and the episcopate itself has ceased to be hostile. It is not true either, except in what concerns religious matters, that the habitants blindly obey their curés. In 1896, notwithstanding the mandement of the bishops, notwithstanding the denunciations of a certain number of curés against Laurier, the latter achieved a brilliant victory. Later when there was a question of regulating the schools of Manitoba, what was Sir Wilfrid's attitude? This is how he expressed himself:

"Will it be said that occupying a position of this nature [recognized chief of the Liberal party] that I will be dictated to as to the line of conduct I should follow in this Parliament on account of reasons that commend themselves to the consciences of my Catholic colleagues, but do not commend themselves to the consciences of my Protestant colleagues? No, as long as I will occupy a seat in this House, as long as I occupy the post that I now occupy, every time it will be necessary for me to take a stand on any question whatever, I will take that stand, not from the point of view of Catholicism, not from the view of Protestantism, but I will take it for motives that can appeal to the consciences of all men, independently of their faith, for motives that appeal to all men who love justice, freedom and toleration."
—(Hansard, March 20th, 1896, p. 18).

Is that the language of a man who is under the domination of the clergy? No, it is the language of a great states-

man who stands above racial and religious prejudices.

It also shows plainly that our public men are not under the tutorage of the clergy in non-religious matters and that the habitants are not slaves as Mr. Hocken asserts.

In regard to education, the Province of Quebec need not envy Ontario. I am going to prove my assertion from figures taken from public documents.

According to the last report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, 1911—it is the last one I have at hand—the number of elementary schools was then 5,905, attended by 111,458 boys and 114,980 girls, making a total of 226,438 children; there are 676 model schools attended by 53,175 boys and 52,211 girls, which makes a total of 106,386; there are 223 academies attended by 24,483 boys and 31,816 girls, or a total of 56,299 pupils.

Apart from these schools, there are eleven normal schools, attended by 840 pupils, of whom 174 are boys and 676 girls; to these must be added eleven schools of practice, which are attended by 1,269 pupils, of whom 290 are boys and 979 girls.

Our classical colleges, which number nineteen, are attended by 7,140 boys.

We have also four universities, whose courses are followed by 2,793 boys and 341 girls, a total of 3,134 pupils; there are eleven arts and trades schools followed by 2,538 pupils; seventy-five night schools, followed by 5,265 boys and 563 girls, a total of 5,838; we have also four schools for deaf, dumb and blind, attended by 229 boys and 326 girls, a total of 555.

All these figures represent a grand total of 410,422 pupils who attend these various institutions.

Public instruction has assumed large proportions, due in great part to the grants made by the Government of Sir Lomer Gouin. In 1913-14 the budget of public instruction, which before was \$783,592, rose to

\$1,373,355, an increase of 260 per cent.

Many complaints were heard for a long time that there were no schools where our young men could be formed for any other than the liberal professions. The Gonin Government completed our educational system by establishing an engineering school; it created at the same time two technical schools, one in Quebec and the other in Montreal, which are attended by over 800 pupils.

French Canadians are descendants of a doughty and valiant race whom it is difficult to discourage. They cling to their language and they will maintain it in spite of the efforts that are made at the present in Ontario to wrest it from them. If that Province persists in its persecution of the French minority, it will be nailed to the pillory of history, without having succeeded in its design, because a race does not die. Such a situation cannot endure, and in a country as free as ours, the voice of 2,500,000 French Canadians will finally be heard!

The misunderstandings between Quebec and Ontario arise from our not knowing each other sufficiently; our neighbours do not understand French and do not wish to learn it. This prevents them from reading our newspapers, from learning our true mentality and keeping themselves posted on what is taking place in Quebec. We, on the other hand, are familiar enough with the English language to read English newspapers and keep in touch with what is transpiring in the sister Provinces. Why would they not do the same as we do? Why do they not visit our country places? If they would do so their unjust prejudices would disappear and harmony would reign between the two races whom Providence has placed side by side on this continent.

For a long time England and France were enemies, and to-day, after exchanging visits, after having become better acquainted, these two nations have contracted a friendship

which, cemented by their blood spilled on the battlefields, bids fair to be indissoluble. Why should not the same thing take place here? Each race possesses its own peculiar qualities and good only can result from their mutual contact. This is what was well said by Lord Dufferin when he was our Governor-General, in reply to an address presented to him by the Legislative Assembly:

"The reciprocal action of our national idiosyncrasies, said he, introduces into our existence a verdure, a freshness, a variety, a colour, an electric impulse which without it would be wanting; it would be a very unwise policy to try to cause them to disappear."

It was fidelity to our language which caused our wonderful development. This is what Louis Madelin, a noted French author, one day acknowledged when he wrote:

"That handful of French peasants, after 1763, without culture and without leaders, was going to be, it would seem, submerged by the Anglo-Saxon wave. Menaced by an inundation, agitated arms were extended toward France. France did not come; she could not. Then this people, this brave people, in order to resist the oncoming wave, fastened themselves to a rock; it was their language. The language saved the people and caused it to remain, to triumph. It is a great lesson."

This rock which saved us in the past will be our mainstay to the end; the assaults that are made on it will not be able to shake it.

War has cemented friendship between England and France. Why should not that same friendship be cemented between these two great races who inhabit this land of America?

In conclusion, I will offer for the meditation of our detractors the beautiful sentiments so admirably expressed in an article of *The London Times*, dated the 1st of October, 1914:

"Amidst so many sorrows, this war brings at least one joy: it has made us brothers, it has drawn English and French more closely together than two peoples were ever before united. After centuries of quarrels, behold there has sprung up between us a sort of millenium of friendship."

TO HIM

By MARGARET YANDES BRYAN

HE stood alone.
The cold, damp drizzle of a wintry day
Swept all about him.
Yet I saw him smile,
And saw him stay there,
Close beside the window full of Christmas toys.
And other children came and stood
And looked with eager eyes.
Yet they were pulled by hurrying hands away,
Each hoping in his heart on Christmas Day
That gun or drum would be upon his tree.
Still the boy gazed on;
And then there came to me
A longing to perhaps fill up that little heart with joy,
Because, you see, I, too, had been a boy,
Had stood out in the dusk, cold and alone,
Longing with aching heart for love and home.
So, thinking thus, I gently spoke to him.
"Nice toys," I said.
He looked up with a smile,
An eager, happy smile that made his face,
Much pinched and drawn with cold,
A welcome place for tired eyes to dwell.
And then as if for love of me, he said:
"Here, Mister, move in so you kin see."
I did, while he explained with winsome boyish art
The thought which lay the nearest to his heart.
"Them other kids, they all must go away;
But, mister, I kin stay and stay,
For mother's up in heaven, and, you see,
She sends the angels with these sights for me."
And then he smiled again and then was gone,
Vanished amid the hurrying busy crowd.
I started after, and again I seemed to see
That eager, happy face smile up at me,
And, somehow, I saw life as it should be.

Ah, little ragged boy! Where'er you go,
In this vast dream of ours,
Smile on! and thus within that heart of yours,
So fond and true,
May only mother's angels care for you.

The Last Trick in the Bag

BY BEATRICE REDPATH



THE crowd jostled her. A fat man breathing heavily from his exertions was pushing his way into the tent, and Sue wedged herself in closely behind him, taking a step forward each time he moved. Above the sound of the shuffling feet and the noise of laughter and exclamation Sue could hear the voice of the conjuror. She pushed forward eagerly, extending a solid elbow when someone threatened to usurp her place.

It was hot in the tent, for the sun had been blazing on it all day, and there was a nauseating smell of oranges, pop-corn and peanuts. But Sue was determined not to be foiled in her effort to see everything in the circus. She had looked forward to it for so long, with such anticipation; and, if anything, it exceeded her expectations. Now she stood lost in admiration before the lady in crimson tights who had galloped around the ring, standing on a white horse and kissing her hands to the spectators, while a tight-rope walker had held her spell-bound with fear and wonder.

At length some of those in the front row thinned out and Sue found herself standing directly before the little table on which the conjuror had laid out all the paraphernalia of his trade. He was a tall, thin man with hair slightly graying at his temples, and Sue, accustomed to the rustie inhabitants of Beansville, thought she had never seen anyone like him before.

"You see this handkerchief, ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, dan-

gling a bright red handkerchief before the interested spectators.

Sue stood watching him with eager eyes and flushed cheeks, exhibiting an animated interest in his performance, till he paused to smile at her with an appraising glance. She grew crimson, for he appeared to single her out for all his attention as if he were performing his tricks for her alone, while he was laughing lightly as though contemptuous of what he was doing.

There was the bowl of goldfish that appeared magically underneath the handkerchief; there was the rabbit pulled out by its long white ears from the dusty recesses of a dingy silk hat; there was the much-thumbed pack of cards; there were all the usual tricks of the trade; and although Sue had never seen anything like them before her interest in the tricks waned before her interest in the conjuror himself. He was so wholly unlike anyone she had ever known and she was fascinated by the cool brazen ease of the man. She was glad that she had worn her dress with the pink stripes, even though it had looked like rain, and she was glad that Joe had not brought her after all. At the time she had accused him of unkindness, she had even wept a few tears because he could not be persuaded to take an afternoon from his work to bring her to the circus.

"A woman looks fine going without her husband," she had complained with some bitterness—but now she was glad that he had stayed away.

Under cover of the general laughter as the conjuror performed a trick

with an especial deftness, he whispered a few words to her in praise of her prettiness, and Sue thrilled at his daring.

She left the tent with the remainder of the spectators when the performance was over, but she lingered just a little distance from the tent, for she felt sure that the conjuror would join her when he had packed away his things in readiness for the evening performance. She was amazed at herself, but it was as though he were a magnet attracting her—as though she were powerless to do otherwise. The dullness of her life, the utter monotony of the farm routine had never seemed so unbearable, and she felt as though she must snatch a little of the glamour of the circus for herself before the day was over. She recalled the lady in the crimson tights and she strove to imitate her little airs and graces, practising coquettish glances on an occasional passerby.

And in a few minutes the conjuror came out of the tent looking as though he were seeking someone, and then seeing her he immediately joined her as though they were old friends.

She found little to say to him, but she glanced often at him from under the broad brim of her hat, while he had plenty of conversation, if it was only to laugh at Beansville and its inhabitants. She felt as though he thoroughly despised the little village where she lived, and consequently she hated it the more. Her one fear was that she should appear ignorant and rustic, so she gave full vent to her scorn of everything with a bitterness that surprised him.

She could not help a rising feeling of envy for the life these people lived in contrast with her own on the farm where day followed day in monotonous order. It was so gay in the circus-tent, there was so much glamour, so much life and merriment, while the band played such pretty tunes.

"You can't be knowing what it is like to be dull," she complained with a pout, "Why I might as well be a

cabbage growing in a field as living all my life this ways with nothing to see. It's no life at all, and the neighbours about so dull. I be craving my eyes out some days with just the wishing to be away from it all."

The conjuror, if anything, was amused at the violence of her assertions, as he appeared amused at everything. His was a kindly mirth that saw reason for laughter in everything, even were the laughter to be turned on himself. Sue could not understand a laughter that was not three parts scorn. The inhabitants of Beansville were not inclined to merriment of this sort, they laughed mostly to depreciate, so to Sue his laughter struck at the very roots of her life, and in her sudden infatuation for the man she thoroughly despised all that she had ever known. For Joe—what was Joe but one of these rustics whom the conjuror was regarding with such merciless fun.

"You mean it?" he asked, now looking down at her flushed face and blonde prettiness with a smile to himself for her little affected ways. "You mean that you hate all this?"—with a wave of his hand that included a swampy meadow and a mild-looking horse browsing beside a fence.

Sue nodded her head energetically.

"I'm hating it so that I'm near dead with the hating of it," she responded.

The conjuror smiled.

"It's surely a pity to find yourself hating the world we live in," he said, "when there's so much to find pleasure in. Your husband, now. Are you hating him?"

"Yes, I am," snapped Sue, for the moment believing she meant it, in the light of his refusal to take her to the circus.

The conjuror shrugged his shoulders and whistled softly.

"That seems to be always the way with women," he said, "they must be hating what they've got. If they're free, they're all for getting tied up, and if they're tied up they're all for getting free. I've never taken much

stock in them myself, though I don't say but that I like a pretty face when I see one—till I see a prettier one. I like it so much that I'm near forgetting everything else."

He looked down at her in a way that brought the colour flying into Sue's face.

"Do you be liking mine?" she asked, striving to be bold, but with a sudden access of shyness.

"I think perhaps I do," said the conjuror, and with a light laugh he bent over and kissed her.

"You're a magician, aren't you?" said Sue, struggling to regain some of her composure. "You can do most anything you want to, I suppose?"

The conjuror laughed. Sue's mingled archness and naïveté puzzled and at the same time attracted him. That she assumed the naïveté he had no doubt, but she did it cleverly enough to make it attractive.

"I suppose, then," said Sue, "that you could take a gold coin from under your pillow every morning just by wishing it."

The conjuror laughed again heartily. She was certainly prettier and more charming with her childlike way of speaking than anything that he could have expected to find in the drab little village of Beansville. Farmer's wives in his experience were always represented by a checked apron, large feet and a general air of utility. But Sue's feet in her thick buckled shoes were small and well-shaped, and her dress with the pink stripes mocked at the very idea of usefulness.

"That's simple," he answered, and putting his arm around her he kissed her again.

"The circus goes on to-morrow at six o'clock," he said. "Now, suppose I were magician enough to take you along, what would you say?"

"Oh!" said Sue with a sigh, "If only you were," and her mouth drooped at the corners as she thought how dull life would be to-morrow—she had forgotten that life would relapse again into its old monotony.

"They're all the same," remarked the conjuror to the browsing horse as finally he watched Sue going slowly homeward, "every one of them after what they haven't got. A happy woman is as rare to find as a snowflake in June," and with a smile he lounged back in the direction of the circustents, which appeared like mushrooms of gigantic size rising out of the green fields. It was late when Sue arrived back at the farm, and she was trembling with excitement as she entered the lighted kitchen. She thought as she flung off her hat that the farmhouse had never appeared so crude and bare, for her mind was full of the conjuror and of all the flattery that he had whispered to her. If she was as pretty as he had said she was surely wasted on a farm hidden away where there was no one to tell her how pretty she was. Joe had never told her that her hair was like sunbeams, or—or any of the pretty things that the conjuror had said.

Joe, who was sitting smoking his pipe in front of the kitchen stove, looked up with a reproachful glance as she came in.

"I suppose that you're not thinking that a man's hungry after his day's work in the fields," he said with some degree of irritation, "that you must be out till this hour. And now I must be waiting till you go and take off your best things before you get the supper," he added, with a look of scorn for Sue's pink dress and her wide hat with the pink ribbons.

This was too much for Sue in her present state of mind. Her eyes blazed with anger.

"That's all you're ever thinking of," she stormed, "whether you get your supper on time. I suppose that's all a woman's for, just to see that you get fed. It's never of my enjoyment that you think so long as you're satisfied and not kept waiting. Well, I should have known better than to have married a common farmer. I was foolish for sure not to be looking higher—not to be marrying someone who

would be thinking more of me than that I was just here to get his meals."

The tears came into her eyes as she thought how little she was appreciated and how different it might have been if she had married someone like the conjuror. Joe, surprised by her sudden outburst, put down his pipe and got up rather awkwardly.

"There, there," he said, "I was surely forgetting all about the circus. I was a bit tired, and a man's bound to be hasty when he's hungry for his supper and kept waiting. Run along now and take off your pretty things and I'll set the table. The kettle's boiling already."

But Sue refused to be propitiated. She was angry, and she was determined to remain so, and she continued throughout the evening to treat Joe with an air of lofty disdain. She was sure that no woman had ever been quite so unhappy, and her life appeared inexpressably dreary and without interest after the glamour of the circus and in the light of the conjuror's attractions.

Long after Joe had fallen asleep she lay in the darkness with the tears wet on her cheeks as she ruminated on her unhappiness. Beyond the little village of Beansville the world was surely full of wonderful things, and she had so many more years of life stretching before her in which she might enjoy them. But in Beansville she would grow old without ever having lived, with lines appearing on her smooth face while the lustre left her hair.

All night Sue tossed restlessly on her pillow, and in the morning rose still aggrieved to prepare an early breakfast, as Joe had some business to transact in the next town and must make an early start. She still persisted in her anger against him and watched him drive off with a frown, refusing a parting word. Then slowly she went upstairs and took down her pink dress and her broad hat with the pink ribbons and slowly and determinedly she put them on. She

knew now that she had intended this all along—she was going with the conjuror!

The morning was fresh and sweet and dewy as Sue started off across the fields in the direction of the circus-tents. The sky was brilliantly, vividly blue, and the air seemed full of the song of birds, although there were no birds to be seen. It was as though the air itself was singing whilst the smell of early primroses came pleasant and sweet from the hedges. Sue's spirits bounded, and it was with a pleasant excitement that she ran across the fields, her shoes damp from the thick dew. As she came near the circus fields she saw that everything was noise and confusion, with people running hither and thither, and much shouting going on as wagon after wagon was loaded or tents were taken down. There was not much glamour here, and for a few moments Sue stood bewildered and wished that she had not come. No one paid any attention to her, they were all too busy to notice her, and she was just thinking that after all she had better turn back when she saw the conjuror leaning against a fence some distance off, a cigarette between his lips. He greeted her without any apparent surprise except with a slight lifting of his eyebrows.

"This is good of you," he said, "to come and see us off."

Sue felt the colour rushing into her cheeks, and she tried to keep up her head and not look embarrassed. It was harder than she had imagined.

"I'm coming with you," she announced defiantly. "I want to join the circus. I'm never going back to Joe."

The conjuror regarded her in silence while he blew the smoke from his cigarette in slow spirals.

"So that's it," he said slowly, "You're coming with me."

Sue looked at him from under the brim of her hat, smiling and blushing.

"Aren't you wanting me, after all?" she questioned.

The conjuror was silent for a moment, and then he laughed lightly and threw away his cigarette.

"Of course, I'm wanting you if that's how it is," he said, looking down at her till she blushed even more vividly, "I'm not one to be refusing a pretty face for a travelling companion."

They started in advance of the rest of the circus and Sue felt a trifle disappointed in his manner towards her, for she had been inclined to be very dramatic, and his careless good humour seemed scarcely suitable for an occasion of such solemn import. But the glamour of the life before her and the conjuror's attraction soon made her forget everything but how pleasant it was to be walking along the country roads in the sweet-smelling morning air with such a companion. He had so much to talk about, he made her laugh so constantly that she thought a lifetime spent with such a companion would be one of continuous happiness. She never questioned but that he was in love with her—had he not whispered words to her the evening before that had sent the colour flying into her cheeks—and had he not kissed her? She thrilled even now at the memory of those kisses.

They scarcely met anyone as they went along the road, only an occasional cart jogged past, going slowly in the ruts that seamed the road. Sue talked to him now quite naturally, forgetting to assume her little mannerisms of yesterday. She was as a thoughtless child out on a frolic, and as he listened to her, as he watched her, his manner underwent a subtle change.

The sun was hot and at times they stopped to rest under a tree that threw an inviting shade. He lying on his back with his arms under his head, while Sue crouched down on the soft moss beside him. It was pleasant there with the fields stretching away as far as the eyes could see, the fences dwindling to a mere line in the distance. But Sue did not care to look

at the fields, nor at the blue sky with its white fleece of clouds. Her eyes were tired of these—she wanted to hear him talk instead of the life of cities—of night made brighter than day by a thousand lights.

"Those like Joe are happy enough in the fields," she said with scorn, "but you are different. You'd hate it just like I do. Joe's only a common farmer. He don't know how dull it be for those whose tastes are different."

The conjuror was silent, staring up into the sky where the clouds were white foam spreading across the blue.

"You're a magician, you are," said Sue with pride, "That's different to being a farmer."

The conjuror sifted some pine needles between his fingers before he answered.

"I'm by way of being a poor sort of magician," he said at last. "I'm not working as much magic as your Joe is doing when he's simply planting a field. I can take a rabbit out of a hat—so long's I have the rabbit—but I couldn't put life into even a blade of grass. Your Joe is nearer being a magician than I am—Oh, life is not so dull," he went on more slowly, "life is not so dreary—it's what you bring to life that makes it what it is. It's like those that come to look at my tricks. Some come ready to scoff—others come to be amused—and they find amusement. And so it is with life. There's plenty to scoff at in life—but if you're happy yourself you'll find plenty to be happy about—if you're interested you'll find lots that's interesting—but if you're dull yourself—you'll find life dull. Oh, don't you see it's what we bring to life every time. Life itself is about the same for most of us. It's what we bring to life that makes it what it is."

Sue listened wide-eyed. She had never heard anyone talk like this before. In Beansville people accepted things without question or thought. If there was a bad harvest they grumbled and complained at the hardness of their life, and if there was a good

one they were thankful, but only considered it their due. The conjuror was opening up new vistas to her, but there was no longer between them the attitude of woman and lover. It was all gone—he did not even look at her with the eyes of yesterday—he did not seem to notice that she was pretty any more, and she wondered if he was disappointed in her. And now she glanced anxiously up at the sky, for thick dark clouds were rising in heavy banks and there was a low murmur of thunder that was coming nearer and nearer. Sue was afraid of thunderstorms. In the corner of the big kitchen there was a wide settle where she always went to hide her head beneath cushions in the advent of a storm. And here she was out in the open fields with no sign of shelter and the storm would break upon them in a few moments. She was ashamed to tell the conjuror of her fears, for he had grown so distant, so remote, as though he scarcely noticed her any more. He was not noticing the storm either, and now a few big drops splashed down on her thin dress and Sue shrank from them with a little shiver as she glanced at the angry sky.

She felt very frightened and lonely and more and more she longed for the comfortable homelike kitchen with Joe coming in with a laugh for her fears, but at the same time shutting the blinds to prevent her from seeing the lightning darting into the room. For now the rain was coming down in thin shining sheets, and the conjuror laughed as it trickled down his face.

"We get used to this sort of thing," he said. "I suppose you don't mind a bit of rain. Sometimes one is glad enough of it after a hot dusty day tramping the roads. Rain is a tenderer thing than sun, I think, as a woman's tears are tenderer than her smiles."

Sue could not tell him how she dreaded the crash of the thunder that seemed to come so close. She longed with her whole heart to go back, but

she feared his mocking laugh should she tell him that she had already changed her mind. Anyway, it was too late, for she was miles away from home, and terrible as it was to be out in the storm with the conjuror beside her, she could not think of being out in it alone—she did not even know the way back, and dusk was already creeping among the trees and along the hedges.

It was all so different from what she had thought when she had left her home so gaily that morning with the soft words of the conjuror still echoing in her ears. All her big romance had faded away into something quite despicable, and it seemed to be the conjuror himself who was showing it to her in that light. She walked with her eyes on the ground and occasionally a tear ran down her cheeks and mingled with the rain-drops. She wondered what Joe would be thinking when he came back to the empty house and found her gone, and with all her heart she wished herself there to fling her arms around him when he came in. And now she had done something irretrievable, and she could never go back to him.

All the time the conjuror was talking half to himself and half to her, Sue thought, although part of the time she was not even listening to what he was saying.

"Some say it's nature—and some call it spirit," he was saying, "but I call it the Great Conjuror—none of us can learn His tricks no matter how hard we try. Why, child, you say you've never seen anything so wonderful as the few cheap tricks I do to fool some simple rusties by. What about day and night—life and death—tricks, real tricks these, and having need to be done by the Master Conjuror. Oh, there are no end to the tricks He does every day before our eyes, and you never grow tired watching—you never know the next trick that He will take out of the bag to startle and amaze. Oh, child, you won't find the days dull if you just

keep watching the tricks that the Great Conjuror is doing. You won't think much of my cheap tricks then, and you won't think much of me either. I guess your Joe is more nearly in touch with the Great Conjuror than I am. I guess he can show you more than I can if you just ask him. I'm only a poor kind of conjuror with a bagful of tricks."

The rain had all cleared away now and the smell of the damp earth rose pleasantly, fragrantly, fresh. The hedges and trees dripped and drooped heavily, while the conjuror breathed the fresh air with a pleased satisfaction, but Sue's heart was heavier than before as she looked up at a few faint stars coming out in the sky. It was terrible what she had done, and now there was no help for it. She was here at night alone with this stranger—and Joe—oh, how she longed for Joe and his clumsy kindly ways!

"It's what's in a man's heart, not what's in his head that matters," the conjuror continued, "and I guess the man that is nearest to the great simple things has the best in his heart. You can't work out in the sun and smell the good earth and know the wind on your face and take up with evil thoughts."

It was Joe that he was showing her—Joe—now that she had lost him forever! She had never felt so lonely—so wretched—so ignorant of life.

"I didn't know at first," the conjuror said thoughtfully, "the kind you were. You had all the ways of a

different sort. But you're only a child crying out for the sun—and we don't get the sun, you know—we're not intended to. If we just catch a glimpse of it now and then that's all that's good for us."

Sue was sobbing now, her fingers covering her face.

"I think you've had your lesson," he said, "and there's one trick we conjurors don't do—we don't turn children into sorrowful women. But there's still one more trick I can do," he continued cheerfully, "the very last trick in the bag—if you cross that stile and yonder field you'll be at home in five minutes, and in time to cook your husband's supper."

Sue uncovered her face and looked about her in astonishment. There was the chimney of her own house with the smoke curling up in a thin spiral, and there was the top of the tall elm. The conjuror had led her back through the dusk while he had been talking—and she had thought herself miles away from home—he had led her back to her own door!

She was speechless in her sudden joy and relief, and in her embarrassment she found no words to say to him as he stood tall and silent and remote in the gathering dusk. With the tears still wet on her cheeks and with a little sob that was all relief she turned and ran in the direction he had pointed out, while the conjuror stood with a smile on his lips watching the last flicker of her dress in the dusk. Then with a careless shrug he turned back into the fields.





IN THE FOREST
By Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret

One of the French Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition

The Waitress at Santy

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



HE land boom struck Santy like a ninety-mile an hour cyclone. It came; it went. What had been a tiny hamlet with a long unpronounceable Spanish name—shortened into Santy by the cattleman—became a collection of the worst-looking board-and-batten shacks between Shasta and San Diego. Magnolia Avenue, with never a magnolia on it, exhibited a ridiculous schoolhouse, cold in winter and hot in summer, a church, a parsonage, two hotels and half a dozen saloons. After the epidemic, when values went headlong, most of these buildings were empty. One hotel, the Grand, kept open, because the fine white dust of the foothills makes cattlemen and sheepmen abnormally thirsty.

The Grand was run by an ex-faro dealer and general all-round sport. I have forgotten his patronymic, but we called him Nosey, not without reason. He mixed amazing cocktails out of whisky which was judiciously blended by himself down cellar. Nosey tended his own bar, played cards, cut hair, and was the tallest talker in the county.

"I'm a liar, and proud of it," he would say.

We sat at the feet of this Gamaliel and absorbed his cocktails and conversation. The odds were ten to one—and no takers—that Nosey could outtalk any man in our crowd. We admitted frankly that he had ideas.

The particular idea of advertising for a waitress was his.

"I'm going behind," he told us. "I'm losing big money, boys."

"Where you steal it?" asked Bud Noreross.

Nosey sighed.

"I stole it right enough. I mind me when I held up single-handed the San Clemente stage, and got away with fifty thousand in Treasury Bills."

Nobody believed this. So far as our limited experience went Nosey was reasonably honest. Nosey continued:

"I bought a pearl necklace with that bunch o' bills, a necklace, boys, which one o' the star-spangled Queens o' Song wears night and day."

"You must ha' made a hit with her majesty?"

"I did. But I hed ter give her the cold chuck. No man gits so fed up with wimmenfolk as I do. The best of 'em kinder sour on me. But wimmen, boys, has their uses. Slingin' hash now—"

We waited expectantly. Nosey pulled a paper from behind the bar.

"You seen this advertisement? It's a dandy."

"Yours, Nosey?"

"Mine, my son. Listen: *Wanted* immediate, a young spry, good-looking *Waitress* for first-class hotel in the country.' Wal, boys, I hate to stick a surprise into ye, but she's doo ter-day."

Bud breasted the bar.

"This is mine. We'll drink the lady's health right now. Come on up, all of ye."

The San Lorenzo Stage rolled into Santy about an hour later. By that time the health of the young-spry-good-looking waitress had been drunk with enthusiasm thrice. None of us, however, believed in the adjectives. But we were thrilled at the advent of any stranger in petticoats. Santy boasted a schoolma'am of years as uncertain as her temper. She handled her scholars masterfully and was a solid pillar of the County Temperance Association. Our cattle ponies shied at the sight of her. Some of the land boom settlers had brought wives and daughters to the foothills. Call them poor white trash, and have done with it. As Bud put it, the Santy stage was set for a star, and the question obtruded itself—did it carry one?

A column of dust appeared in the south-east, and half-a-dozen of us lit cigarettes as we ranged up in front of the hotel.

"Anything for me?" asked Nosey of the stage-driver.

"Inside passenger," replied the stage-driver.

A tall, slim young woman got out, carrying a large satchel. She wore a dust-proof veil and a long whitey-gray cloak. She addressed Nosey in a clear calm voice:

"Is this the Grand Hotel?"

Nosey replied in the affirmative. Bud said hastily:

"Lemme take yer grip?"

Hank Parkinson whispered to me: "One up on Bud."

"Wait," said I.

Bud's offer was ignored. Nosey led the way into the hotel, and the young woman followed in silence. Bud laughed. Hank murmured reflectively:

"Whar did the chicken git the axe?"

We went back to the bar. Presently Nosey appeared. His face indicated surprise and uneasiness. And

his voice, although too loud for genteel society, sank to a whisper.

"Boys," he said solemnly. "She's a peach, a winner."

"What's she won, Nosey? You?"

"Boys, I'm a liar if she ain't a lady—*quality*! Wimmen is, and allers will be, puzzles to me, but why she answered my leetle 'ad' bangs Banagher. Mebbe I worded it too slick. Wal, ye'll se her to-morrer all right."

We did.

In honour of the stranger we took dinner at the Grand. Mame—we were instructed to so address her—waited upon us. She was certainly very attractive and graceful. And her brown hair, so I noticed, was beautifully done. Obviously, also, she took care of her hands. To all our questions—we didn't ask many—she replied in monosyllables. She surveyed us calmly and derisively. It was a dull meal. Bud, the most enterprising of the company, made a bad break.

"Do you like Santy?" he asked our handmaiden.

"It's quiet," she replied demurely.

Bud winked at her.

"We kin whoop things up, if you say so," he assured her.

Mame's face remained impassive. Her eyes rested for a moment upon Bud's ingenious countenance. To our delight he blushed. Then she passed on, blandly indifferent. Hank, who had not read his Chateaubriand, gave us to understand that the discomfiture of his friend was not altogether displeasing to him.

After dinner Nosey commended our table manners.

"Barrin' Bud," he was kind enough to say, "ye behaved like perfect gen'lemen. Mame is high-toned. This ain't her stampin'-ground. But, by Jing! I reckon she means to take ahold and stay on. I suspcioned some that she'd pull stakes this mornin'. But I was mistook. Mebbe she's here for her health."

Bud hazarded another conjecture.

"Mebbe she's after a pearl neek-lace."

Nosey replied happily:

"She's a pearl is Mame, and it's up to me that she don't fall amongst swine. Hank, the parlour tricks you do with yer knife didn't amuse her any. When I seen Joe tuck his serviette into his pocket, I surmised that she winced. Hand it over, son!"

Joe produced the napkin and "set up" the drinks. Mame was toasted once again. Bud, who was my smartest cowboy, rode back to the ranch with me. He put adequately into words the question that was biting me:

"Say—what the hell's she doin' here?"

A fortnight passed. Being a slack time on the ranch we spent some agreeable hours in Santy at the Grand Hotel. One thing was certain. Mame, as waitress, developed into a stellar attraction of the first magnitude. She treated all and sundry alike with demure courtesy. She took the air in the company of the hotel cook, a melancholy and aged female. She refused pleasantly invitations to go "buggy-riding." But her reserve, when waiting upon us, gradually thawed. Let it be recorded, also, that imperceptibly she raised the tone of table talk. Under much provocation she corrected grammatical blunders with a smile that took the sting out of her admonitions. Hank and Bud became promising pupils. Each confided in me that he was the writhing victim of the grand passion. Bud broke out into poetry. Hank bought a Prince Albert coat, satin-lined. I do not affirm that Mame encouraged them, but she did not discourage them. Watching her closely, I cherished the conviction that they amused her. Moreover, they kept other aspirants at a distance.

About a week later, Nosey led me apart, and after exacting a pledge of

secrecy made an astounding announcement.

"Mame ain't what she appears to be. For two years I run a barber shop in Petaluma. I hold the quick-shavin' record, shaved sixty-three men under the hour, by Jing. Yes, sir, what I don't know about the barber business could be set down on a dime. Mame wears a wig."

"A wig?"

"A wig—one of the best, too. Good wigs run into big money. I reckon she must hev two. Yes'day I took a squint at her washin'. No frills, ye understand, but fine linen—a dead give-away."

"Meaning?"

"Mame is no waitress. She's in hidin'—sure!"

"None of our business."

"Yer dead right. That's why I told ye. I've bin in hidin' more'n onet. Thar's bin big rewards offered fer me. Yes, sir, I've bin wanted by half a dozen sheriffs—damn 'em! The pint is—air they wantin' Mame?"

"Your 'pint,' Nosey, is as big as a barrel. Two men, I know, are wanting Mame—Bud Norcross and Hank Parkinson. They want her so badly that there may be trouble."

"Pshaw! Is Mame wanted by the perlice?"

"Search me."

"It'd tickle me plum ter death ter fool the police. 'I've half a notion to give Mame a hint that way."

"Don't! If she is hiding, she's chosen a snug place. A hint from you might scare her out of it."

"Mebbe yer right."

After this confidential talk with Nosey I looked with ever-increasing interest and curiosity at our waitress. Her singular detachment had become explicable upon a hypothesis which in itself seemed incredible. The girls eyes were so honest. She carried a high hand. Her laugh had the sterling ring to it. Nosey, when I casually mentioned these things to him, pitied my ignorance and inexperience.

"When I played cards for a livin', I and I was a Jim Dandy at it, a down-and-outer, what made the suckers play with me? My honest face, by Jing! Mary's little lamb an' me ha' bin twins. Mame's face is her fortin' and I'm lookin' for her photograph in *The Police Gazette*. If I was twenty years younger, I'd want the purty sinner myself."

"Bud and Hank would make it lively for you."

"I'd eat them two galoots for breakfast and be hungry again by dinner-time."

I returned to the ranch a much worried man. During two years Hank and Bud had been devoted friends; now Mame stood between them. Santy was not big enough to hold my two best cowboys. They behaved like dogs growling over a bone. On the range they went different ways. About the barn and in the house they glared fiercely at each other. Each mocked the other, and yet each—with the colossal conceit which characterizes your true native son of the Golden West—believed that Mame was his for the asking.

But they didn't ask.

I wondered whether I could breathe a warning word into Mame's ear. In Santy, she had been the only person, male or female, who had treated me consistently with a rather chilling deference. I felt sure that my position as the owner of a large ranch had nothing to do with her attitude towards me. Her deference, if it could be really called that, was much more subtle. It involved the recognition of class distinctions. Had she been an Englishwoman I should have understood her perfectly. Always there was the difficulty of getting her alone.

Next day, I seized my first opportunity.

Nosey told me that the ancient cook was out for the afternoon, paying visits in Santy. Mame, I learned, was in the kitchen. I found her reading a book which she closed as I entered.

I saluted her gravely, and then plunged headlong.

"Mame, there's trouble at the ranch-house, and you're at the bottom of it."

"Am I?"

"Yes. Hank and Bud, good boys, are crazy about you. Loco! Bud writes poetry, and Hank hides himself in a prince Albert coat."

"I'll fix them. You leave it to me. They're nice boys. I'd hate to make trouble between them. Can't they keep the peace for a bit longer?"

"I don't know. That sort of trouble gets acute mighty quick."

"I'll watch out. Don't you worry!"

She looked at me pensively, with a faint smile curving her red lips. I was near enough to glance carelessly at her nice brown hair, always exquisitely arranged. If she wore a wig, it was certainly one of the best. I took my leave more puzzled than ever. Nosey was waiting for me in the bar.

"Any luck?"

I repeated the conversation. Nosey nodded.

"Playin' fer time, is she? Wal—that's a heap better'n doin' it. Say—I've a notion to give a ball. We'll hev a hog-killin' celebration."

"Are you a dancer, Nosey?"

"A dancer—me? I won the world's championship, when I was a kid. I danced for seventeen hours. I quit dancin' after that."

"Why?"

"Wal, sir, after I'd downed the other competitors, I noticed that my pardner was kinder limp and listless. I had to carry her to her seat, and a doctor got to work on her. He said that sh'd bin dead two hours. That's what made me quit. Now, about this yere ball: we'll dance in the dining-room, and hev supper in the bar. You scare up a big crowd."

"I wonder if Mame dances?"

"Does a cat eat sardines?"

*

The ball was a memorable affair.

Apart from what may be described as the crowning surprise at the end of it, to be related in due time, there was the gathering together of a very remarkable crowd. Our foothills harboured some desperate characters, cattle-thieves and the like, to whom the lure of the *fiesta* was irresistible. Tickets for one gentleman and his lady friend were sold at a dollar apiece. Nosey was not optimist enough to expect to make money out of the ball proper. A profit commensurate with the trouble taken would be gleaned at the bar.

Hank appeared in his Prince Albert. Bud wore a black morning coat of mine. In the West there is an inviolate law: no trouble before women. Cowboys left their "guns" at home. We averaged three cavaliers to one lady, but that made things livelier for the girls. A local fiddler, a sheep-herder, was instructed to do his best.

Mame, of course, was the Belle of the Ball. She wore a frock fashioned by herself out of cheese cloth. I never wish to take the floor with a lighter or better performer. She was kind enough to give me the first waltz. As we finished a young man entered the room, stood for an instant in the doorway, glanced round him, and then smiled. I thought he was smiling at me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Mame's face. She was very pale, and her eyes held an odd furtive expression. This vanished immediately, so quickly indeed that I thought I had been mistaken. The young man approached.

"Hello, Mary."

"Hello, Gene."

He put out his hand and grasped hers. I bowed and left them. As I did so I saw Bud staring hard at the stranger. Hank, just across the room, stared also. I turned to glance at our waitress. She was whispering to the stranger, as he stood smiling at her. They edged back out of the crowd. Bud came up to me and said hoarsely:

"Say, you know that guy?"

"I never saw him before," I said.

"Same here. I reckon to cut him out of the herd—pronto."

He approached Mame, and I had curiosity enough to follow him at a discreet distance. He claimed the next dance, and carried off Mame triumphantly. Hank looked disappointed. The stranger smiled, surveying the crowd with a somewhat derisive lift of his eyebrows. He might have come out of the hills, but he was not of them. I sized him up as a city clerk. By all odds he was the handsomest man in the room.

During the next two hours I was trying to determine whether a comedy or a tragedy was being played under my nose. Mame danced with many men, but after each dance she returned to the stranger. Nobody was surprised to see them supping together. Obviously, too, Bud and Hank had joined issues in the common desire to "out" a dangerous rival. I found them together, drinking Nosey's inflammatory cocktails. No supper for them! The boys were on the friendliest terms. Nosey was busy behind his bar. The suppertables were spread at the other end of the room, with a curtain discreetly hiding the bar from fair and censoring eyes. After supper the curtain could be taken down and the room given over to the men. Then, and not till then, those making or hunting trouble could count themselves free agents. At supper, each man waited upon himself and his partner.

I heard Bud say to Hank:

"I've a notion to borrow a gun from Nosey. This yere stranger may be heeled."

Hank replied mournfully:

"Nosey ain't the sport he useter be."

When they saw me, each affected a too boisterous hilarity. Somehow I felt sorry for the stranger.

After supper we had a treat. Mame and the stranger took the floor together. In those days, the two-step was almost unknown. One two-step

only figured upon the programme hung upon the wall behind the fiddler. He struck up a Sousa march. At once I knew that "Gene" was a professional dancer, as graceful as "Adonis" Dixey, and much of the same build. I knew also that this two-step had been promised to Bud when the programme was drawn up. Bud fancied himself as a dancer, and had told all the boys to be "around" when the two-step was played. Bud watched the gyrating pair, conscious of grins upon the faces of the "boys". Hank, however, was quite as angry as Bud. Mame had promised to eat supper with him. Under the circumstances, I thought it prudent to have a word with Nosey. I found him below, taking down the curtain. When I recited the facts, he whistled. I added carelessly:

"You were bragging about your dancing. You ought to see this fellow at it."

"I will," said Nosey. "You wait till I take a squint at him."

He hurried into the dancing-room, and was back in a jiffy with an unmistakable expression upon his face. In a moment of excitement, the man's nose would twitch. Hence, possibly, his nickname. It was twitching now. He took my arm.

"This thing is serious," he said hoarsely. "Do you know who Mame's huggin'?"

"I don't. They're old friends. This isn't the first time they've two-stepped together."

"It may be the last," replied Nosey.

"Oh, rot," I replied. "You and I can talk to the boys. Mame has let them down hard, but that clears the air between two old friends. It's our job to see that they don't pick a quarrel with this stranger."

Nosey's answer surprised me:

"I ain't worryin' about that. I've a notion to get a whiff of fresh air. We'll leave that curtain up a mite longer."

He went outside, where all the

horses were hitched to a double row of rails. When he came back his nose was still twitching.

"Go, git Hank and Bud—quick. Thar ain't a moment to lose."

I obeyed—wondering. Bud and Hank asked no questions. I fancy that they counted me in as a third party. Nosey had found an understudy to serve drinks. He beckoned us into the kitchen.

"Boys," he said to Hank and Bud, "Mame has double-crossed ye, ain't she?"

Bud answered grimly:

"The fun ain't over yet."

"Now, you two boys are sports. D'ye want to heap red hot coals on Mame's head? She ain't for either of ye. This is a big chance to git even with her in a big way."

"I ain't guessin' no riddles ter-night, old socks."

Nosey's voice sank to a melodramatic whisper. I can't remember whether or not he had been a world-famous actor.

"Boys, outside, under the big live oak, air the Sheriff o' this yere county and two deputies."

"Gee!"

"They're waitin' for them two-steppers. It's my idee that we kin fool 'em. The Lord jined husband an' wife, let not man put 'em asunder."

"Husband an' wife!"

"Counterfeiters, both of 'em. I was in the green goods business onct. These two air champions."

"Suffering Mike!"

"The San Antone Kid and his wife. They was both dancers. I'd hate to think that my dance landed 'em in the penitentiary."

We were stupefied into silence. I had read the story in the papers. Romance had tintured an otherwise sordid tale. The police had made sure of capturing the criminals, because they escaped together and were known to be devoted to each other. The wife was red-headed.

"What kin we do?" said Bud.

Nosey chuckled and blinked.

"That's big money in the way of reward. You boys kin git even that a way."

"You go to blazes."

"Nosey has a plan." I suggested.

"Yes, boys, I hev. Mame has two wigs. The Kid ain't overly big, and his face is as smooth as hers. The officers tracked him here. They don't know about Mame. Anyway, we must take that chance. If you two boys escorted two ladies down Mongolia Avenue, with the moon full on yer faces, I'd bet what's in the till ye'd fool that crowd under the live oak. They'll be watchin' the Kid's broncho. And," he looked hard at me, "the ranch-house ain't a mile away."

We nodded solemnly.

Nosey managed the details with consummate art. We three were as wax in his hands. The unwritten law helped us. The sheriff and his deputies had to consider popular opinion. To break up a pleasant party was against all precedent. They were con-

tent to wait till the guests dispersed. The Kid changed into the working dress of a waitress in his wife's room. Several couples, after supper, went for a stroll *au clair de la lune*. Nosey and I engaged the sheriff in conversation, assumming jocularly that they were after some of our cattle-lifting friends. I saw Bud and Hank come out of the hotel, each with an arm encircling his companion. Bud broke into song, as he passed us.

"I want yer, ma honey, yes I do."

The ladies were discreetly veiled.

Next day, when the Kid and his wife were over the hills and far away, I said to Bud and Hank:

"Which of you two boys walked with Mame?"

"I did," said Bud. "We spun a dollar about it. I squeezed Mame good and hard."

Hank snickered:

"Mame kissed me when I told her good-bye."

Nosey didn't advertise for another waitress.



The Unbidden Guest

BY BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS

DRAWING BY JOHN RUSSELL



SHAKING the snowflakes from his overcoat, Robert Standish burst into the kitchen with a sense of boyishness foreign to the customary air of dignity that accompanied his professorship. Throwing down the armful of evergreen that he swept with such triumph through the doorway, he flung off coat and cap, and, sweeping it up again in his long muscular arms, he carried it into the room that was part library, part living-room.

Dropping his bundle in a corner, he stooped over the rugged stone fireplace and lighted the fagots heaped upon the grate. Holding out his long thin hands to the blaze, he stood watching the flames, his lean, dark face with its clearly chiselled features stern in the flickering firelight. Then, turning, he lifted a log, silvery with its coating of bark, from the wicker basket and threw it into the blaze.

A sense of satisfaction glowed in his soul as the flames crackled merrily. He had gone into the depths of the bush to hunt this firewood. The Christmas hearth-fires at least should make merry.

Throwing the second log on the blaze, he leaned his elbow against the rugged stone of the fireplace, his tall, spare figure standing loosely, with a touch of relaxation in its attitude.

The sober, deep-set, gray eyes studied the mass of evergreen with its sprinkling of rose berries. He had

had a long tramp through the woods, hunting out the green stuff. But his heart had warmed to the exercise as it had not for many months. Jove! but that juniper vine had almost eluded him. He was glad that he had persevered until he found it.

With a sense of boyish abandonment of seriousness and learning, he had entered into preparations for this merry-making. Early in the day he had sent old Rachel—the woman from over the way who kept his cottage tidy and cooked his meals—into the city to buy the Christmas dinner.

Then, with a sudden sense of heaviness, his heart throbbed dully, the spirit of the boy deserting it and leaving in its place the hopelessness of age. Yes, he had made ready, yet he had no reason to believe that Enid would accept the invitation that he had sent her, asking her to spend the Christmastide with him.

He had written that letter with fiercely-pounding pulses, but not once had he breathed through it his tenderness for her nor the thought of reconciliation. He had penned a simple, cold, straightforward invitation. The mockery of it—inviting his wife to spend the Christmastide in her own home! He laughed harshly and bending, caught up the poker, probing the fire with fierceness.

If only he could have poured out the intensity of his love in that letter! If only he could have told her how intolerable life was without her

and that loneliness had taught him to understand just a little more of her nature. Brute that he had been, to expect such sobriety of her and to have demanded that she conform so strictly to his simplicity of living.

In an outburst of passion, such as had shaken his soul rudely, when first he found her, he had snatched her from the very lap of luxury. She had responded, and in defiance of the fury of her own people, had married him to accept his cottage as home.

If only her own people had cut her off, all might have gone well. But the cottage had swarmed with these over-dressed, money-idoled, pleasure-worshipping people, bemoaning the fate of their Enid, lavishing upon her their extravagance. And he had rebelled. He had not thought that his determination to shut all the gaudy splendour of the old life out from the cottage home could so hurt the girl-life. It was as though he had broken the heart of a child, taking away from her the glittering foolish toys that were shrivelling her soul.

He had thought she was made of sterner stuff. He had seen into the depths of her yearning soul, reaching out to nobler, bigger things in life than her people had known. And this yearning—the dearth of her winsomeness—had drawn him irresistibly to her. As he had sought out the wild, creeping things of the flower world and developed them, through his tireless study and experiment, to a hardier, richer growth, he had yearned to develop the mind and soul of Enid Carr.

But with the helpless flowers of the wild he had worked gradually, patiently, not with the abrupt pressure he had bent upon the will of the girl-wife. It had maddened him to know that he, alone, could not satisfy her; that she still craved glamour and excitement.

All on the impulse of the moment, he had decided the turning point. His wife *must* choose between her own people and—himself. She had chosen

and in the very hour of her choice had gone away from the cottage, riding with her brother Jules, in regal splendour, never turning her head from that luxuriously modelled car to look back at Robert Standish.

Ahead of her lay the glories of a summer camp, teeming with frolic. Behind her there was only the year-round cottage in the shabby, college town, with only an occasional day's tramp in the woods or a canoeing trip up to the rapids to break the monotony. She had made her choice and had returned to her own people.

If he had only poured out in the letter the loneliness of the months he had endured and craved her forgiveness for his hastiness in subjecting her so mercilessly to poverty—of dominating so brutishly her will and wrenching her from luxury and extravagance, he might have hoped for a response.

But he had not wanted her to come home for the Christmastide, because he wanted her so much, but because she, herself, wanted to come.

Why, it was only early last May that she had left the cottage, and never a word had he heard from her in all that time. Startled at the significance of the fact, he turned from the fire, pacing the floor restlessly.

If only he had been willing to accept her people along with her dear self in the beginning, he might gradually have led her into a knowledge of the beauty of simplicity—the abhorrence of superfluous riches.

What reason had he to hope that the Christmastide in his cottage would have appeal to Enid? A birch log fire in the rugged stone fireplace, a bit of evergreen hung in the library, and old Rachel cooking the Christmas dinner.

He laughed a harsh, mocking laugh as there flashed across his mental vision the Christmas he had spent with Enid's people two years ago. Lights and revelry! Splendour and sumptuous feasting! Guests crowding the great rooms, stifling with the per-

funne of hot-house bloom! Music and imported entertainers catering to the spirit of the merry-making mansion!

How he had loathed it all for the real Christmas spirit was lacking. In all that dazzling splendour, Enid—his love—had shone with lustrous purity as if she did not belong there.

Born as he had been to a knowledge of poverty and working his way to the goal of his ambitions—a professorship in botany—he had scorned over-indulgence. Enid had known no other life. And in his foolhardiness he had doubtless stamped out the desire that would have spurred her soul on to attain higher ideals.

Footsteps on the floor above aroused the man from his meditation and he paused again by the fireplace, listening. Old Rachel back from the city? But he had told her to stay there over night, that she might be the first at the market in the morning.

He raised his head suddenly, a flash of incredulity lighting his deepest eyes. The soft swish of skirts sounded on the stairway. He leaned forward eagerly, his heart pounding with the sweet mysteriousness of the moment.

A soft footfall in the reception-hall, then as the dull tan curtains parted, the blazing logs sputtered and threw a light over the room, dim with twilight.

It was the woman of his musing! The same queenly carriage, with the laughter glowing in her turquoise eyes and the gleam of lustre in her brown hair, coiled girlishly low. The soft, clinging gown of blue crêpe gave her height, and there was an added touch of womanliness that mystified him. And with it all the dear winsomeness of her that shook his soul.

"Enid!" he whispered brokenly, his arms instinctively reaching out toward her.

She laughed—a murmuring, silvery laugh—in response, but ignoring his outstretched arms, paused by the side of the deep leather chair, leaning against the arm.

"Robert—it—it was good of you to ask me to come," she began, the music of her voice sending the blood pulsing hot through his being.

"Good!" he muttered thickly, "it was good of you to come. I hardly dared hope for that. You see, the cottage is unchanged, and I have little merry-making to offer you."

"I was not thinking of that when I came," protested the woman, a shadow darkening her eyes, "I was not sure from your letter that you wanted me for myself—perhaps only to make your Christmas less lonely. There is something about the Christmastide that mocks us in our loneliness."

"Enid," broke in the man, hungering to take her in his arms, yet conscious of the restraint she forced upon him, "surely you understood me better than that. All these months I've been crying out for you. Sometimes I thought the call of my soul must reach you clearly."

A sudden illumination of the dear face and a tired little sigh, that involuntarily escaped her lips. "Perhaps I heard, but did not understand. You see, I was very young in the ways of the worth-while life," she whispered softly, adding, "So much has come into my life since I left you—"

"Years and years ago," the man breathed heavily.

"Only last May," the woman smiled wistfully. "I did not know what new interests might have come into your life. It seemed incredible that things should remain unchanged. You see that this is the first time you have asked me to come home—"

"But, surely, Enid, you knew it was your home to come to when you wished," protested the man hotly.

"You sent me out from the cottage," she responded, shaking her head, "you gave me my choice. In a moment, when I was conscious only of keen disappointment that you disapproved of my participating in the glories of the summer camp, you gave me my choice. I made it—hastily."

The man's groan interrupted and



Drawing by John Russell.

"Suddenly the woman raised her head, her eyes luminous with a mystical light."

he bowed his head in remorse as the woman continued her passionate outbreak. "But I was not sure that I wanted to come back until—until your letter came. Then I could not wait for the Christmas Eve. No, you see I came a day earlier."

Robert Standish raised his eyes, but as he met the glorious radiance of her face their sight blurred. There was a new charm to her womanliness that challenged him. Mysteriously sweet was her smile, as though she had lived through more years than he in their separation. Yet it were impossible that she could have suffered more. And she had come at his call. Suppose she had demanded that he go to her people's home and bring her back to the cottage?

Alluringly beautiful she stood by the deep armchair. Would she come no nearer to him? Within the glow of the firelight the man stood tense with wonder and hunger. Conscious of a stifled sigh, he raised his head, glancing sharply at the girl-wife. He caught a glimpse of her figure swaying slightly with fatigue. With a pretty impetuosity her arms reached out. He leaped across the room, catching the lithe figure in his man's strong arms, the fire of his throbbing, aching heart crushing her in a passionate embrace. Then drawing her toward the deep leather chair, he pulled her gently down until her cheek rested against his shoulder and his hot face bent to meet her lips.

"Oh, Robert—dearest—it has been so black! All those months without you were blank," murmured the woman, "there were days when I did not seem to care to live. Yes, they lavished every extravagance on me, thinking they would make me forget you. It was bitterness, but I learned to loathe luxury and I craved only—you!"

He could not answer, save with passionate caresses—the declaration of the tumult in his man's heart. Now, he understood why he had not poured out his entreaty for forgiveness in the

letter. He wanted to feel the pressure of her dear lips in the hour of his soul's outbreak. Then in the glory of twilight, with the flickering blaze of the birch logs shadowing the hallowed room, there was silence between them.

Suddenly the woman raised her head, her eyes luminous with a mystical light, her fingers trembling as she ruffed the man's shock of black hair with her old-time playfulness.

"Bobs, I forgot to tell you that I did not come alone. I brought a guest with me. He is upstairs in the guest-room—resting."

"Enid!" the man broke out, a discordant note in his voice, "but I asked only *you* to come. I—I suppose he is one of your own people."

"Yes, he is one of my people," she answered readily, slipping from his embrace, "you see, I did not know how things might stand between us. I thought if I brought this guest it might lessen the estrangement—"

"Enid, couldn't you trust me to give you only gladness this Christmastide?"

"I was not sure," she protested, a mocking smile in her blue eyes. "Besides, Ju—the guest I brought would not let me come without him. He would have rebelled most stormily against my coming here alone. You will give him a welcome, won't you? We have been so happy to-night, that I dare ask that you open your heart even to your unbidden guest."

She sat there looking at him, the luminous light of her eyes blinding his vision. The sweetness of appeal in her voice thrilled his being. He rose wearily from his chair, his hand brushing across his eyes.

"Bring him down. He may not appreciate the hospitality of my cottage this Christmastide. But it is open to him," he responded grimly, reluctantly.

With a laugh of sweet mysteriousness dominating her voice, she went out of the room toward the stairway.

calling back softly, "I believe he will love it."

Robert Standish moved slowly toward the fireplace, stretching out his hands in a gesture of helplessness.

Her people! and they could not leave them alone one Christmas even. Jules—she had mentioned his nickname Ju—the brother, altogether pompous in his over-indulgence, coarse in his garish splendour, with a mind warped through non-development.

Footsteps sounded on the stairway. He must steel himself for the inevitable. But no, the guest was still in the guest-room. Enid was coming down the stairway alone.

He raised his eyes to the curtains, eager for one brief moment alone with her, then catching a glimpse of the girl-wife, moving slowly, majestically into the library, a sudden thrill of passion submerged his soul.

There were tears in the woman's eyes, but the light on her face was of wondrous radiance, and in her arms, close to her breast, nestled a mysterious, wriggling bundle, all swathed in downy flannel. A little cooing, half-protesting cry from the bundle and Enid's cheek bent close to the baby face.

"Oh, Robert, isn't he wonderful?" she cried out joyously. "Oh, Bobs, even my people say that he is all Standish. And he just despises frills and luxuries. He's perfectly satisfied with his blessed old mother and a woolly blanket."

The girlish arms held out their burden toward the man, speechless, with his heart pounding so tumultuously, till it rested against his sleeve. Instinctively his arms reached out, drawing the baby form close to his heart in an ecstasy of embrace.

The woman, standing beside the man in the glow of the firelight, rested her cheek against the baby head, prattling sweet—joyously sweet—nothings.

"Oh, Junior, aren't we glad to get home to daddy? Just as if we should

not have known enough to come without him asking us! It was your seventh birthday wasn't it, little Boss, that blessed letter came. Your mammy didn't want to wait a day, but all those fussy old doctors just made us wait till you were three whole weeks old, babykins. No, your daddy didn't ask you to come home for Christmas, but Bobs Junior wasn't going to let his mother come without him."

A sob strangled the man: then, bending over, he thrust the babe back into the girlish arms.

"Let me look at him close to your heart again, dearest," he insisted, "it will seem more real. No, I can't believe it yet. It is too wonderful," he protested, his voice hollow with huskiness.

Sinking into the deep armchair, the girl-mother opened up the roll of flannel, releasing the pink toes that stretched out bewilderingly toward the firelight. Covering the tiny rosebud fingers with her kisses, Enid coaxed with a pretty entreaty:

"Just one smile for your daddy, Robert Standish, Junior, then off to bed you go. There's supper to get and all those beautiful, woodsy greens to hang up to-night."

Dropping on his knee, the man rested his rough, tanned cheek against the satiny cheek of the babe. Conscious of the woman's hand rumpling his hair, he turned his eyes, kindled with the light of adoration, toward her.

"The unbidden guest has all of my heart as well as the hospitality of the cottage," he laughed gladly.

"Bobs, dear, your letter only asked me for the Christmastide," protested the girl-mother. "We're waiting—little Bobs and I—to be asked to stay as long—as long—"

The man leaned forward eagerly, his arms reaching out and circling the mother and babe. For a long silent moment he knelt there, bowed beneath the sweet benediction of his wife and the little unbidden guest, who had come home to stay.

War Prices and War Thrift

AN ANALYSIS OF THE PURCHASING POWER OF THE DOLLAR

BY S. A. CUDMORE

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DURING the past fifteen or twenty years we in Canada, in common with the people of all other civilized countries, have been experiencing a world-wide rise in prices—a world-wide fall in the purchasing power of the dollar. To this phenomenon has been given the name “the diminishing dollar”. This decline in the purchasing power of the dollar has, for reasons which I shall discuss later, been going on with vastly greater rapidity since the outbreak of the war.

Many more or less successful attempts to explain this condition have been made by economists. The majority of them agree in the main with Professor Irving Fisher, who in his books, “The Purchasing Power of Money”, and “Why the Dollar is Shrinking”, advances the view that the world-wide rise in general prices which took place prior to the war was due to the great increase in the world's stock of gold. The world's supply of gold was between 1896 and 1914 increasing more rapidly than its stock of commodities. Consequently a certain fixed amount of gold, *e.g.*, the 23.22 grains of pure gold in the gold dollar, would not in 1914 exchange for the same quantity of commodities in general as it exchanged for twenty years before.

The question of the diminishing dollar, even before the war, was far from

being a merely academic one. All those persons who derived their support from fixed salaries or annuities or bond interest found their economic position gradually becoming worse. Their fixed incomes commanded in almost every year from 1896 to 1914 a smaller stock of commodities than in the previous year, and it is on commodities, not on gold, that one lives. Wage-earners were similarly affected, but they were usually able by strikes or negotiations or by the mere operation of the law of supply and demand to secure increased wages corresponding to the increased cost of living. The great industrial disturbances of the period, however, were largely due to the efforts of wage-earners to secure these wages, and might never have occurred if the purchasing power of money had remained relatively stationary.

The net decrease in the purchasing power of money before the war has been estimated by our Labour Department at Ottawa. According to its statistics based on the average prices of over two hundred commodities, articles which cost \$100 in 1899, cost \$135.50 in 1914, an increase of roughly one-third, or at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ per annum. Thus, the workingman who put \$100 into the bank at the beginning of one year and drew out \$103 at the beginning of the succeeding year was practically no better off for his saving. The articles which he

could have bought for \$100 at the beginning of one year, cost him \$102.50 at the beginning of the next. This is a phenomenon of infinite importance. When the purchasing power of the dollar is rapidly declining, it is usually from the individuals' point of view a mistake to save money. The interest which he earns on money saved is barely, if at all, sufficient to make up for the decline in the purchasing power of the principal sum. There is no doubt that this fact has contributed largely to the spread of spendthrift habits among our population.

Up to 1914, however, the decrease in the purchasing power of the dollar was comparatively slow and regular. Since the war began, it has been phenomenally and distressingly rapid, and the people with small fixed incomes have been exceedingly hard hit. Taking the figures from the September number of *The Labour Gazette*, I find that on the average commodities in general which cost wholesale \$100 in 1899 and \$136.30 in August, 1914, cost \$151.50 in August, 1915, \$180.70 in August 1916 and \$245.00 in August 1917.

This enormous rise in prices during the war is fundamentally different from the slow, steady increase of the ante-bellum period. Its cause is not an increase in the stock of gold, but a decrease in commodities due to the withdrawal from ordinary economic production of enormous numbers of men called to military service, or employed on the manufacture of munitions and other war supplies. Raw materials, too, are scarce and expensive, both because of the lessened labour force available for their production, and because of the enormous consumption occasioned by the war. The more rapid rise in prices during the past year is at least partly accounted for by the extraordinarily bad harvest of 1916 in North America and generally throughout the world.

The economic strain and stress produced by this abnormal rise in prices

has been terrific. People with salaries and fixed incomes have found their position worse every day; wage-earners, in spite of their patriotism, have found themselves forced to strike for a living wage. To some extent, the rise in the cost of food and clothing has been made up for by the fall in rents, but rents themselves, in our Eastern cities at all events, are now on the upgrade.

If this is to continue the future is dark indeed. The war is not ended and will not be ended for another year, perhaps for two. What is to become of us if the next year or two show as rapid increases in prices as the last? General scarcity and famine prices, complicated and increased by enormous taxation and labour disturbances of all kinds will be the only possible outcome if the rise in prices continues.

However, I believe that it will not continue.

With considerable diffidence I would venture to express the opinion that the rise in prices has well-nigh touched its limit. The enormous increase of nearly one-third in general prices since 1916 has been largely, if not mainly, due to the crop failure of that year. With a reasonably good harvest in 1917, with improved distribution and more economical consumption, it seems to me that any increase in rents, prices of metals, etc., will be offset by the drop in food prices. I believe that, whatever may happen to the price of individual commodities, general prices have nearly or quite reached their maximum.

This, if true, is a fact of great significance. From the individual's point of view, it has not "paid" to save money in 1914, or in 1915, or in 1916 in order to spend it in 1917. That money with its interest has not in 1917 the same purchasing power as the principal had in 1914 or 1915 or 1916. If, however, prices have reached their maximum and are likely to be soon on the down-grade, saving may well be encouraged. Saving, besides being a

highly patriotic duty, may be exceedingly profitable to the saver.

How will this happen? Supposing that 1918 or the early part of 1919 sees the end of the war, 1920 will witness the beginning of a return to normal peace-time conditions. The millions of men who have been fighting, the other millions now employed in making munitions, will once more become producers. Many of the women who have taken the men's places will doubtless remain permanently in industry and will in part make up for those who have been killed and disabled. Production will go on with greater efficiency than ever before, for our manufacturers as well as those of other countries have learned a great deal during the war.

The result of this will be that the present war-time scarcity of commodities will no longer exist. The main cause of high war-time prices will have passed away and prices will accordingly fall, and fall very considerably. They will not, so far as I can see, again fall to their 1913 peace-time level, since the increasing stock of gold will probably continue to diminish the purchasing power of the gold dollar. Besides this, the taxation necessary to meet the interest on war-debt will generally increase the cost of producing commodities of all kinds. Allowing for the fall in the purchasing power of gold and for war taxation, the probable price of general commodities which cost \$136.30 in 1913 will be somewhere between \$150 and \$180, or let us say \$160 as an average, for the sake of simplicity, and base our future calculations upon it. This means that goods which in August 1917 cost \$245 will in 1920 cost \$160—that goods which now cost \$1.00 will then cost only 65 $\frac{1}{3}$ cents.

Supposing this to be fairly accurate,

what follows? Briefly this: that just as in former years it did not "pay" the salaried man or the workman to save on account of the increase of general prices, now it is going to pay them exceedingly well to save on account of the prospective fall of general prices. The workman who pays \$86 for a \$100 war bond will probably find that his \$100 in 1920 will buy him as much as \$150 will buy him now.

Nominally, indeed, the worker who to-day invests \$86 in a war certificate to receive \$100 in 1920, is earning about five per cent. per annum on his money. Really and actually the worker who instead of spending his money saves it and invests it in a war bond will, if my calculations are even approximately correct, receive in 1920 in interest and in increased purchasing power from twenty to twenty-five per cent. per annum for the three years' use of his money.

Similarly, those who are able to invest more largely in the Dominion war loan will, especially if they re-invest their interest, receive a bountiful reward for their thrift when the war is over and the after-war decline in prices has once set in.

Thus, though saving at the present time may be for many of us exceedingly hard in view of the high prices, yet if we persevere in our efforts and do save we are certain to reap a rich reward. There has never been a time in the history of the world when saving was more desirable and in consequence there has never been a time when saving is likely to be more amply rewarded. The reward consists not solely, not even mainly, in the money paid to the saver as interest, but in the increased purchasing power of the dollars which constitute the principal saved and invested.





HARBOUR OF ST. IVES

By Harry Britton

One of the Canadian Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition

"Gas"

BY HARRIS MERTON LYON



R. ALPHONSO QUINTUS PABST was breathing duleetly into the telephone: "Yes, Sammy. Yes. Two for to-night at the Garrick. If you'll be so kind. Nice little show, ain't it? Yes. Yes. Mrs. P. sends her regards and said last night she'd like to see it. Yes. Well, I didn't promise her; I said I'd see you about it to-day. Glad the houses are so good. Yes. Well, I'm—yes, I know how they *must* be running after you for passes. It's awfully kind of you to take care of me. Anything I can do to return the favour—you know. And the wife will thank you personally. Oh, you won't be on the door. I—yes, yes—I get 'em at the box office? Oh, *thanks!* Just step up to the box office and ask for them. All right; all right. Say—that was a peach of a story you had in the papers this morning. Honest. Don't want to swell your head or anything like that, Sammy, but—yes—but that's the best stunt that's been pulled in this little old town for years. Congratulations. Congratulations. Well, er—good-bye."

Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pabst put down the receiver with a slow exhaust of bottled-up breath through his lips. The little old town was New York. The telephonic process just described is known as "humming theatre tickets". You do a four-dollar favour for a press agent and then you try your best to extract four hundred dollars' worth of theatre tickets in

return for the favour. It requires much duleet breath and flattery, and not everybody can do it. But Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pabst could. Mr. Pabst knew how to play the New York game, which is the epitome of the American game. When you expel air from your lungs it is carbon dioxide gas. Mr. Pabst knew the value of gas in, as the Fourth of July gasmen say, "these" United States.

Mr. Pabst was not generally known by his full and resounding and dignified name, Alphonso Quintus Pabst. He was, as a rule, addressed in a genial way as "Pud"—Pud Pabst. This was because he appeared in earthly form as a pleasant, fat young person with a beaming, moony face as full as a cheese and supported by a comfortable, well-fed extra chin. Mr. Pabst was comfortably ballasted with flesh for a man only thirty-two years old. He was comfortably garbed in decent garments and his life lay along pleasant, easy, humming ways; there was so much oil in Mr. Pabst that his ways were bound to be smooth.

Mr. Pabst, being plump and genial, smoked cigarettes. A cigarette looked exceedingly well in his rotund visage: a cigar would have looked slightly incongruous. He now drew out a box of eleven-cent cigarettes and lit one, inhaled a breath, blew it slowly through his nose and along with the smoke he blew a remark to the office boy: "If Mr. Biddle comes in, tell him I have gone out to lunch and

won't be back this afternoon." Mr. Pabst "rented" office space from Mr. Biddle. The quotation marks are there to show that he never, never paid the rent.

In ample, leisurely fashion Mr. Pabst permitted the elevator to carry him down to the street, and here he paused. He was wondering whether he should go north on Broadway to the chop house or south on Broadway to the rathskeller. Somebody had to pay for Mr. Pabst's lunch. His luck stood better in the rathskeller.

Before he got to his destination, however, he met another—I was going to say Mr. Pabst, but this person was thin and small and very jerky and nervous and important. Not that Mr. Pabst was not important, but that this was another sort of importance: this was the too voluble importance of a man not as comfortably ballasted as was Mr. Pabst. The thin little man told how he had landed a big story that morning which would net him eighty dollars before he was through with it. Then he rapidly borrowed a cigarette. Then he asked Mr. Pabst to come have lunch with him. It is only due to Mr. Pabst's insight and knowledge of men that we should chronicle the fact that he wagged his head and declined the invitation.

"I have another engagement," said Mr. Pabst.

You see, neither of them had any money. By some occult process, they neither of them ever had any money, and yet continued this miraculous terrestrial career day by day without famishing and vanishing into thin air. Instead, it was their breath which vanished, in a continual stream, into the thin air—their carbon dioxide gas.

Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pud Pabst was a tipster; not on the races, not on the stock market. He was simply a newspaper reporter who had ceased, for several malicious reasons, to report. That is, Mr. Pabst said they were malicious reasons when he spoke of them at all; but he rarely spoke

of them. And now his function in life was to pick up the skeletons of good "stories", choice morsels of news, of sensation, of what for a better word let us call ultra-fact, and sell these bare bones in Park Row to cormorant city editors. He circulated about the town and listened to gossip. In the gossip occasionally he would detect something which would look well in printer's ink. He would go to a telephone and send in this "tip" to a newspaper and the newspaper would put a reporter on the case to investigate it. The reporter would find either that it was or was not true, and would then write it up anyway because it was such a good story. As a tipster, Mr. Pabst was a mellifluous, roseate, pulchritudinous success. Mrs. Pabst and he wore clothes and dined at night. Almost every night.

Dr. A. Z. Botts sat in the rathskeller alone, thrumming on the table, waiting for a New York waiter to come and take his order. First he ate a piece of the bread which was always stationed at that table; then he drank a gulp of the water which some careless underling had placed before him. Then he thrummed the table. Then he ate a piece of bread. Then he drank some more water. He had been doing this for fifteen minutes. He was gradually losing his appetite.

Before he knew it, the amiable shadow of Mr. Pabst was upon him.

"Hello, Pud!" exclaimed this innocent man. "Sit down and have luncheon with me. Looking for anybody in particular? No? Sit down and eat with me."

Mr. Pabst graciously did so. Mr. Pabst was an entertaining talker. He knew everybody of importance who entered the rathskeller, and he told little stories about them. (You may construe the meaning of that sentence as you like.) Dr. Botts, who was an earnest young man, just out of his house work at Bellevue some two years, and intensely interested in all



"Hello, Pud!" exclaimed this innocent man. "Sit down and eat with me."

sorts of germs and knives, and food analyses and how a surgeon could glue a dog's leg onto a chicken without killing either the dog or the chicken for at least twenty-four hours; who spent hours over a microscope, peering at a little drop of something or other; and who studied French simply so that he could read the latest unauthentic work on hypnotism as a cure for tuberculosis—I say, Dr. Botts, all wrapped up in this compressed aroma of thaumaturgy until he literally and physically reeked with it, had very little idea of those gaudily-coloured personalities which make up the great outside world of New York. He would not have known Lillian Russell from President Taft, if it had not been for the newspapers so often printing pictures of both of them. Therefore Dr. Botts thought magnificently of Mr. Pabst. Mr. Pabst had once got him written up for a speedy piece of surgery at Bellevue.

To him, Mr. Pabst was all-powerful in a vague world of scare headlines, editorials, and Sunday supplements.

Therefore he did a very unethical thing. He did not know any better at the time. He does now.

"Why," said Mr. Pabst, merely by way of making conversation and with no serious intention in his mind, "don't you do a little advertising for yourself, Doc? You're getting started here in a pretty substantial way now. Advertise the fact. Shoot the bunk into 'em. This whole town's nothing but bunk, hot air, big noise. The fellow that makes the biggest noise gets the goods in this town. Same way all over this country. Look at all your high muckymuck surgeons with their rabbits' eyes grafted onto a coal miner, et cetera."

"Isn't ethical," said Botts crisply. "I'd simply lower myself in the estimate of the profession. Can't even put a card in the papers."

"Aw, I don't mean that! There's other ways of advertising yourself. Let me do it for you." Now at last Mr. Pabst's eyes were glowing; his brain was busy: he was on the scent. Here was something worth wasting his time over.

"I don't know—I've often wished I got more credit for what I do," said Botts slowly. "Now there's that case of arteriosclerosis in a man seventy-five years old that I—"

"No shout in that. Got to have a screech. Something good and yellow that'll bounce a feller off of a street car while he's reading it. Something like cutting a man's head off and—"

"How, haw!" remarked Botts heavily. "Cut a man's head off."

"That's all right," retorted Mr. Pabst. "I've pulled stories across that were pretty near that bad. Listen here. Want to make a bet?"

"No, I don't want to make a bet."

"Want to make a bet?" pursued Mr. Pabst in his best New York style. "Want to make a bet? If you want to make a bet on it, I'll just bet you five hundred dollars I can make you known from one end of this country to the other, from Seattle to Boston, from Minneapolis to San Antone, inside of three weeks!"

"Honourably?"

"Honourably," asserted Mr. Pabst, a bit vaguely. "Just as honourable as the microbe theory."

"If you can do that honourably," said the sluggish Botts, awake and shining. "I'll give you five hundred dollars!"

"Done!" said Mr. Pabst impressively, drawing up his double chin with firmness and dealing the table a good smack with his fat hand.

"Haw, haw! Go ahead!" responded Botts.

"You've got to stand by me clear through it," warned Mr. Pabst. "Got to obey orders and do as I tell you and keep your head closed as to how this thing started."

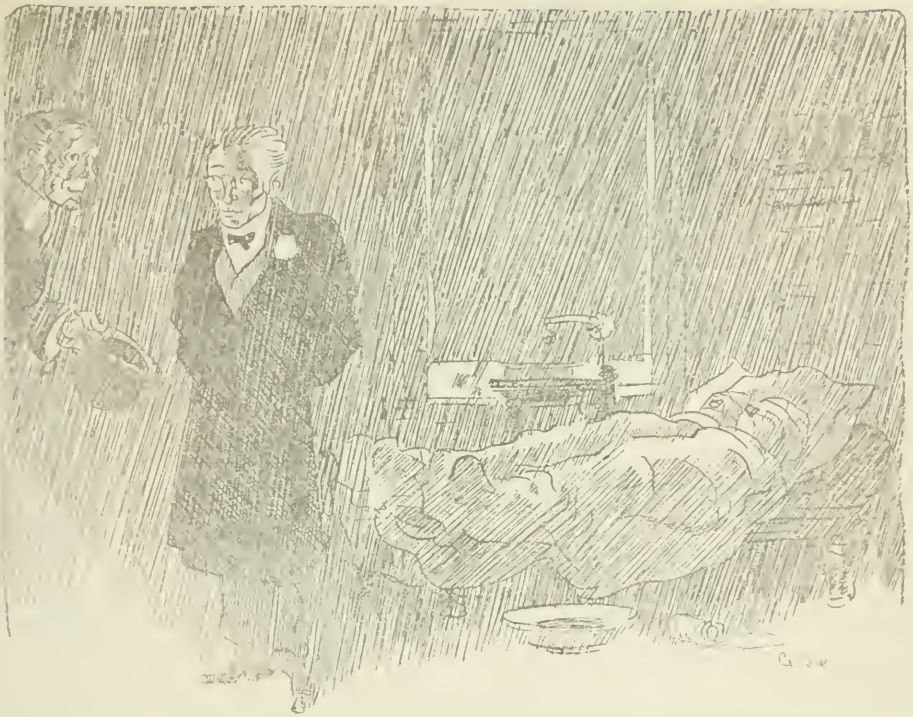
"Anything in honour," assented Botts. "When do you begin?"

"To-morrow morning," answered Mr. Pabst. Dr. Botts paid the luncheon check and they shook hands.

The next morning in the personal column of *The New York Herald* there appeared the following amazing communication:

WANTED—A RIGHT EAR. One thousand dollars cash will be paid for a live human ear in sound condition. Sex must be male, and only healthy men need apply. Address, "Herald", 465.

City desks all over town felt a genuine thrill that morning; by city desks is meant those desks in newspaper offices at which sit the omnivorous insatiate persons politely called city editors. It is a custom of these remarkable men to search eagerly through rival newspapers every day hunting for news which they can develop for their own paper. They select items which have been poorly "covered" by the opposition; they find hints of greater stories where the opposition has slurred or faltered; they interview people that the opposition simply mentioned without interviewing; above all, they scan with the greed of a fine-toothed comb that tangled hank of mystery, the personal column, where woe or mania or passion is half hidden and only obvious to the one pair of eyes it is meant for. City editors go at such columns with scissors. They clip items lovingly out of such columns. They paste them onto pieces of paper and call them assignments. They give them to their crack reporters and tell them to stay on that job until they bring in a Haroun-al-Raschid story. Not a one of them missed the thousand-dollar ear. Not a one of them failed to have his crack reporter have his landlord address a letter of inquiry to *Herald*, 465. Not a one of these communications got beyond the sage eye of Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pabst as he collected 465's mail that day. The city around Park Row trembled for twenty-four hours. The next morning the same advertisement appeared again; again Park Row twitch-



"As an æsthetic silence permeated the air"

ed galvanically under the force of the hidden battery. On the third day the slow unfolding of the miracle began.

Mr. Pabst's dulcet voice went over the wire to Ragg, city editor: "I've got a line on the thousand-dollar ear," he drawled.

Ragg's eyes simply flared. They were old friends. He knew what was coming; so he said: "How much?"

"I don't know much about it," went on the imperturbable voice. "All I know is that it is a feller named Botts. I looked through the directory and spotted an A. Z. Botts, M.D., that looked likely. He's at 26 West 56th Street. Couldn't get anything much out of him, but I believe he's the fellow. I want fifty, Ragg. I'll see you later."

A. Z. Botts was the man: Mr. Pabst got the fifty dollars. But Dr. Botts would not talk. Botts was faithful to instructions. That night Ragg's paper carried as much of a story as

possible, plus a little that was impossible.

The next morning the Botts's doorbell was kept warm under the feverish ringing of reporters' fists. Also the hallway and the street in front of the house were comfortably filled with ragged park persons who were willing to barter both ears and a leg or two for a thousand dollars. Nothing could be obtained out of Botts, but there was a good human interest story in the poor, bedraggled wretches who thronged to sell a part of their flesh to keep the rest of it alive in a dreary world. Lady reporters, brutally known as the "sympathy squad", and the "sob sisters", went out to the Botts office and interviewed wreck after wreck, getting a life story from each in which no mention of whiskey was made, although the lady reporters came back to the office saturated with its plaintive breath. More reporters came: some from German papers. Those that were there did

not dare go away for fear something would suddenly happen, and their number was constantly augmented by droves of fresh arrivals, spare men, extra writers, tipsters even, and a few police. Botts was getting nervous, but he still held firm. His name had been put in the papers now; he could not withdraw and say it was all a sham. He could not tell the reporters anything for the very good reason that he did not know anything to tell. Mr. Pabst had not given him any vital statistics in the matter. The thing dragged on three days and the strain on all sides was intense. Already the Associated Press was beginning to whimper the news (such as it was) out through the country. Sunday came around and showed the unanimity of Sunday editor genius by the fact that no less than four coloured supplements carried the same story, viz., a doctor with a gory knife from which dropped real red ink, standing over a gentleman dressed in European costume. This unfortunate person had been carved into segments and plastered with dotted lines. The doctor was holding in his hand one of the gentleman's ears and appeared to be frowning portentously at it. A great red legend ran across the top of the page, yelling as it ran:

"IF AN EAR IS WORTH A THOUSAND DOLLARS, HOW MUCH IS A WHOLE HUMAN BEING WORTH?"

A mathematical expert had figured it out to amount to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars: and below his arithmetical concoction printed the amounts which accident insurance companies sullenly paid when anything fatal happened to the legs and eyes of their patrons.

Monday came with its usual slackness. The city editors were desperate. "Give 'em dope, then," said Alexander Bushwah, the famous \$20,000 city editor who invented the phrase, "Accuracy—accuracy—accuracy". "The fellow wants the ear to

graft onto somebody, don't he? Fake an interview with him then in which he admits it. Then say he was encouraged to do this because of Dr. What's-his-name's experiments on a dog. You remember the time he grafted a guinea pig's tail onto a dog. No. Guinea pigs haven't got tails, have they? Well, get the straight of that operation. Use this Botts fellow for your lead and then swing in and tell that. The people don't care what they get just so you give 'em something."

This was done. It had the desired effect. It loosened Mr. Pud Pabst's tightly-closed fist and the news was allowed to be published.

"Balloon Number One!" he announced. "Tell me not in mournful numbers all the suckers are alive. Now we'll shoot 'em a little prospectus that will make even the boys on *The Daily Cemetery* rise up and palpitate with April emotions."

It appeared on neatly typewritten sheets handed to every reporter who called at the Botts office that day. A bellboy in wealthy brass buttons and a wealthier brass conversation handed out the statements. Dr. Botts was not in town, but the statement was enough.

Briefly, it deposed that Dr. Botts was about to perform the very difficult operation of grafting a right ear onto a poor, unfortunate Pittsburg millionaire, who, having had to roll steel in his earlier days and having thereby come into an accident which had deprived him of his ear, and now having reached a point of opulence which demanded his frequent presence at society functions where real ladies were present, was uncomfortably conscious upon such occasions of his unsightly physical defect. He had tried growing his hair long and rather poetically over the spot, but unfortunately, hardly had he hit on this scheme before he began to show signs of becoming undubitably and completely bald. The only other alternative had been the em-



"It's all over, gentlemen, he said, exuberantly, 'all over. Thank God'"

ployment of a pink celluloid ear; but again unfortunately the millionaire, being by this time rather old and shaken in his nervous system, had been frequently annoyed to find this apparatus becoming detached whenever he jerked his head—which he was always doing—or whenever he scratched his head on the right side. Also the pink began to change colour, and from a nice ripe dentifrice hue it became rather variegated and shocking. Therefore, he had determined upon having a real live ear. And being a man of enormous wealth, he intended to have the soundest, healthiest ear he could get for his money, whether it fitted in with the general contour of his head or not, and whether it resembled its left brother or the colour of his face or not.

Such was the statement. It may not at first appearance seem to be a good piece of newspaper writing, but it was cunningly contrived so by Mr. Pabst in the knowledge that city edi-

tors would find much food in it. The name of the millionaire was, for obvious reasons, being withheld by Dr. Botts. This had the following result: that every enterprising newspaper in the city unearthed the photographs of ten or twelve Pittsburg millionaires who had made their way up from the rolling mills; that these photographs were strung across the page, each one having a right ear carefully painted out by the office photographer; that the query was printed above the string of pictures:

**"WHICH ONE IS THE MILLION-
AIRE?"**

All over the country people began talking of the marvellous operation. Medical men of all sorts and degrees of intellect clipped out the item and pasted it in a scrapbook or sent it to other medical men for fear they had not seen it. The story of Cleo de Merode and the question as to whether she wore her hair down over

her ears because there weren't any ears, whereas there was plenty of hair, was revived and passed around. A prize contest was conducted in a New York paper and was mimicked all over the country: twenty-five dollars for the best answer to the question: "Would you sell your ear for a thousand dollars?" Miss Laura Jones, a New York stenographer, won this with the reply: "Oh, foot!"

Mr. Pabst kept duly out of sight while Botts went practically out of his mind. His life was a noisy nightmare of reporters, reporters who were getting more and more obstinate in their demands for some practical proof that his famous operation was to actually take place. As Josephus M. Bunk, the world-renowned managing editor of *The Whoop Syndicate*, phrased it: "I don't mind feeding fakes and lies to the American people ninety per cent. of the time, if they're good fakes. But I don't even know whether this is a good fake or not."

Therefore Mr. Pabst lit a cigarette and said to Botts: "This is a good fake. I'll stake my reputation as a press agent that this is the best three-ring, bassdrum, full-sized dirigible fake that has ever been fed out of a barrel to a hungry nation. I'll show 'em! They don't want truth. All they want is the front elevation of a hunk of truth, and, so help me Bob, I'll give it to 'em."

Therefore, for the first and last time in his life, Mike Flinn, janitor in Mr. Pabst's apartment building, was a Pittsburg millionaire. To be sure, he was carefully smothered under a white sheet and his head was wrapped up in cotton gauze so that only the tip end of his nose stuck out, as he lay in the back office of the Botts suite. Close on the cot beside him lay another white mummy, the mummy that was to give up his ear and pocket the thousand dollars. This second figure was the bellboy who had so energetically passed out statements and impertinence a few

days before. The curtains were drawn. An anæsthetic silence permeated the room. Reporters were admitted cautiously on tiptoe and to them Botts, with sundry soft deprecatory motions of the head and hands, whispered:

"There has been so much noise and rumpus over this affair that I don't see how I am going to be able to perform the operation here. I think I shall have to remove them both to a quiet place, if I can get the necessary conveniences there. No; I haven't begun operating yet"—he had a rather strained smile on his face as he said it; Botts had lost fifteen pounds in weight—"I couldn't let you in, you know, if I had begun it. That is all, gentlemen. Please go out quietly. I do not think I shall operate in this city."

Mr. Pabst rubbed his hands later when he went to be treated at the Botts office for sore throat. "Great idea of Pud Pabst's that," said the other reporters. "He thinks he'll get on the inside if he becomes a patient of the doc's."

Pabst chuckled to Botts: "I told you so. You're famous and two weeks haven't gone by yet. It's all bluff, all hot air, all talk. That's all this country wants." He waved an impressive, fat arm. "The biggest bunch of suckers under the blue sky. Look how we feed 'em this stuff. Me—for instance, me, Pud Pabst—and all the other fellers, little fellers like me. See how we can hand it to 'em? Remember old Barnum's saying about 'em liking to be humbugged? Barnum ought to have been a newspaper man. Why, I've put bum politicians into office this way. Little me! I've helped keep fellers from going to the pen. I've helped guys grab street railway franchises. I've made society women famous—yes, sir, famous—in my time. I've helped trusts out of holes when they've been caught stealing. I've done my share of helping elect a dummy president of the United States. All this stuff is framed up, it's all a put-up job. You've only got to know

how to go about it to be able to skin these people all the time. Why, I firmly believe they've got so doped with dope stuff now that they don't want to know the truth about a thing."

He stopped and lit a cigarette, a glowing fat youth puffed with pride. "You talk about a free press. Botts. Rats! It simply means the press is free to do as it likes. Some fellow with a bunch of coin starts a newspaper and begins to grind his axe. He puts a line across the front page: 'The People's Forum'. Him for the people! Yep—with an axe.

"I think it must be because they are all pretty insincere propositions themselves. Maybe that's it. Dog eat dog. Maybe not. We're going to Philadelphia in an hour."

Botts gasped. "What do we want to go there for?"

"Carry out our bluff about this being too much of a rough house to try to perform a delicate operation in. If we leave suddenly, they'll spot Philadelphia all right. It's quiet."

In Philadelphia the noise got around—mysteriously by telephone from New York, a day after Botts had left. But the Philadelphia newspaper men were unable to locate the famous Dr. A. Z. Botts and his patient anywhere. He was at none of the hotels, had appeared in none of the hospitals. Reporters stayed up all night on the search, only to return to their offices and be viciously cursed for coming back empty-handed. Crack men almost lost their jobs through incompetence that day in Philadelphia. She wanted to beat New York out on the big story. She failed.

At noon the tip went round that Botts was at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. They went here and found him. He was just slamming the door of his room on the fifth floor and had his watch in one hand and his case of instruments all packed up in the other.

For the first time in the whole business of the thousand-dollar ear, Dr. A. Z. Botts smiled a genuine smile.

"It's all over, gentlemen," he said exuberantly, as a man who has just finished a successful operation. "All over. Thank God. And I have just five minutes to catch my train. Yes, the operation was very, very successful. Yes, I may say I am mightily relieved. Good-bye."

Two days later Mr. Alphonso Quintus Pabst, strolling down Broadway, smoking a cigarette, met Botts.

"I told you so," said Mr. Pabst. "It's all a matter of gas, gas, gas. You don't have to mean anything by it: just so it's entertaining. See? By the way, you owe me that five hundred."

"Aw. I was just gassing myself when I said that," replied Pabst.

Mr. Pabst gazed at him mildly as a man who sees things far, far away. For two moments he gazed thus. Then he reached out and warmly grasped cheerfully, "you are one of us. I gladly welcome you into the Anointed Fraternity of Balloon Juice Peddlers. I may not see you again for six months, but you will succeed. You have a good lung expansion, and you know how to express yourself in happy, meaningless words."

Dr. Botts had an air of mistrust. "Going away?"

"Petunia," announced Mr. Pabst blandly. "Petunia, the Great Restorative. Sundry mid-western legislators are casting slurs upon its fair name. The proprietors have besconed me into the Kansas wild. Pabst and the press must save Petunia. You know the flower; charming, redolent petunia. Why should not nature's American noblemen quaff the essence of the flower, and continue to quaff it and quaff it and quaff it? In the springtime at fifty cents a bottle; in October when the heart is sad." Mr. Pabst lit a cigarette and smiled. "You will hear from Petunia and Pabst in farthest Kansas."

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

IX.—THE ENEMY IN ENGLAND



IT is not inconsistent, though it is unfortunate, that those characteristics which, in time of peace, are counted to a nation's credit, in time of war oft-times stand to its disservice and mischief. Bound into the very foundation on which the British Empire was built, close, indeed, to its keystone, is tolerance; just as, sooner or later, the first crumbling breach in the walls of German resistance will show where intolerance has been so prominently fixed. But as even a virtue, uncontrolled, may approach a vice, so Britain's (especially England's) acceptance of the widest application of tolerance, in a time when little counts but the life of the nation and the sternest support of those great principles which focus only in the defeat of an inhuman foe, has become to it in certain stages of the war a menace it should not have risked. And yet it is so much easier to moralize than to follow the straight path of virtue as demanded by the altered conditions of war that history is not apt to sum up England's part in the war as a careless disregard for the sensible precautions that consider only victory.

Behind England's calm tolerance of the enemy in its midst stand the principles of government that have held together an Empire more di-

verse than ever before was bound together even by the thinnest threads. The ancient Romans, whose dominion was more ambitious but infinitely less effective and extensive, never attempted the feat of welding such confusion of tongue, such diversity of character, such uncongenial spirits as Great Britain has governed without serious strife for generations. Necessarily it had perforce to be a government of indulgence, of concessions, of licence. To weave into one fabric the Scotsman and the Indian and the Chinese, and the hundred distinct units of a hundred corners of the world, imprinted that on the English character which has made him a cosmopolite. It has opened his mind to a thousand vagaries of individual belief. It has opened his hand to the puny communities of distant sections which would have been beneath the notice of any other nation. It has opened its doors to the world's refugees—which means not alone the world's downtrodden but its criminals, its outcasts, its great unwanted. And with the unlimited opening has grown up an intolerance of intolerance, a firm reputation of the closed corporation, in national as in commercial life. Only in his private life does the Englishman cling to the barriers.

England became a haven, built on those principles. The Anarchists of

France and Spain and Italy found a home there; the Nihilists of Russia fled there before the sword of unrelenting Czarism; the political outcasts of a score of countries swarmed to the little island that refused to give them up to the avenging hand of their own countries. And, more dangerous than all, the spies of the nations that train spies as a feature of the national system, found there their mart of exchange, their delving ground, their most profitable source of the information which might some day be used against the country that gave them shelter. It has always been presented as the best justification of this attitude that the Anarchist and the political exiles who harbour there have thrown aside their dangerous tenets in their relationship to England. But it is a defence which has been repudiated more often than has been made public and from which countries friendly to Great Britain have suffered almost without protest. When Winston Churchill turned machine guns on the foreign criminals of a street in East-End London he was but laying the foundation for an enlightenment which has been spreading over England since the greatest war in history revealed new national principles. But tolerance died hard. Indeed, it is not dead, though the Empire pays for it in human blood.

One must let these truths penetrate in any examination of the treatment that has been meted to the enemy alien in England. No nation, and especially not England, can throw aside the principles of generations that have built up such an Empire. Add thereto the sporting instincts of the Englishman, the desire to give even the most powerful and menacing enemy the privileges of open combat, and there opens up something of the reasons behind the leniency which met the German and the Austrian and the Turk who had found their homes in the British Isles. Consider therewith, too, the

freedom of action which these foreigners enjoyed for so long that they had been able to make themselves powers in the land, backed by the official support of their own governments, aided by the co-operation of a million fellow-countrymen in other parts of the world. These men had wormed their way into the very national framework, of finance and industry and commerce, even into politics. They had stormed society with gold and kingly honours. They had married their sons and daughters to English daughters and sons, often, it is certain, merely in pursuit of the common aim of influence. They had won or purchased staunchest friends, in civil as in political life. They held many of the imposing properties which commanded respect and subservience as ancient rights. In the House of Commons were ardent defenders whose honesty has never been impugned, as well as a few others whose motives might well be questioned.

So that when the war broke out they had behind them the English wall of tradition, the firm support of influential friends, the trust of the powers who alone could curtail their liberties, and the pride of the Englishman who disdains to excite himself over any peril. They were many times entrenched.

To the man on the street it would seem to be the part of wisdom instantly to protect the nation against the machinations of the enemy resident. But the man on the street finds the way to action long. Canada, as well as England, has been indulgent to the German in its midst. The politician is bound by different views, by different motives and necessities. It happened that in the British House at the outbreak of war the Home Office was under one whose sympathies were loyal enough but more actively tolerant. Indeed, the head of the office has at all times concerned himself with the enemy alien and his rights and protection more than is

agreeable to the public and to his fellow Ministers. It may be more the fault of the estimated duties of the office than of the man himself. With the declaration of war nothing was done to control the spy. Evidences of his handiwork were not only suspected but revealed in a score of cases. Prominent Germans, known to be in the favour of the Kaiser, were afforded their customary liberties. Enemy firms whose interests were wholly German were permitted to conduct their businesses along the usual lines. England, with its eyes firmly fixed on the star of its lofty principle in entering the war, was far above the crude pettiness of individual coercion and limitation. Glowing speeches, that might have sounded well in history had Great Britain won the war during the first four months, were delivered by the page to convince the public that we were waging war on Kaiserism, not on the individual German. It sounded well, but the public was going by sight not by sound. And in the meantime the individual German in many cases was doing his utmost for Kaiserism.

The state of public opinion early in the war drove the resident Germans and Austrians by the hundred to take out naturalization papers; and, according to the law, there was nothing to prevent. The Schmitzs became plain Joneses, and the German signs on the fronts of scores of shops gave place to good old British names without changing proprietors. Protest by the press was met by lifted hands of helplessness. The announced determination of the German rulers to exact retribution from those Germans who did not remain true to their homeland, the declaration that a German could secure naturalization in a foreign country without affecting his German nationality, had no effect on the stand of the authorities.

Only when the Zeppelins in early 1915, dropped death on innocent Britons and friendly foreigners did

the public take the course of events into its own hands. Each raid was followed by rioting in the East-End of London that threatened much more than the destruction of a few German shops or injury to a few Germans. To hold the mob in check the Government was forced to take steps to intern 20,000 Germans and Austrians throughout England. In haste the internments were decided upon, but it was noticeable that only the uninfluential Germans were touched, with here and there one of note to make the total bulk large. The relegation to private life of the Prince of Battenberg from his position of authority in the navy early in the war was but one of these acts of pandering to public clamour without realizing the justice of the protest. At the time the internments commenced there was established an Advisory Committee whose duties have apparently been to find ground for excusing prominent Germans from internment, not to intern. In all the list of angry queries which have been thrown at the Government by enthusiastic Britons in the House, there are remarkably few replies pointing to internment upon the advice of this committee, while every German at large has been protected by its reported findings. All over England well-known Germans went about their daily work, not quietly and inoffensively, but boastfully. Many instances have been quoted of a sneering ridicule of their enemies. "They can't intern me" has been hurled by impudent Germans in the face of angry fathers whose sons have died through the release of information that can have been obtained only through spies.

In the time of Asquith the German in England fared exceedingly well. Only after persistent pursuit by the press was he interned, and from his comfortable quarters in Donnington Hall or in the other elaborate quarters where he was semi-controlled, he looked out upon an Eng-

land disturbed and suffering from a war that inconvenienced him little. He was clothed and fed and waited upon as few Englishmen. His wife was paid an allowance of from five to ten shillings a week more than that allowed the wife of the British soldier fighting in France. His business was run for him, either by an English deputy who paid him the profits, or he was permitted occasional freedom to oversee it. In the two years and more of the Asquith war Premiership scarcely a German business was closed down, although hundreds of them were theoretically under control. Asquith's lax methods made action repugnant, in spite of the constant protest of an influential press. To be sure Enemy Trading Acts were introduced, intended to prevent enemy profit, but there was nothing to prevent a Briton carrying on the business and piling up the profits to be paid the German proprietor after the war is over. Many of these German firms even secured large contracts from the Government at the expense of the British firms.

The entry of Lloyd George into the field promised more than it effected. He found himself faced by a people more intent on the noise of protest than an effective action to satisfy that protest. They saw and resented the freedom of the enemy in the country and to some extent backed the steps necessary to curtail it; but the ways of the country intervened, and had it not been for papers like the Northcliffe press there would have been little more done than to intern a few powerless merchants who had thus far escaped. Then, too, the Court of Appeal came to the protection of the German. Taking advantage of the laws of the land—laws he would have laughed at in his own country—many a German secured his liberty. The Court of Appeal declared that a German at large in England is not an enemy alien, and debts were collected on the strength of it. Lloyd George did, without

delay, place in internment several of the best known Germans whose immunity hitherto had been a matter of marvel and whose brazenness threatened a popular uprising. But always there was evident a desire more to appease the public than to effect a public benefit. From the beginning the coercion of German subjects and naturalized Germans has been with a view to exercising official control as little as possible.

The Home Office, driven by a group of influential Britons whose sympathies from the first have been with Germany, has undertaken the care of the German resident, and Lloyd George's administration has altered this attitude little. Official appeals were sent all over the country for firms to engage interned aliens. There was, no doubt, the excuse that it would save the expense of internment, but there was far more the danger that these men, who had been considered dangerous enough to look away from the public, would be able to resume most of their former activities and opportunities for evil: and there was the subtle folly of securing good jobs for a few whose relentless style of warfare placed them beyond more than mere human consideration. The move was discounted from the first by the indignant refusal of employers to throw open their shops to the enemy.

A committee had been formed early in the war for the benefit of the alien enemy, its funds provided by some of the best known naturalized Germans, German admirers and pacifists. In the list were included such significant names as Haldane, Beit, a prominent Government Official, and the Cadbury Brothers. The influence of the latter was great. As the proprietors of two London daily papers, they had been insistently declaring from the first rumours of war that it was impossible, that Britain misunderstood Germany; and ever since, as Quakers, they have been edging towards peace at every stage where

such a word dare be mentioned. Public disgust expressed itself most effectively when a county Prisoners of War Committee returned Mr. B. Cadbury (these are the Cadburys of cocoa fame) the five pounds he had contributed, on the ground that they could not accept it in the face of a personal contribution of £750 and a firm contribution of £1,500 to the funds for interned and uninterned aliens. This pro-enemy committee was constantly at work endeavouring to ease the lot of the enemy alien, soliciting work for him, purchasing luxuries denied our prisoners in Germany, and generally presenting his case to the authorities and the public.

The matter of German businesses walked the same uncertain course under the new Premier. Here and there a German business that had been much in the public eye was closed, but until the press took up a case nothing was done to it. The English manager of Bradstreet's, German born, continued to sign the firm's letters, although theoretically supplanted, until the folly of it was exposed in the press. Of the German banks which had been closing for almost three years one was finally wound up. But in this act, too, was evidenced the unduly favourable treatment accorded the enemy. In strict British fairness, debts owing the German firms were set against their own debts; yet it developed that, while the British debtor was forced to pay 20s. on the pound, the British creditor received only 13s. 4d. The German debts, incurred when the mark stood at 20.40 per £, were paid at an existing rate of 30.45, although at the moment there might be sufficient assets to pay at the full rate; and no one seemed to be able to state how the rate was established.

Failing to find places for the interned Germans in British firms, many were allowed freedom to reopen or manage their former businesses. Others were freed for no apparent

reason but that they might resume their former methods of life, living on their incomes. Here and there Germans who had been interned reappeared in their old haunts without public explanation. For some of these someone had gone bail, others were allowed out for a sort of holiday, and still others were released on the word of influential friends or for unknown reasons. The lot of those left in internment continued to be comfortable. At the time when the country was rationing itself, the Germans in Donnington Hall and Alexandra Palace were allowed much larger food supplies, and only when protest was made in the House was a change introduced. To-day, when thousands of homes are unable to secure coal through transportation difficulties, Alexandra Palace is amply stocked. An example of superlative kindness to the German is that in Donnington Hall there are 115 servants to wait on 389 German officers.

And still there were at the middle of 1917 about 22,000 Germans and Austrians at large, less than half of them women; and at the last returns given in the House several thousands were living in areas that are called prohibited, where the most valuable information is obtainable. One prominent German purchased recently through his son an estate within a mile of a hill commanding a wide view over the sea, and in the House it was stated that he had been already fined for trading with the enemy and his son for showing a bright light at night. An uninterned German was arrested with important secret military documents and an officer's kit-bag in his possession, with German calling-up papers in his pocket. A celebrated Austrian painter has only now been taken into custody (his case was fought out before the advisory committee), although he became naturalized only after war was declared, and at the time a letter of his to friends in Austria told of his reluctance to seem thus to repudiate the

land of his birth, as well of his enmity to "the predatory Serbian nation". A German was shot by an officer for intrigues with the latter's wife, after the police had known for months of his origin and his association with a woman executed as a spy. Two foundations of German monks were until recently allowed complete freedom in England. On the very day the papers announced a fine of £100 against a British engineer for attempting to purchase without a permit a pistol for experimenting, the English Consul-General for Montenegro arrived at a summer resort in England with an Austrian valet who had been exempted from internment by the Home Office. Several German women have been found doing service in the homes of British officers. The British wife of an interned German was recently lightly fined for attempting to purchase an aeroplane seating four and capable of flying to Germany. As there are many German escaped officers still at large the affair assumed a serious aspect.

Even the Government itself seemed disposed to do its best in its own departments for the Germans. In the central telegraph office were, at one time since the middle of 1917, eight men, in addition to Belgians, not British-born. A young man who claimed exemption from military service on the ground that his parents were German was found employed in a Government telegraph office, through which the most important secrets passed, although substitutes offered themselves. The assistant constructor at an important dockyard was the son of a German father and had visited Germany shortly before the war. A naturalized German was permitted to live close to a large aerodrome. The Minister of Blockades appealed for the exemption of a young German on its staff—and the tribunal granted it. A man of German descent was appointed British Commercial Attaché at The Hague, although his brother had already been convicted of disloyalty,

and only the persistent outcry of the press obtained his dismissal after the Government had once refused to yield to public indignation.

Indeed, from the first it has been a constant struggle between the public and the Government or certain powerful interests in the Government. The latter have steadily refused to take the steps necessary to overcome the spy evil until they were forced to it by the people; and even the English people have endured what few other countries would permit. Now and then some public body with sufficient power to make itself heard has acted. School trustees have dismissed their pro-German teachers, and won their cases when the law was appealed to. At least one university rid itself of two or three German professors after the German names attracted public attention. The guardians of a specially fitted hospital refused to accept more German wounded when they found that their entire main building was filled with 1,700 Germans, while in the annex were a thousand British. As the apparatus provided was unexcelled in England, the guardians claimed that its benefits should be more largely open to British wounded.

In all this favouritism to the Germans were bound up the energies of the pacifists and conscientious objectors. In public meetings before their friends, in their own press, in the House of Commons, the most was made by these men of fair treatment to the enemy, their idea of fairness being favouritism. Every month or two a question was asked concerning complaints about the food at the internment camps, although the rations were superior to that which was allowed the British soldier. No complaints seem to have been made at the camps themselves, but there were always friends in the House anxious to forestall rationing. The same influence that rendered the British blockade so ineffective until the United States acted was at work from the

beginning of the war to protect the enemy alien in England. While Great Britain was allowing to percolate through its blockade net the very essentials of life in the enemy countries, it was also handing out to German prisoners and to the interned treatment not accorded our own soldiers at home and not expected or asked for our interned in Germany. But the question of the blockade included other issues that bound Great Britain's hands, releasing them only when the United States stood behind it at the source of supplies. What tempers one's sympathy with the difficult position Britain finds herself in in

supplying neutral countries is the fact that food was even being shipped to South America.

Yet it is not for Canada to criticize. England's pacifists have never been allowed the freedom of expression enjoyed by a few traitorous spirits in Canada; nor has such political use been made of pro-Germans in England as has characterized political operations in Western Canada. The handling of enemy aliens is theoretically simple of plan and action, but in the everyday life of a nation, even at war, there are interests and influences that seem willing to sacrifice the country to the worst of foes.

The next article of this series will be "The Human Side", describing the marvellous work for the welfare of the distressed in England.





From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE CHILDREN OF BELGIUM



Finger Tread Mill

Liquidating the War in Canada

BY LAURA B. DURAND

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MECHANICAL DEVICES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY
OF HART HOUSE



THE most important and most splendid problem confronting us in Canada at the present time is the equitable return of our civilian army to the industrial life of our country.

And it will remain the paramount problem until it is rightly solved.

It is one which appeals universally to our patriotism and imagination as Canadians, as well as powerfully to our economic interests. It is a problem not only of to-day but of the future, demanding co-operation in its solution, to which every Canadian should contribute his quota of effort and sacrifice. For the manner of that solution will materially shape our national future.

No man may say, "This is not *my* affair!"

It is his affair!

Nor can he escape responsibility for his share in it so long as he accepts the privileges of Canadian citizenship. Under free institutions it is the affair of every individual to co-oper-

ate with all others to raise the community with all its units to the highest plane of efficiency.

The sentimental aspects of dealing with our returned soldiers and sailors are familiar to us all, and have too long actuated the conduct of the public and formed their opinion. Lionizing and entertainment are but fleeting expressions of the country's gratitude. We must face realities. The Government is doing its part most creditably, and public endeavour should fully support its plans and provisions. Every industrialist, every employer of labour in every Province of the Dominion is more or less deeply concerned in the return of our men to industrial life. They owe it as a patriotic duty to assist the state in replacing and retraining disabled soldiers. But in doing so their private interests will not suffer. For in transforming disabled men into an industrial asset the colossal burden of debt created by the war will begin to lighten, and before our children's sons are born may be liquidated.



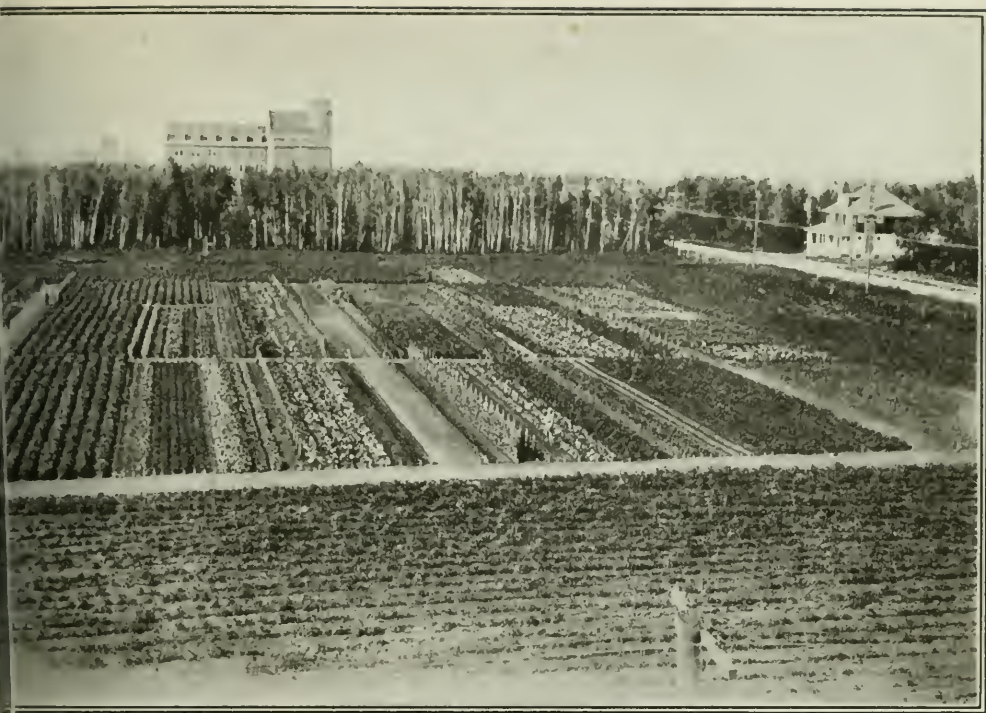
Panoramic view of the gardens of the partially disabled
(Reproduced by courtesy of the Administrator)

Take a concrete instance: John Smith is a crippled soldier, with a family, drawing a pension based on, say, 100 per cent. of disability. Which is the sounder economic policy: to maintain that cripple in idleness for the balance of his life, or to make him employable and productive, and happier and healthier for being fully occupied and useful in the community?

Our returned men should realize, however, that, while the nation is under an obligation to rehabilitate them to the utmost as citizens who have become disabled in our defence, they, on their side, have still a part to perform within the limit of their capacities, and to continue to be good citizens.

The Military Hospitals Commission was appointed in June, 1915, by Order-in-Council, to deal with the situation created by the war in Can-

ada and has now a highly organized and efficient system operating throughout the Dominion in every phase of caring for returned men. It has welcomed the assistance of patriotic citizens who have given and equipped convalescent hospitals and homes, but has not relied upon this source for the purpose. The Commission now operates fifty convalescent hospitals, provides accommodation in twenty-two general hospitals, has three clearing hospitals at the ports, conducts four sanatoria for tubercular cases, uses sixteen sanatoria besides, and cares for cases of mental disability in the principal hospitals for the insane in Canada. It is cheering to learn that fewer of our men have been blinded in the war up to the present time than was feared. Of the twenty reported as blinded the majority have been trained or are being trained, at St. Dunstan's Hostel,



Soldiers at Edmonton Military Convalescent Hospital, 1917.
(Educational Branch, M.H.C., Mr. W. E. Segsworth)

Regent's Park, London, the great institution for the blind established by Sir Arthur Pearson. Here, he reports, "men are learning with unexampled rapidity and facility to get the better of their handicap".

Nine blinded men have returned to Canada, three of whom are being instructed, two are filling good positions, while the other four do not desire assistance.

For administrative purposes the Military Hospitals Commission is divided into four branches, each with an administrator, dealing respectively with transportation, discipline and pay, etc.; with hospitals and sanatoria, etc.; with buildings, works, etc., and with vocational training and re-education.

Mr. W. E. Segsworth, mining engineer, administers the last named branch, and has a highly efficient secretary in Mr. T. B. Kidner. Mr.

Segsworth impresses me as a man of exceptional energy and enthusiasm, possessed of a thorough comprehension of the scope and vital importance of the task he has undertaken, and a determination by employing the best methods and enlisting the co-operation of all the people, to see it through, to the credit and welfare of Canada.

In October of 1915 an inter-provincial conference took place in Ottawa and a farseeing programme of provincial organization was adopted. This entailed the appointment of provincial commissions to co-operate with the central body in caring for returned men and replacing them in industrial life.

The Ontario Soldiers' Aid Commission has its headquarters at 116 College Street, Toronto. Mr. W. W. Nichol is the superintendent of re-education for the Province. In an hour's conversation he reviewed the



Fixed bicycle with adjustments

difficult problems he has in hand, reminding me that we have about 350 different kinds of occupations for men in Ontario. Up to September re-education has been provided for in nearly fifty of these, through classes specially formed and the technical schools of the Province. We were more than once interrupted by returned men, one reporting his time for pay allowance in the Moler Barber College, a branch of which he and another returned man are attending in Queen Street East. He has a paralyzed third finger on his right hand, from a shrapnel wound, yet reported progress cheerfully. A second interruption was from a tubercular case, a fair English boy, resident for the past year at Gravenhurst Sanatorium. He had been deputed to request a music teacher for the orchestra which he and his fellow patients have organized. The request was favourably received by Mr. Nichol. The lad, who had been a stenographer prior to enlistment, has not seen active service, never been overseas, having fallen a victim to pneu-

monia after a route march, and developed tuberculosis.

Mr. Nichol foresees the solution of re-education of returned men by their employment in private factories and shops. A very fair system of maintenance of a man and his family while he is undergoing tuition has been organized by the Military Hospitals Commission. Over fifty men, so far, have availed themselves of this opportunity in Ontario. A business college has been opened in the Central Young Men's Christian Association, including classes in telegraphy. Primary education classes are very popular, and it is the determination of the Commission to return no illiterates to civil life among men capable of learning to read and write, add, subtract and multiply. One can figure out how this fact will count in raising the average standard of fitness in the Dominion, for foreigners and French Canadians unable to speak English will reap the same advantage.

It is estimated that about ninety per cent. of returned men are able to take up their former occupations. The



Circumduction of wrist

remaining tenth, only, will require industrial re-education. This phase does not begin, usually, until a man is discharged from the convalescent hospital, but in some cases while still convalescent and attending vocational classes, he has chosen his new occupation and is privileged to begin his training, concurrently, before discharge.

Over 700 students are on the rolls in Ontario in vocational classes and the number is increasing since attendance has become compulsory. A vocational officer is now attached to every important hospital in Canada. When pronounced fit by the medical officers the convalescent is directed to this counsellor, who confers with him and assigns him to what seems to be a suitable vocation.

This office appears to be one of exceptional responsibility, and the utmost endeavour is made to secure exceptional men to fill it. The vocational counsellor, officer, or co-ordinator, as he is variously called, must be a leader of men, and endowed with all the qualities of the heaven-born,

apparently, along with a working acquaintance with industrial life.

Re-education falls into two phases:

1. Functional re-education (physical training).

2. Vocational re-education.

This latter, again, has two phases:

(a) Convalescent work.

(b) Industrial work.

Vocational convalescent work, now compulsory, has proved to have a high therapeutic value.

This new order of things is hailed with immense satisfaction and relief by administrators whose deepest dread is that returned men may become "institutionalized". Every precaution will be taken to make such a disastrous issue of the war impossible. The temptation presented to the men to idle is constant. For from one to three years their commanding officers have thought and planned for them, they have been fed and clothed, until personal initiative has been almost extinguished. After the suffering from their wounds was allayed they spent weeks and months in hospitals and convalescent homes in England in a



Footways for stiff ankles

state of pampered and glorified idleness. They have been welcomed home as *heroes*, but they must be preserved to Canada as *men*, and re-trained as prospective citizens again. Discipline now requires every fit returned man to parade for work during five hours every day, one hour being devoted to physical exercise. One half-holiday a week only is allowed. The programme for the day is very full. Classes and workrooms are provided in or near the hospitals. Men may renew acquaintance with school books or seek training in new arts and handicrafts, in typewriting and stenography, bookkeeping and related branches.

Whenever conditions are favourable their attention is directed to garden-

ing, poultry farming and bee-keeping, the work being made profitable for them by the sale of their products. It is thought that if an attractive land settlement policy is adopted by the Commission the strains of choice may be turned from "indoor jobs" to that direction. Looking to the future of motor mechanics the Commission is devoting much attention to development of that industry. And a strange new industry will be opened up, that of orthopedics, or prosthetics, the manufacture and repair of artificial limbs and appliances.

The principles animating the measures adopted for reabsorbing the armies appear to be practically the same in all the belligerent countries. France's colossal effort is the result

of public and private energies combined, and is still fluid, every day bringing forth new and better devices. And so concentrated and deep is the universal desire of the French people to act in the interests of the *whole nation* that the legislation adopted finally promises to be ideal. Professor Amar, president of the Commission d'Orthopedie de France, has been for fifteen years experimenting in human mechanics, and is, perhaps, the most widely quoted man in the world today. His teaching is very influential in physical treatment and re-education.

Great Britain is highly organized in these measures, as in all departments of the military service. Indeed, an unequalled development in the treatment of convalescent soldiers by physical means has been secured. Before France had organized institutions for this phase a number of centres named "Command Depots" had been laid out by Major Tait McKenzie, R.A.M.C., at the instance of Sir Alfred Keogh, Director-General of Medical Service. Major McKenzie,

who is a Canadian by birth, and formerly of the staff of McGill University, fills the professorship of physical training in the faculty of that science in the University of Pennsylvania. Proceeding to England for military duty in the spring of 1915, he was attached to the headquarters staff at Aldershot, in physical inspection. In the pursuit of his duties he saw great numbers of disabled men loafing in Red Cross Hospitals and regimental depots, useless from every standpoint, a burden to themselves, and rapidly deteriorating into invalidism under the combined influence of sympathy and idleness. In his report he urged the segregation of this class in military camps where physical treatment could be administered. This was in August, 1915. He was instructed at once to organize the details, and in two months' time had established the first command depot at Heaton Park, where in "hutments" over 4,000 men were assembled for functional re-education.

I was so fortunate as to secure an interview with Major McKenzie when



Ankle abduction and adduction

he was passing through Toronto in September, having completed the survey of the field for functional re-education in Canada on instructions from the Military Hospitals Commission. He said that he had forty masseuses and six masseurs on his staff at Heaton. Four of the latter were totally blind, one, Private Milligan, of the Irish Guard, having lost his sight at Mons. They had been trained as masseurs at St. Dunstan's, Sir Arthur Pearson's famous school for disabled soldiers, and had become expert in the art—hopeful, happy, engaged in interesting and remunerative work.

There are now sixteen command depots in Great Britain, each with a capacity of from two to four thousand men. The Canadian hospital at Ramsgate has also a department for physical therapy. The objects of the depots are: to return every available man to active service, to return men fit for light service abroad who can replace fit men on lines of communication, etc., to fill positions requiring light service at home by men who are unable to do anything more than release a better man for active service, and to discharge from the army those men for whom the physical treatment cannot promise a cure.

A strange assemblage of cases, he pictured, as constituting a command depot:

"Men suffering from profound neurasthenia, the effect of sleepless nights and laborious days; shock in all its forms—tremulous hands, tongue, stammering speech, or deafness; persistent nightmares and fears by day; disorders of sensation; contractures and paralysis; rapid and weak heart-action; hearts that were over-strained and unable to sustain the effort of the lightest gymnastic exercise, or the shortest marches; rheumatism, real and unreal; lungs suffering from the bronchitis of gas poisoning, asthma and tuberculosis; profound debilities following typhoid, dysentery and malaria, requiring months of good food, light duty and progressive exercises to build them up. And then the wounded! An endless stream! feet and legs pierced by bullets or pitted by shrapnel; arms and hands with torn nerves and jagged

tender scars; chests still containing bullets or pieces of shell; in fact, no part of the body escapes the awful and sometimes fantastic effects of the ordeal through which it has passed."

For almost all these cases the treatment comes under what is called "physical therapy", electricity in its several currents, hydro-therapy, stimulating douches, baths and pools, radiant heat (dry), massage, mechanical therapy, corrective exercises, physical training and marching. These measures of treatment have been extraordinarily successful. Within six months 1,200 men were returned for active service from Heaton. Major McKenzie's work is of particular significance to us in Canada as he is adviser to the Military Hospitals Commission, and large centres for physical re-education by his methods will be established in Halifax, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver, and the remarkable work initiated at Hart House, University of Toronto, will be amplified.

Many of the aspects of the re-educational work provided here are unique. No account of it, or report of the methods used have yet reached the public through the channels of the Military Hospitals Commission. Some readers, however, may have seen and possessed the entirely modest and unobtrusive but thoughtful and lucid article contributed to the April issue of *The University Monthly*, on request of its editor, by Dr. Edward A. Bott, a member of the psychological laboratory of the University, who co-operated to initiate and has charge of this treatment. Dr. Bott has recently returned from a visit to similar centres in Great Britain and France, and if not greatly enriched with new ideas thereby, having perhaps as much to give as to receive, he is renewed in resolution to develop this phase of the war salvage. It was commenced about a year ago as a purely voluntary effort by members of the University in the Faculty of Arts, through the co-operation of Dr. How-

land and other medical men in charge of convalescent men. It has now grown to such proportions and importance as to be accepted as a model centre of functional re-education by the Military Hospitals Commission, which proposes to standardize the apparatus designed by Dr. Bott and approved by Major McKenzie. This will be manufactured in the workshops at Guelph, Ontario, and distributed to the centres referred to as projected. All those aspects of re-education which Dr. Bott has demonstrated as effective will be financed in future by the Military Hospitals Commission. On these will be based the programme for Canada. Here also is to be established a school of massage for both men and women, and classes for male workers exclusively who will be attached to other centres.

Mental cases are treated here as well as physical cases. Some of these, the "speech cases" particularly, present the wierdest and most pitiful symptoms. In one, of injury to the speech centre, the letter "s" has been knocked out of the man's vocabulary. Any attempt to pronounce the sound results in mental confusion and suffering. In another there is inability to use the words desired, synonyms presenting themselves, often of a primitive kind. For example, if he wishes to say, "I am greatly indebted to you", he is only able to say "You are a good man". The treatment dictated in these cases comes under the head of "war psycho-pathology".

At Hart House they find returned men callous to bodily pain and frequently as having acquired a cynical view of life. Their viewpoint has been irrevocably altered. Slaying their fellowmen as a daily duty has snapped some chord which time cannot reunite.

The apparatus designed by Professor Amar, and manufactured in France, is sold for \$1,000. Probably the whole remarkable outfit at Hart House cost less than a tenth of that amount—in coin. The cost in thought

and experiment only its designer, Dr. Bott, could tell. A visit to the active treatment rooms there is a revelation of what may be accomplished with simple mechanism. Space does not permit of description. The walking frame has parallel railings to support the arms of paralytics and is fitted with hurdles varying in height from two inches. I spoke with Corporal ———, who in one week's time has learned to step over several of the lowest hurdles. Dr. Bott treated successfully a difficult case of hysterical paralysis of both legs in a well-knit young man who had been buried under sandbags. At the outset he could not raise either foot from the ground. He thought himself incurable and was deeply depressed. However, in a short time he changed his view—he could hardly do otherwise in contact with the enthusiasm of the young men of Hart House—and within three months was able to discard his cane and mark time. He is now on light duty in one of the military hospitals, and still improving.

The weak link in the Military Hospitals Commission's masterpiece of organization appears to be the publicity branch. This must bestir itself if the people are to be made acquainted with the situation and animated to assist in its solution. The bulletins and reports of the Commission might be placed on the reading-tables of every public library; a post-office stamp be issued and all letters imprinted with the legend "Our duty to replace our soldiers", or something similar; thousands of lantern slides and films might be distributed illustrating re-education and the advantages to accrue from it to the nation.

A Dominion-wide or systematic effort to instill the sense of our obligation would beyond a doubt result in a universal quickening to act upon it.

It should be made plain, equally, that the measures adopted for the re-absorption of our army are based on sound economic principles, and not dictated by feelings of benevolence.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

A WOMAN WITH A BIG IDEA

TWENTY-FIVE years ago it was not quite so fashionable for a woman to work as it is to-day," said Miss Bina M. West recently to several hundred delegates who had crossed the continent to confer with her at Port Huron, Michigan. "When I started out, I started against the wish of my

parents, who thought my place was at home."

Assuredly Miss West does not advise girls to set aside the advice of their parents. At the same time, her own work—the result of a very fine determination—argues for the dictum, "*Be sure you are right, then go ahead!*" If she had stayed at home there would be no fraternal organization called the Woman's Benefit Association, nor would there be 5,000 local organizations in Canada and the United States carrying on a work which has never been surpassed by any institution of its kind.

Miss West's first work was that of a country school teacher. Her love for the children brought her into unusually close touch with the mothers, whose struggles and hardships she never could see without an overpowering desire to alleviate them. To this end she began to direct all her thought and energy. It was almost impossible to lift the burden of their physical strain, but Miss West discovered a means whereby she could ease the mental. She found that almost every one of those country mothers lived in daily dread lest she should be taken from her little—or big—family and leave it unprovided for. Even though the work of the farm or the shop continued there would be no one to spend the small earnings wisely, and financial difficulties would soon appear with crushing force. She saw many such tragedies, and out of them grew the Big Idea. In an office basement,



MISS BINA M. WEST

with an equipment consisting mostly of one desk, Miss West laid the foundations of an institution which is known all over the world to-day; which has as its home office a new \$250,000 building dedicated a few weeks ago at Port Huron, and paid for entirely out of the earnings of wise investments; which holds in its steel vaults \$11,000,000 in bonds, under guard day and night, this being a sum six times larger than the assets of any bank in Michigan. By her signature, Miss West has disbursed \$14,000,000 in Canada and the United States, she has represented the fraternalists of this continent at the International Council of Women in Switzerland, and to Washington she was summoned to confer with her personal friend, the Marchioness of Aberdeen, on the status of women's work (upon which she is an authority) in this country.

A woman possessing every feminine charm, with which is combined the keenness and level-headedness of a clever business man, a woman whose heart is overflowing with love and sympathy for the whole of mankind, Miss West deserves success. She has won it.

*

MISS KATHERINE HUGHES, who is at present in Montreal engaged in writing the life of the late Sir William van Horne, is not a relative of the former Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes, as is supposed by many. Sir Sam is of Welsh origin, while Miss Hughes comes of Irish (old Gaelic) stock. This Hughes family is a sept, or branch, of the O'Neills of Tyrone, the actual name being in Irish, O'Aodh, meaning descendent of Hugh (O'Neill).

She is the daughter of John W. Hughes and Anne O'Brien Hughes; the latter a sister of the late Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax. Miss Hughes was born at Melbourne, Prince Edward Island, and educated at Notre Dame Convent and Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. After

leaving college she did mission work among the Indians of Eastern and Central Canada.

In 1903 Miss Hughes joined the editorial staff of *The Montreal Star*, and three years later *The Edmonton Bulletin*, which journal she represented in the Parliamentary press gallery of the Alberta Legislature. Another two years finds her appointed Provincial Archivist for Alberta, and in 1910, private secretary to the Premier of Alberta. In 1911 her "Life of Père Lacombe", the famous western missionary and colonizer, was published in New York, and has been translated into French and German.

At the close of 1915 Miss Hughes resigned from the office of assistant to the Agent-General of Alberta in London, England, and returned to Canada to resume writing.

About eight years ago Miss Hughes made the trip from Fort Vermilion, on the Peace River, down to Fort Chipweyan, on Lake Athabasca, in a small canoe with two Indians, shoot-



MISS KATHERINE HUGHES



SIR GEORGE FOSTER, M.P.



THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM PUGSLEY

Two rivals in youth at college and later in Parliament.

ing the Vermilion rapids on the way. The voyagers camped out at night, and throughout the eight days of the journey they met human beings but once—at the little Red River trading-post. During the greater part of the whole trip she was the only woman among the travellers, who were mostly traders and trappers and mounted police, excellent travelling companions and finely chivalrous, as all north country men are toward all women.

Miss Hughes has given and continues to give devoted service to Canada. She is also deeply interested in the new Irish movement—not as a "Home Rule" champion as Canadian people in general understand this term, but an advocate of the new Irish-Ireland movement for the restoration to Ireland of her own ancient laws, language and form of government. This will mean the rebirth of that once great nation to a just and dignified status.

Miss Hughes has in the past done

much journalistic correspondence for other papers than those mentioned and for magazines. She is a very able writer and a charming conversationalist.

*

TWO LIFE-LONG RIVALS

TWO men who have stood out prominently in the public life of Canada, recently as well as during the last fifteen or twenty years, are Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce in Sir Robert Borden's Cabinet, and the Honourable William Pugsley, the new Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. Both are natives of New Brunswick. They were rivals at school in their youth, and later on became political opponents in Parliament.

In their youthful days each was regarded as the best student in the superior school of his own parish. The parishes were neighbouring ones, and there was much interest in that part of the county when, a county scholar-

ship at the University of New Brunswick being open for competition in 1865, Foster and Pugsley were contestants. Foster won, with a mark of 2,083 out of a possible 2,500, against Pugsley's mark of 1,847. Then began a neck-and-neck race at the university for the head of the class. The arts course at that institution was three years. In their freshman year Pugsley led with an average mark of 775 out of a possible 1,000, while Foster was close behind him with a mark of 773. In their junior year they stood even, with a mark of 780 each. In their senior year Foster led with a mark of 711, against Pugsley's 700, but at the degree examination, which closed the course, Pugsley's mark was 750, as against Foster's 740. During the course each won a gold medal. Foster carried off the Douglas gold medal in 1866, and Pugsley the Alumni gold medal in 1867. Each year Pugsley gained a scholarship—an English one in 1866, a classical one in 1867, and a mathematical one in 1868. Foster won a natural science prize in 1867.

When Mr. Pugsley and Mr. Foster left the University of New Brunswick the former began the study of the law and the latter devoted himself to the profession of teaching. But it was not many years before Foster left the chair of professor of classics in his

old alma mater to go into public life, and he soon found his way into the Parliament of Canada. Hard-working, full of courage, with a magnificent intellect, a great speaker and an unexcelled debater, he has stood beneath the strong light of publicity for a long time.

Mr. Pugsley devoted himself for many years with great energy to the work of his profession, and so far as his connection with public life went he was in the early part of his career more especially engaged in Provincial politics, rising to the position of Premier of his Province. Finally Sir Wilfrid Laurier called him to a place in his Cabinet. He soon showed himself to be, in point of intellectual capacity, perhaps the ablest man among Sir Wilfrid Laurier's followers. Long before that he had proved himself to be one of those in the front rank of the lawyers of Canada. His recent appointment to the office of Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick retires him for the present from the active field of Dominion politics. Gifted with a mental endowment of the highest order, optimistic, industrious, genuinely genial and generous, though a hard fighter in court and in Parliament, these qualities have had much to do with his success before the Bar and also in the arena of public life.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

KITCHENER, AND OTHER POEMS

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD. Toronto: The
Musson Book Company.



ANADA'S prairie bard
has been a vibrant voice
of war-time feeling.
While his pictures and
ballads of the home-
steader, the Mounted

Police and the English immigrant
published in earlier volumes lose none
of their power and flavour, Mr. Stead
has looked afeld and articulated much
of the sentiment of these stressful
days. The present volume is in a
sense a collection, for it contains, be-
sides the war verse, the best of the
earlier books, but its prevailing tone
is one of loyalty and eagerness for
Canada to do her part in the war to
save liberty.

Mr. Stead won international fame
by the inspired lines on Kitchener,
written in the full pain and resent-
ment of the loss of the leader. The
dignified sweep and nobility of senti-
ment of this poem won praise in many
lands. From the five stanzas there is
room to quote but one:

One only vow above his bier,
One only oath beside his bed:
We swear our flag shall shield him here
Until the sea gives up its dead!

There is a challenge here to the
pride and might of the race, and to
know that these lines surged up with-
in the poet on the day of the news of
Kitchener's death is but to put the
seal of spontaneity and power upon
them.

Mr. Stead's war poems are virile
and full of thought. They are not all
equally good poetry, but there is no
limp in the lines or the ideas. His
indictment of the British people for
their luxury and sloth and inability to
foresee the war finds compensation in
his hopes of their achievement:

Oh, ears that would not hear, at last ye
hear!

Oh, eyes that would not see, at last ye
see!

Oh, valour, strike for freedom and the free!

Oh, honour—ye who hold your honour
dear—

Drive! every virtue focused in your
thrust!

Drive! doubly armed who have your
quarrel just!

Ye know the taunt, the toast, the Tenton
sneer—

Strike home, Britannia, Heaven's volun-
teer!

Likewise there is inspiration in the
lines of "The Call", when from every
clime,

The sons of Britain heard the call—and
came,

and in the descriptions of "We Were
Men in the Furrow", when lines hold
this menace for the enemy:

Beware of a peace-loving people when they
sweep from their forests and farms!

Quotations might be multiplied
from this harvest of patriotic senti-
ment, varied by a tribute to France,
"still a nation and a soul", or a pass-
ing reference to

The whispering, confidential wheat,
but the reader must break into the
storehouse for himself. Mr. Stead's
ballads of prairie life often thrill, and

though they suggest the spirited style of Kipling, they are individual and their course never lapses into dullness or commonplace.

*

FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE TO THE YSER

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY. Toronto:
McClelland, Goodechild and Stewart.

THIS book is down to business. It is a record of things that happened—and some few mayhap that did not. It surprises one by being rather good writing. The things that happened are made vital and moving by being artistically related to personalities. The author might conceivably call his book his "yarn of the war". He seems a sort of free and easy person with a clever gift of humour and abundance of innate good taste and good sense.

*

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

BY COLONEL F. MCKELVEY BELL. Toronto: McClelland, Goodechild, and Stewart.

WE are gradually achieving a little war library of our own that deals with things specifically Canadian. Poetry of a sort and descriptive narrative form its main divisions up to the present. Books that deal in any specific way that is peculiar with war aims, with the philosophy of war, with the criticism of war, will come later. At present we are more actively than contemplatively engaged, though the latter development must come if we are ever to function noticeably as a wing of the world's movement towards democracy.

This book under review is a contribution to our library of description. It is what it states itself to be, the chronicle of a military hospital in the war zone. Much war literature has been more intimate with horror, more revealing it may be, but the slight lack of contact that is sometimes felt in this book may be interpreted as due

to delicacy and reserve. The book certainly has humour and sympathy and once or twice it touches the quintessence of pathos. The chapters ran serially in the pages of *The Canadian Magazine*. Many of the magazine's readers will be glad to have them again and in book form.

*

THE GREAT POETS OF ITALY

BY T. D. J. FARMER, D.C.L. Toronto:
William Briggs.

THIS book is of value not so much for what it accomplishes as for what it attempts. The preface, written in an old world style, with long and lumbering sentences, is naïve and at times delightful. It is the self exhibition, without self consciousness, of a poetry-lover. The writer is not a dilettante. He does not pose. He is very serious about his enthusiasm for poetry. He has earnestly contemplated a stupendous task, that of giving to Canadians an introduction to all the great poetry of the world. The present volume on Italian poets is one of many already planned for and which may appear later.

There are those who will scoff at the book, who will say it lacks initiative, that it has no genius for criticism, that it smacks simply of the manual labour of the reference library. But the book sounds real. It is in earnest. It possesses that of which we have as yet in Canada all too little—an authentic literary passion.

*

INSPIRATION AND IDEALS. THOUGHTS FOR EVERY DAY

BY GRENVILLE KLEISSER. New York:
Funk and Wagnalls.

FOR those who like this sort of thing this book contains all the high-flown language and black type capitalization of lofty sentiments necessary to commend it. Under "June Twenty-four" on "The Right Use of Conversation", I find this:

"It is a good rule never to flatly contradict another. . . . There are

polite ways of dissenting. You may use such ingratiating phrases as, 'Observe the methods of popular speakers and profit by their example', etc."

It is to be presumed that our political platform artists are referred to in the last injunction. The book is beautifully bound in purple cloth. It has a beautiful silk purple marker a quarter of an inch wide. It would decorate any dressing-table.

*

LLOYD GEORGE

BY FRANK DILNOT. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

WIVES of great men all remind us . . . "—that a lot of people are going to try their hand at biography. This book is not exactly profound and studious biography, but it is good story-telling. It does not manifest the capability of great biographical writing to weigh character. It has no special genius for criticism. It is not the biography of an outstanding national figure for the reference library. With more suitability it will grace the casual counter of the news stand. The boon is historical enough to be valuable. It is pictorial enough to be interesting. It is sufficiently filled with incident to be indicative.

*

THE INNER DOOR

BY ALAN SULLIVAN. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

IN this story of the development of a young man who is engaged to marry the heiress of a wealthy factory owner, but who suddenly finds himself penniless, is a marked advance from anything else the author has written. While it would not pretend to be a revelation of the labour situation in Canada, it does reveal one phase of it, and into the ever-present struggle between capital and labour there has been woven a love affair, or rather two love affairs, that are dignified and very human. Kenneth Landon's fiancée, the owner of a great

rubber factory, goes to Europe, and he immediately on finding himself penniless, enters her workshops as an ordinary workman. While the girl is in Europe going the rounds and meeting people, one of them, Philippe Amaro, a character of unusual interest excellently sketched, Kenneth remains at home, to find as a result of a strike at the factory, and particularly after his fiancée's return, that his ideals and her love of pleasure do not agree. They separate, and Kenneth, free at last from something that he never had regarded as a bond, hastens to acknowledge his love for Greta Sohmer, the unusual daughter of an unusual couple from whom Kenneth had taken lodging.

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THE AMATEUR DIPLOMAT

BY HUGH S. EAYRS and T. B. COTTAIRN. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

IN the "Prisoner of Zenda" Anthony Hope, by putting an Englishman through a series of adventures and one grand romance in a fictitious Balkan state, introduced a new school of fiction. He was followed, for instance, by Meredith Nicholson, who led an American through somewhat similar adventures, and again by the author of the Graustark novels. Now we have the interesting sensation of a Canadian becoming the victim of circumstances in Serajoz, where as a result of his timely and happy intervention in local diplomatic affairs affecting the present war he at first won the admiration and later the love of the beautiful Princess Olga. The novel is true to the school, but it has the advantage of being set at the present time, when diplomacy and intrigue are at their greatest activity, and therefore much scope is lent in the way of dashing adventure and fine romance. The authors are two young Canadian journalists. Dual authorship is new among Canadian writers, but judging from the results of this instance it is a success.



THE GOLD-FISH BOWL

By Marion Long

One of the Canadian Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition



THE

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The Gods of this New Era

BY THE REVEREND LORNE PIERCE



A CRISIS in the history of Christianity has been reached and this crisis can only be met by considering the essence of Christianity as well as by seeking to fathom the spirit of the age. In what sense is the age still Christian? Is there a modern Christianity which is still germane to our very thinking and living? Christianity must be regarded not simply as an ideal, but as giving humanity a new life. In the eighteenth century Christianity was relegated to the chill and starless precinct of rationalism. The nineteenth century exchanged psychology for logic, and Christianity became submerged in subjectivism. Then a Toland and a Tindal tore from it the vestments of mystery, while a Strauss and Feuerbach reduced it to experience. Lessing stereotyped it into a formalism. Schlegel and Novalis transformed it into a thing of slobbering sentiment

and neurotic imagination. Rousseau made the "Via Crux" a highway to a new state, while Tolstoi saw in the "Yet spake He not a word" the dawn of a new society established on extreme pacifism. From this it may be said, without fear of denial, that Christianity is not simply a theological *pièce de résistance*, but a way and a life. The culmination of Christianity is not in any system however splendid, nor in any creed however perfect or universally subscribed to, but in the personality of Him who said "Learn of me". This was in the mind of Petrarch when he said: "I am sometimes a Platonist, sometimes a Peripatetic, sometimes neither one nor the other, but at all times I am a Christian".

There are few more interesting or fruitful studies at the present time than an examination of the present spirit of religious thought, for as age differs from age in time so also does it vary in significance. Aristotle's

"political animal" has now become a social spirit. What was once "law" is now "right". The chisel of Phidias sculpted the very spirit of his age in the Pan-Athenaïe procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, a spirit which may be defined in Aristotle's own words, "energy of contemplation". Angelo among the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel painted men whose "souls were not easily contained," men of restlessness, spontaneity and vehemence. The artist heard a voice saying, "Loose him and let him go!" What was expressed by Angelo in marble and in colours, was reinforced by the triumphs of Wagner's musical genius, has been restated by H. G. Wells, spokesman for the present day, with what might be called sheer exuberance. In "The New Machiavelli" he says that humanity is "something trying to exist. . . something stifled and enclosed struggling to get through." "Above the beast in me is that. . . the desire to know, be better, to know beautifully, and to transmit my knowledge." This gospel of restlessness and struggle he emphasizes again in "The Passionate Friends". Life is "a problem to escape from grooves. . . . For all of us, for each of us, salvation is that. We have to get away from ourselves to a greater thing, to a greater desire and an unending life, ours and yet not our own." "We want to emancipate ourselves from this slavery." There is a "spirit that demands freedom". In "First and Last Things," he says: "Out of it all," all this restlessness and struggle, "out of it all rises man, beginning to perceive his larger self . . . and a collective synthetic purpose to increase Power and realize Beauty." Thus we see that Wells has done something more for us than to inspire in us a restless endeavour, he has painted a possible road for our endeavours.

Wells denies that he is a Chris-

tian, but in spite of that confession he is Christian, and makes his religion justify the soul by giving a real reason for man's existence, his dignity and destiny, and the unity, character and might of his spiritual life. We are in an age of volcanic upheaval, yet he knows that Christianity is a restless and cataclysmic thing and is at home among catastrophes. From the crucifixion it has been accompanied by earthquakes and upheavals in religion and ethics, in politics and philosophies and creeds.

I.—God

The task which Christianity has to accomplish is that of self-realization and world-overcoming. Wells is, if nothing else, an insurgent, and flavours everything with his gospel of unrest and struggle. To accomplish this self-realization and this world-overcoming requires more than human power. Therefore there enters in the belief in God. So far Wells is a Pragmatist, but he is more. God is something more than a useful hypothesis, He is the demand of the soul when it seeks to affirm itself and longs for salvation. To "overcome the world" is a cumulative effort. Time may be defined as the opportunity for the progressive development of a purpose. History therefore makes possible the solution of a problem too great for the isolated individual life. Viewed from this point of observation, Occident and Orient, ancient, mediæval and modern are one, for all chronology becomes spiritualized, and the guiding principle is not a theory of evolution but a religious sense of value. There is only one Name under heaven anywhere given among men whereby we must be saved.

Philosophy has been looking for some conception of God which shall satisfy the understanding and guide the will. The God of Wells is the desire and the despair of meta-

physics and the idol of Christians prayed to in secret yet denied in their seminaries and councils. The God of Wells is no invention to satisfy any theory, but it does satisfy the demand of the soul in its endeavour to affirm itself as a spiritual being. Better for "Endymion" than any theory of mythology by Max Müller, and better too perfect love of a lovable God than perfect knowledge of a theoretic deity. God is spirit, even a struggling spirit, and here worship and speculation unite. This spirit is a person, a king. He has a spiritual kingdom, invisible yet real, the goal of life, the ultimate aim of God. The idea does no violence to the absoluteness of God nor to the freedom of man as an ethical subject.

The God of Wells is not the God of the philosopher nor of the theologian, but He is the God of the people and of the soldier. God is finite, not absolute, not an abstract metaphysical unity, and above all else a personality. He is not the vindictive and fantastic Old Testament figure, nor the *In hoc signo* of wars. He is not a theory nor a mystery protected by anathemas, not an empty house, neither a magnificent fetish, but a spirit and a person with characteristics and an aim. There enters here the idea of struggle and restlessness which Wells borrowed from the past, and to which he added his own plus. God is struggling in a great and comprehensive war just as we do. There is much evil in the world, and yet there is so much real and wonderful goodness, love, heroism and sacrifice that God must somehow be coming to His own in the hearts of men. Will God triumph and "overcome the world"? Will the time come when,

All crimes shall cease and ancient fraud
shall fail,

Returning justice lift aloft her scale?
—"Messiah"—Pope.

God must, however, be moral, and His struggle must be for moral ends.

There must be a moral origin in things, a formative principle in things, a constitutional law of things, a moral *raison d'être*. God has conferred upon man the dignity of a free being, and therefore He had to accept man with all that was involved in his being such, including the possibility that he would misconstrue and misconceive his own true end and break the moral laws of the universe. "He is our Captain and to know Him is to have a direction in our lives". The tempest and the earthquake are limited and there is bound to be a progressive accomplishment of a plan and a culmination in the enthronement of righteousness.

We are past the stage of asking why God is omni-everything and permits sin and suffering, injustice and all the drab and dark in life. God, to many people, is like the sacred river Alph, His purposes running

Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.—Kubla Khan.

Such a conception of God inevitably ends in a midnight of despair.

It is just a place of cruel things. It is all set with knives. It is full of disease and accidents. As for God, there is either no God or He is an idiot. He is a slobbering idiot. He is like some idiot who pulls off the wings of flies.—Mr. Brittling.

The idea of a struggling God is a protest, not against God's omnipotence, but against His indifference. Man wants a God who is with him in all his struggle and agony. This has been the burthen of man's cry down through the ages.

Long is one night,
Long are two nights,
But how shall I hold out three?

—Lament of Frey in Valha.

Father of heaven and earth! deliver Thou
Achaia's host from darkness: clear the
skies;

Give day: . . . O, give us day!
—Ajax, "Iliad".

In this Wells seems to follow Tolstoi who says—"Without father and mother we may live, but without God, never." That whereby men live is love, and where love is there is God also, a God who knows and a God who cares. God cannot be coldly indifferent when so many of his children are crying for sympathy and love and a strong right arm to help them in their struggles. We may think in eternity, but we move slowly through time, and painfully, too, therefore we want a God who will take His place with us in our struggle.

From this it will be seen that God is not a theory, but an experience. He is not found in creeds but in life, and as such is the object of perpetual discovery. "Religion is the perpetual discovery of the Great Thing out There." "Life has either got to be religious or else go to pieces. There is an immediate sense of God which permits of no doubt, therefore it is not a logical proof of his existence that matters but a realization of Him. Were knowledge all thy faculty then God must be ignored; love gains Him" (Browning). Not all the lore of the schools can compel a man to say, as thousands of soldiers have learned to say, "I'll bet my life that there is a God". With this in view Brittlings says, "Our sons have shown us God". God is everywhere and prayer is real.

And the whole circle of the heavens, for him

A sensitive existence and a God.

—"Excursion"—Wordsworth.

Thus we can have an experimental proof of God, of a God who fights with us, a God who is as "real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace." This God not only fights with men, but He also fights through men. God is the "Invisible King".

II.—THE CROSS

"Life and the world are fine, but not as an abiding place; as an arena

—yes, an arena gorgeously curtained with sky and sea. . . . but an arena nevertheless which offers no seats for idle spectators." ("New Worlds for Old") The cross might very well be taken as a symbol of Wells's whole idea of struggle. It is the symbol of life, for life is the Via Crux, and it is also the symbol of victory after struggle, or redemption. Redemption is gained only through struggle. Sin and evil are due to man, but God takes it upon Himself as the moral governor and creator the responsibility of the struggle against it, and has entered into this struggle in history in the person of the perfect man Christ and is able to subsume it under a final good. This arena is not given over to confused and aimless conflicts of individuals. All men are enlisted to fight "for the duration of the war" against hate, cruelty, ignorance and confusion in order that order, beauty, justice and love may be enthroned among men in spite of blundering, ignorance and indolence. God brings mankind not peace but a sword. In response to a call men have gone out to do this work. There is sorrow everywhere, and where there is sorrow there is holy ground. And sorrow has fulfilled its mission for it has bathed the world in sympathy. Therefore whatever name you may use to characterize the going out of these men—patriotism, adventure, fatalism, out-of-work, or a call to violated justice and innocence, these men are producing a divine result in the world. "Our sons have shown us God," "He who works for sweetness and light works to make the will of God prevail." (Arnold). We look at the God-Man Christ and survey again the elements of His wonderful character, and after all we naturally expect of Him a great undertaking. We trace the development of the human spirit and again and again we see that man has not failed to perform deeds worthy of

the "Invisible King". The mind which was in Him is also the purpose, however feebly and imperfectly expressed, of each of His children. It is only by being brought into His presence that a man becomes something. And everybody is predestined to His presence. "Once at least in his life each man walks with Christ to Emaus." (Wild) Every-one has caught in some measure the rage and vehemence of the Master's reseless soul.

"The finding of God is the beginning of service." For Wells the Via Crux begins there. It is the real and only initiation. It is the moment of repentence, otherwise a man would not realise what he has done, or what he has to do. "The coming of God is a change, an irradiation of the mind." "No one seeks conversion by argument." Here again there enters the doctrine of struggle. We struggle to find God and God struggles to find Himself in us. After the great discovery there comes the oath of allegiance and a pledge to service: "Let us pledge ourselves to service". "And God waits for us, for all of who have the quality to reach Him." God cannot succeed in His struggle in the world unless we pledge ourselves to struggle with Him, for He must use our human eyes and hands. Therefore nothing but blindness of spirit can shut a man off from God. With Him there is no death, no indolence, insufficiency, waste, disorder, no vice, because our motives have been incorporated into an undying purpose, that works through a continually better body of humanity. "When Thy clear orders come, doubly attested by manifest duty without, and the striving of latent powers within, then may I have the courage which implicitly obeys, counts no cost and fears no foe and leaves results entirely in Thy hands." (Hyde). In the Kingdom of God there is but service alone. These lines from Robert

Service seem to catch up and present the very gist of what Wells is trying to teach.

So give me a strong right arm for a
wrong's swift righting;
Stave of a song on my lips as my sword
is smiting;
Death in my boots, maybe, but fighting,
fighting.—"Song of the Soldier Born".

We'll find ourselves or lose ourselves, some-
where in giddy old France,
We'll know the zest of the fighter's life;
the best that we have we'll give,
We'll hunger and thirst; we'll die—but
first
We'll live, by the gods, we'll live!

—"The Revelation".

The cross is not the mere emblem of the mode of the death of an upstart peasant carpenter, fanatic and blasphemer. To-day it gleams on the spires of innumerable churches, rests as an amulet upon the bosoms of multitudes of believers, is worn on the arm of crusaders and carved upon the tombs of our sainted dead. No princess is so lovely but she will wear this emblem to enhance her beauty, an emblem which has been redeemed from ugliness to beauty through a supreme sacrifice. Art has idealized and wrought it into gold. It has been placed on costly bindings that ride to stately cathedrals in luxurious carriages. It has been placed on the spires of churches filled with contented and easy-going people. The painter has exalted the crucifixion. The composer has seized upon the passion, weaving it into stately oratorios moving vast audiences to tears. The cross has been smothered with flowers. Wells has redeemed it from the region of sentiment, and has exalted this unsightly beam as the emblem of service and of redemption.

United England, Italy, Germany, and the American States were baptized, as the new world-republic is being, in blood. The rain and the snow fall and are raised up again in the purple wine of the grape, and drip in the golden juice of the orange. The marble is raised from

the quarry to become the polished pillar of the cathedral or a "Pallas Athena" under the magic chisel of a Phidias. The secret of all this is found in the life of Him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me". The life of individual men, as well as of nations, can only be exalted to this attractive life by the way of the Cross, the way of bleeding love. The torn fields of

Flanders are thick with little homely wooden crosses, emblems, not of death and defeat, but of victorious life and a "love that sought not its own". These men struggled with God and they found the Cross. They are redeemed, and their faith has redeemed the world.

We shall not sleep the poppies blow
If ye break faith with us who die,
In Flanders' fields.

A PRAYER

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

FOR every heart that pain has rived
Throughout Thy widest world, O Lord,
In Thine own time, in Thine own way,
Thou makest ever just award.
And for the sins that man has done,
Somewhere, somehow, he must atone.

Pain pours her liquid fire to-day,
And sears each heart unto its core.
Lord, is this due for debts we owe—
Mankind's long, cumulative score?
Or give we gold of virgin glint,
Red bullion, coinage for Thy mint?

Dear Lord, in simple faith we bow
Before the mystery of Thy face!
And this the only prayer we make:
That we be faithful to our race.
That down the long, unrolling years
They reap the fruitage of our tears.

Captivity

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON



YOU have seen those bird-cages on the windowsills of tenement buildings. Six inches by four are some of them. On the narrow ledge they stand, overlooking the grimy court, where the fog gathers and the gloom and smoke hang, heavy and lingering in the dark corners.

A square patch of sky, streaked with the belching of countless chimneys, is the heaven above them, a pavement square where cats prowl at night in their earth beneath.

More often than not, in those cages, upon the narrow perch that lies across, there sits a lark. Seldom it moves; seldom, often never, does it sing. Yet sometimes, as though a sudden riot were racing through its blood, it beats its wings in tragic fury against the unyielding bars, returning at last upon its perch and clinging there in motionless captivity. Its eyes stare out with a glittering lustre at that patch of sky; its wings hang limply at its sides. It is in prison.

Nevertheless there are days when even the curtains of smoke cannot shut out the sun, and on those mornings when the path of gold falls for an hour across the patch of sky, the lark will sing with thrilling notes, with swelling feathers at its breast and rustling wings, all trembling as it feels the half-forgotten impetus of upward flight.

Then—and this well might be my story—the owners of that captive in its little cage gather about the win-

dow as it sings. With a spirit of wonder—and none of them know the meaning of that wonder or whence it comes—they listen to the tumult and the volume of its song.

"I gave half a dollar for that little beggar," says the man of the house, and somewhere in him there is a feeling that he bought something beyond the computation of price.

"I wouldn't sell that bird," says the woman of the house. "I wouldn't sell that bird for five bob." And somewhere in her is a feeling that three shillings is the extreme profit she would be able to resist so long as the grist were coming to their mill.

Both reckon it their dearest possession. Both at various times have said its singing is as good as a day in the country. Yet when opportunity arises and they might have a real day in the green fields, he stays late in bed, and together they go to a public house in the evening, counting out their minutes of freedom in an atmosphere of smoke, of liquor and of human breath, until the night time calls them home.

Yet something there is in the song of that lark that stirs in answer a hidden song in them. But so far off is it and so incoherent are its notes, that never do they know the song it is. A vague emotion, an intangible eagerness and desire just moves in them, like a sleeper turning in his dreams. Before they can dwell upon it, it is gone. Even the fading throb of emotion that it leaves behind comes no nearer to their conscious thoughts than to make the man remark how

much he paid for the little beggar, or the woman to exclaim she would not sell it for a profit that might well be to her the ransom of a king. That is as much as they know of the magic, alchemical mystery which for an instant in the wonder of the sun has turned the very dross in them to gold.

Yet that song of the lark in its narrow cage on the window-sill of those tenement buildings is only an echo of its song those days when it rose above the open fields to meet the dazzling glory of the day break in the morning sky. A travesty it is—a mockery—a thing of tinsel that was once of gold.

Up in those dizzy heights of heaven never had it heard its song. In the spaces of that abundant blue, freedom of flight, the mad ecstasy of beating wings, drowned all the consciousness of song. Notes trilled on its trembling tongue and fell like the drops of water in a tumbling stream; not because they could, but because they must.

And then one day, the trap of the snarer; a sudden door shut upon the sky; the beating wings, the fierce refusal to believe, the wondering knowledge of an unbreakable restraint.

For many weeks after the snaring they were silent, those captive larks, until one day the sun falls slantwise into the tenement square. Then you will hear a twittering of faint, groping notes as they feel in all the consciousness of prison for their song. Well they know they are singing then and what is left of memory makes the effort vain indeed. Yet once having uttered it, whenever the sun returns, they will sing again. In time they do not even stop in the presence of a human being. In time again, they will even sing because a human being has come into the room.

Every human soul is in prison and we all of us have our songs.

That is the story I have to tell.

He was deformed—a dwarf—grotesque. As with all those suffering from such deformity, his head was

too large for his body. It not only gave the impression of a lack of balance to his diminutive figure, it was actually unbalanced in effect. When he was a child, he fell about easily, like those little toy figures with weights in their feet which, with violent oscillation will straighten themselves again. This was what happened with him. In some inconceivable fashion, he could draw his legs together from under him whenever he fell, so that without seeing him get up, you suddenly realized he was standing on his feet.

From a standing posture he could fall rigid and without effort to save himself on the hardest floor, or slowly he could sink down, stretching his legs, one before him and one behind him, until he seemed he must tear himself in two. It was as simple matter to him to turn a somersault as to seat himself in a chair. Indeed, it seemed, if God had made him, it were in an impish mood. In any other age he would have been destined for king's jester at the court.

For with all his physical contortions he had a grotesque countenance as well. There was a twitch rather than a twinkle in his eye. It asked for laughter and not from any wish of his own, but inevitably, having no relation to the soul of humour with him. A spirit of humour there was in that strange composition God had given him, but abstract, rather than concrete, subjective rather than objective. He seemed to know and even appreciate in a sense, the comical aspects in himself.

In the midst of those for whom he did his tricks, his face would remain as solemn as a judge, while the tears of laughter would be rolling down their cheeks. And the more they laughed, the more something within him urged him on to intensify their merriment. It grew into his mind to be a duty to make people laugh, but a duty in which there was no sense of pleasure, but rather of imposition. In-

deed, the more he did it, the more conscious he became of his own grotesqueness.

There was but one career for him—the stage. When still a child, his parents found him his first engagement in a knockabout scene in a pantomime, and made such money out of it as repaid—so they told him—for the education his father had given him.

The performance itself had been a straight-forward knockabout show. He had turned his somersaults and jumped through his trap-doors, earning applause, but no laughter. It was only when he appeared to make his bow before that vast boxing-night audience, that they suddenly appreciated the quaintness of the figure that he cut. And when he bowed, almost touching his forehead on his toes—a simple enough matter for him, seeing how little they were apart—suddenly the whole house broke into a shout of laughter. The sound of it urged in him the sense of duty he had often felt. He tripped over his own feet as he walked off the stage and fell prone upon the ground. Before the laughter at that had subsided, he had picked himself up again by that contorted straightening of his legs. Then of a sudden he was upon his feet, and for that last display of jointless deformity they called him back again and yet again. There was a future made for him.

"My boy," said his father afterwards, when they were alone. "There's no doubt about it. You've got your sense of humour from me."

Looking his father up and down, his straight five-foot-ten, his placid and expressionless face, he had replied: "They have offered me a contract for next year's pantomime," at which his father raised his voice and laughed aloud.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"Well, we used to worry about you, your mother and I, when you stopped growing so soon. It only shows you

how blessings come mostly in disguise."

He was silent the rest of the way home, thinking—"That's what I am—a disguise."

Disguise or not, it became evident there was a career before him. By the time he was of age, engagements were to be had at every turn. Before he was thirty he was making his fortune and keeping his father and mother in comfort with no strain upon his income.

And he had learned by this the secret of his success. All of it lay in that contorted body, those deformed limbs, that unnatural twitch in the eye which only served to exaggerate those abnormal proportions of the head that sat upon his diminutive shoulders. He had only to draw attention to these eccentricities, to fall flat upon the floor, to hit his face, as he bowed, against his feet, to place a foolish little bowler hat upon his head, and enthusiasm was assured for him.

Many times he had tried to stimulate applause by the agility he displayed in his tumbling acts alone, but the true measure of success was never accorded him then.

His calling in life was the display of his own deformity. As such alone it seemed he had reason of being. Yet in the more sacred consciousness of his mind he was as sensitive of these physical abnormalities, as the tired eyes are of light. Whenever he was not at work he chose the quiet country in which to wander; shunned like a neighbourhood where disease is spread, the crowded city where he worked. For if ever he took a meal in a restaurant, and wherever he walked in the streets, there were those to recognize him, boys to cry out his name, waiters to treat him with humorous familiarity, to which, for his reputation's sake and that eternally urging sense of duty, he must reply with humour in return.

But in country lanes and still meadows, if there were a farm hand or a

stray pedestrian to regard him with amazement, it was tempered with restraint, softened with pity. In the broad country there was nothing funny in that dwarfish figure. It was pathetic; it was crude; it was even ugly. But not one he had met in those surroundings had ever laughed.

And here it was in his wanderings, hours of contemplation, of meditation, of searching for meaning in a world where there seemed nothing but chaos and confusion, he found the first faint notes of that song, the possession of every soul in the prison of that body which holds them in captivity.

The song was incoherent, vague, a mere murmuring as when birds are stirring at daybreak; the faint recurring memory of the upward rush of flight as comes to the lark in its captivity. He heard it in wonder, fearing to believe it was in himself, apprehensive of losing it before ever he knew it was his.

It was a day in spring. He had taken his motor car in the early morning out of London into Kent; had stopped his driver at the foot of the hilly downs above the valley of the Medway. It was before mid-day when he set foot alone up the mill.

The grass was crisp and short on the chalky soil. Where the rabbits had nibbled it, it was springy and close like grass that grows by the edges of the sea, and the rabbits had nibbled it everywhere.

Over the crest of the hill the sky was blue; the chalk pits were cliffs of alabaster, more than hinting of the sea. The green of the grass was washed to gray in that sunlight and stretched for miles and miles, broken with blots of furze bushes whose green was so dark it became a soft and edgeless smudge of black.

There were little birds of whose species he was utterly ignorant hopping noiselessly and ceaselessly in the stunted hawthorn bushes. There were rabbits everywhere, pricking ears at

his approach. Their fear and wonder, their sudden flights and disappearances into the earth were just the same as if he had been as normal as the most mortal of men. It may have been this that first gave him confidence; this that first slipped the bolts of that prison his soul dwelt in, and brought the hint of freedom which is the keynote of all song.

For there the sense of freedom was all about him. Overhead in that widthless dome of blue, a whole choir of larks, invisible in the mist of light, were pouring forth a thrilling music in the air.

He remained there all day, roaming across the downs till evening and it was time to return to his work. And there in those hours he forgot his imprisonment; forgot the misshapen thing he was; had, indeed, that vision of himself as one day he devoutly expected to stand before God.

Everything was so beautiful about him in the new freshness of that day in spring, that he came at last, as he wandered there on the silent hillside, to feel there must be somewhere a sense of beauty in him. To feel it was to find it, touch it, and with its realization he sat there in that bend of the downs humming to himself in an odd, cracked voice.

From that day a new need arose in him; the need to express the beauty he had found. Some there are fulfilling it in their daily work. He could not fulfil it in his. If this body is the prison our souls dwell in, then surely his work was forever hammering down secure the bars that bound him in. Down that road there was no escape.

But he took a small cottage on the Detling Hills, and furnished it after a quaint fashion of his own, spending his week-ends there and beginning to make a collection of wild flowers. All of them he pressed in a large album, learning one by one their characteristics, and in the beginning of the book he wrote:

"Wild flowers are the ladies of nature. It is an honour to know them."

He did not regard this as sentiment, but as a truthful expression of this sense of beauty he had discovered. Some man better equipped than he could have written a little poem around that idea. He believed that and spent many hours and countless sheets of paper himself, but without result.

It was soon after this he fell in love, beside which the beauty of his wild flowers and the stretch of the downs from the cottage windows became as distant as the farthest hills in the midst of the horizon.

She had been one of those who had laughed without restraint at the quaintness of his drolleries on the stage. She had met him with no sense of repugnance; had liked the unassuming quietness of his manner; had found something, not unaccountably pathetic, in the dwarfish figure of his and later confirmed that finding when she visited his cottage in the Weald of Kent, saw that album of wild flowers and read his inscription within.

"The ladies of nature," she had repeated. Looking at the page and looking at her he had added, "It is an honour to know them."

Though his story is no way concerned with her, it must be supposed there was some sense of pity in the matter. The advantage of the fortune he was making was never consciously put in the balance. As a matter of fact, she never weighed her motives at all. Possibly she dared not. Whatever motives there were, she married him, doing her best to make him happy, and affording him such freedom from that prison he dwelt in as brought him to the deepest and the fullest of his song.

It is with no intended sense of cruelty that sometimes those people in tenement buildings take out their captive larks into the country. To give them an outing, they say. It is then they sing indeed. This it was

that love and marriage were to him.

The lark is brought back to the tenement building again. That day on the hillside becomes a memory in the stimulus of which it sings until the day of great deliverance.

So he was brought back. But this it must be said, which it cannot be said of all, he had learned his song. There are some in their prisons who never learn the song they have.

With time there arose in her a sensitive consciousness of his deformity. When she had ceased to laugh at his drolleries she came to see only what it was that had made him droll. It became that she dared not go to the theatre where he was performing. The laughter of those who laughed as once she had was vitriol thrown in her face. It burned and inflamed her skin.

At every turn in the streets deformities of the body seemed to meet her eyes. The world seemed full of hunchbacks, of cripples who dragged themselves through life on crutches and on wheels, of men with distorted faces.

She turned and clung with relief to the secret company of one whom nature had neither disfigured nor made a sport. Knowing the inevitable issue, she could not make an end in time, and one night, when her husband was at his work, went with him to the theatre, where, in the darkness, their hands touched and she dared not speak.

The curtain rang up on a substitute for one of the turns. It had been a friend of her husband's whom she knew well, and this no doubt was accountable for what occurred. It was her husband who had taken his place.

She moved as though she would go out, yet some impulse kept her to her seat. The audience was in a tiresome mood. They gave him little appreciation for all his tumbling tricks. Even at this distance she could see he felt the strain of his task. And then there came to him the urging sense of his

duty. Every trick he knew he employed to make them laugh. Out of that deformity of his body he sought the payment of their applause, and won it in the end. But had he known it he was distilling vitriol for them to throw back in her eyes. She walked out into the darkness of the streets, blind to all sense of honour, justice, pity of restraint, and when he returned to his home that night there lay a little letter she had written him on the table in the hall.

Almost he had forgot that prison his soul had dwelt in, and then that night, the trap of the snarer, the sudden door shut fast upon the sky—the beating wings, the fierce, first, angry refusal to believe, the slowly, wondering knowledge of unbreakable restraint.

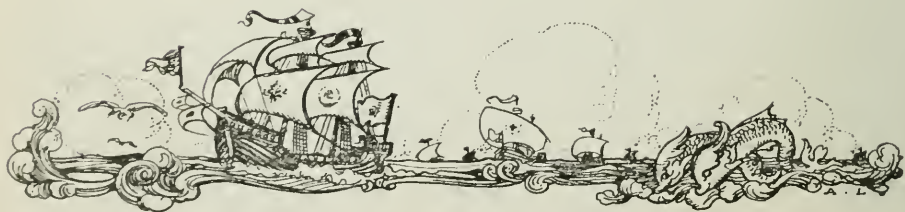
He caught sight of himself in the reflection of a mirror as he stood in the hall. He took the letter and put it away in the breast pocket of his coat.

SEA WAR

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I AM ocean,
And when commotion
Stirs on my breast,
I smile;
They cruise and fight,
And then all the night
They seek their rest,
Sinking down mile after mile.

In my blue deeps
This Admiral sleeps;
He never hears
Ship's bells;
These captains young
Have become sea-dung;
Through my cold years
I cast them amid my shells.



"Peole" Brown: Town Crier

AN INCIDENT OF 1843

BY LAURA B. DURAND

IN the early years of the last century the fame of Canada as a land of freedom was widely though secretly rumoured among the plantations of the Southern States.

Even before the beginning of the century secret pathways for fugitive slaves had been laid out through the Northern States to the Canadian borders, and as the years passed and the sentiment for abolition deepened among enlightened Americans these cryptic roads became organized as an underground railway.

Along these routes thousands of negroes travelled into Ontario and became industrious and loyal settlers under the benign encouragement of the Government of Upper Canada. The friendly attitude of the Canadian authorities towards fugitive slaves was a matter of wonder and indignation to Mr. Clay, who in 1826 endeavoured to make the fugitives extraditable. In a despatch to London that year he said: "They (the runaway slaves) are generally the most worthless of their class and far, therefore, from being an acquisition which the British Government can be anxious to make."

Canadians, however, did not at any time adopt this view, and the settlement and welfare of the refugees was made the business of several charitable and economic associations.

The town of Hamilton harboured a large colony of Africans in the

'forties, who lent a picturesque element to colonial life by their characteristic traits, their extravagance of attire, their festivals and superstitions. Great Britain's abolition of slavery in August, 1833, was made the occasion of an annual celebration. They marched in procession, brilliantly and variously arrayed, and held a picnic with all the attendant features of feasting and gaiety.

My grandmother's reminiscences of this element in Canadian life begin with the year 1842, when she took up her residence in Hamilton. Tremendous problems were agitating the world. William Miller, an American religious fanatic, had contributed to the unrest of the times by predicting the approaching end of the world. By a laborious argument and Scriptural interpretation of such phrases as "time, times and a half", he calculated that the "second coming" would take place some "time between the equinoxes of the year 1843", allowing himself a good margin and the unrepentant prolonged anxiety by the uncertainty as to the date. The period at first assigned was between March and September. Ignorance of the cause of the equinoxes has from remote ages attracted an occult significance to this semi-annual stunt of the sun among benighted peoples. Miller became an importunate voice crying in the ears of young optimistic communities such as Hamilton, and the converts to the impending dissolution were numerous. Inevitably the

ready emotional nature of the Africans was captured by the prospect of more freedom, more glory and more noise. Coloured Methodists and Baptists alike were swept by the hopes excited by Miller of a material and spectacular dénouement to earthly life near at hand, and their churches on Rebecca Street and Bay Street became the nightly scenes of aggravated religious revival.

One day a tall, stout, very pompous and very black negro called at my grandmother's house and in the courtliest manner begged to leave some Millerite literature for the ladies.

This was the beginning of her acquaintance with Paola Brown, pronounced by himself and popularly known as "Pe-o-le", with the accent on the "o"—town crier and pretender to scholarship. Finding in the witty New England school ma'am a kindly adviser and patroness, he made a practice of calling at the house thereafter and doing the chores.

"Peole" Brown was an endless talker and childlike in his capacity for fabrication and make-believe. Bred, perhaps, by some planter possessed of a library in the South, and given a name of classical beauty in derision of his grotesqueness, he had been trained as a house-servant and had aped his master's manners and pedantry. Absolutely uneducated, and never attempting to acquire the elements of education, he adopted the pose of a devout student. Knowing only that knowledge and culture were desirable things, he feigned their possession. Destitute of most of the things he perceived were valued by others, he challenged attention by ceaseless petty publicity. The post of town crier and assistant to an auctioneer suited his talents exactly. He was always on exhibition, always in the limelight. His vanity and affectation were as typical of his race as his good nature and his volubility. It was his supreme boast that he slept with Cowper under his pillow! In his mo-

ments of greatest verbosity on the iniquity of the times, he was wont to declare, "It's wuss than the days of Nero, it's wuss than the days of Cicero!" He made his home in the cellar of the house on Hughson Street, the upper floors of which were occupied by Hugh B. Wilson, a barrister. Here he lived with a very black woman, reputed to be his wife, and to whom he invariably referred respectfully as an "English lady". History does not record whether or not she took in washing, but she was not behind Peole in assuming what she deemed superiority, although her social ideal was different from his. Her customary boast was that she liked to wear all her "joolry" when she went shopping, "cause the clerks all'us took more notice of you!"

Peole was employed as crier for Oliver, the auctioneer, as well as town crier. He had the characteristic African voice, deep and sonorous, and he loved to exercise it on every key to the accompaniment of the big hand-bell, which he rang loudly and unceasingly as he paced before the low wooden structure at the corner of King and Hughson Streets on auction days, or when he ranged the streets of the little town proclaiming public notices. The art of the bill-board was a later development in civic life.

Peole's announcements were of a varied nature. He combined the functions of bill-board, sandwich-man and advertising medium. He began his cry with the phrase, "Oh, hear! Oh, hear!" and visibly swelled if he had an audience. His voice carried well over the town limits. Never was a creature better adapted for such a career! His enjoyment of publicity was evident and keen. He wore white trousers and a white top hat when thus engaged in warm weather, and a large military cape in the winter-time.

The supreme occasion of Peole's year was Emancipation Day, on the first of August. Then he was mount-

ed on a white horse and marshalled and led the procession of his people, bending to crack a joke with acquaintances as he passed, for he affected popularity. By a few Hamiltonians he was considered simply a nuisance, but the majority tolerated his eccentricities and enjoyed his vanities.

To give substance to his pretensions to scholarship he took to carrying a slate and an old reader under his arm, and nothing pleased him better than to be asked how he was getting on at his mythical school. Of course, he was the butt of the sporting youths of Hamilton. One evening they engaged him to "lecture" in the old Town Hall on James Street, and when his compatriots had assembled, by concerted action they extinguished the candles and precipitated a panic. This was too practical a joke for the powers of Hamilton and for a time public disapproval of fun with Peole held the wags in check. Then came the gospel of the Millerites and the Day of Doom, and gave them a field for their activities elsewhere.

The summer of 1843 was an anxious one for the credulous sinners. The Millerite tabernacle on Main Street was crowded daily and nightly by those who came to scoff, as well as those who came to pray. As no day had been appointed for being "caught up", the excitement rose to frenzy as the weeks passed. The Africans bought new clothes and kept in perpetual preparation for a surprise journey by wearing all their finery. Peole maintained a fairly level pace at his chores, delivering his papers and giving an occasional hour to my grandmother's garden. He lingered, however, to talk at her back porch of "the coming of the Lo'd" and to express fear at the prospect of meeting Moses and all the Prophets. He determined to carry his bell and to wear his military cape, as well as his white trousers, to judgment—to appear, in fact, in full character costume, slate, book, and all—to the end an innocent impostor.

All through the luminous summer nights the hymns and prayers and fanatical cries of the Millerites of both colours resounded in the vacant streets. Many resorted to the fields, wearing their "ascension robes" of white muslin, the material for which was freely distributed.

The heart of the Scorpion glimmered red, as of old, in the southern heavens, Arcturus climbed, a ball of gold, to the zenith and declined at dawn into the azure west; and amid the opalescent wreaths of the east the planets, Jupiter and Saturn, shone, as to-day, like silver lamps at the gates of the morning. When the golden sun appeared the Millerites quietly dispersed, of a surety witnessing the "coming of the Lord" in that daily miracle.

March, April, May, June, July had passed thus eventfully, and August was passing. The prophet admitted his disappointment, but had not lost faith. Finally he proclaimed that on October eighteenth "the Lord would leave the mercy seat", and on the twenty-second of that month would positively "appear visibly in the clouds of heaven, when believers would be taken".

Curiously, the rising of the Pleiades was associated with this date, following another ancient astronomical superstition.

Excitement became intense among the sect, and the activities of the ungodly increased in disturbing their meetings with crackers, toy torpedoes and refuse.

Unbelieving Hamilton retired as usual on the fateful evening, and trembling expectation choked the utterances even of those who merely watched.

At the early breakfast hour Mr. David Galbraith dropped in to taste my grandmother's melons and drink a glass of milk fresh from the cow. The talk immediately reverted to the prophetic programme.

"Is anybody taken?" she asked eagerly.

Mr. Galbraith was jovial. He smiled.

"I've made inquiries everywhere," he said, "and only one person, old Rose, the tobacconist, is missing!"

"Oh, dear," sighed my grandmother. "so Peole has been left. How disappointed he will be!"

Several years ago, shortly before his death as almost a centenarian, I recalled to David Galbraith's memory the matters I have above related and his commentary on the "morning after". He was greatly amused. His recollection extended to the 'fifties

when Peole was still town erier and bell-ringer, but bent, like an old tree, and twisted by years of exposure and the damp of his cellar.

"Peole Brown! I have not thought of him in two generations," he exclaimed. "An odd character. I remember hearing of his death in the poorhouse—what year, I do not recollect."

"A less speetaular mode of translation," I said, "but, oh! what a lost opportunity, for surely never has one of God's creatures better loved a show."





STROLLING PLAYERS

By Vincenzo Irolli

One of the Italian Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition



A General View of Uppingham Town

A Mould of British Steel

BY ARTHUR G. PENNY



HERE can be few people who are not familiar with the saying popularly ascribed to the Iron Duke of Wellington that, "the battle of

Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton," and, while it would certainly be wide of the mark to assert that the present war will be won on the playing fields of the public schools of England, it is still true that, in every theatre where British arms are represented, these schools have lived up to their splendid traditions in providing fearless and capable leaders and have counted it but a little thing that their best blood

should be spilled like water in the defence of the Empire which their now shadowy ancestors created and for the sake of those high principles of justice and liberty by which their forbears lived and died.

Closely as the sudden shock of a common danger has welded the hitherto loose-hanging links of Empire and vastly as mutual sympathy has grown with increased understanding, there will still be not a little prejudice and misconception to remove when peace is restored before that Empire can assume its destined life and symmetry. . It is my intention, therefore, in the present article to attempt a rough, hasty sketch of an



The Head Master's House, Uppingham

institution typical of those venerable moulds which from generation to generation have turned out the law-makers, the Empire-builders, the scribes, and the high-priests of Britain. Those Canadians who have formed their impressions of English public school life from the pages of "Tom Brown's School Days" or similar fiction have doubtless a confused mental picture of belaboured fags and brutal bullies, of blue-blooded snobs and athletic idlers which leads them to thank heaven that their sons at any rate can enjoy a democratic education of some practical use in after life. It will be not uninteresting for this reason to compare this picture with the following notes on Uppingham School for the accuracy of which I can vouch since I was a callow offspring of that Alma Mater—yesterday, I was about to say but, alas for departed time, it is now nearly twenty years ago.

Uppingham, then, is situated in a small market-town of the same name, in the Midland County of Rutland, which is the smallest in England. Here is some of the best hunting country and some of the coldest winter weather that the Old Country affords. The school was founded in the reign of Elizabeth by a philanthropist of the period along with one in the neighbouring centre of Oakham, so that the original building which still stands beside its contemporaneous church has well overshot the mark of its third century. Both equally endowed as grammar schools and alms houses—evidence of which remains in the quaint school crest that displays a legless schoolmaster in Elizabethan attire seated at his desk and armed with a formidable switch of many twigs, while around him are grouped scholars of both sexes, book in hand—after many vicissitudes of fortune Uppingham



The Market-place and Parish Church, Uppingham

School has completely overshadowed Oakham in the same way that Uppingham is now a busy little town while Oakham remains a village; in fact a far-faring member of my house once returned from an afternoon run with the report that he had seen the Oakham boys and they were a "frousty-looking lot".

Gradually growing in size and parental esteem, the school dramatically stepped into the front rank, which it occupies with Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, Rugby, and other household names, at a moment when its fortunes seemed at their lowest ebb. During the régime of Dr. Edward Thring, Uppingham's great headmaster, and an educationist whose ability has been recognized not only in England but in the United States, a serious epidemic of typhoid broke out in the town on account of the absence of a proper sanitary system. This soon extended to the school, where it rap-

idly spread; boy after boy was stricken and parents began to withdraw their sons until it seemed as though there were nothing left but to close the school, which meant disaster if not extinction. Thring, however, was made of indomitable stuff and set out in search of a temporary home where the school could be carried on; no easy task when you consider that a suitable building had to be found capable of housing upwards of three hundred boys and a large staff of masters, many of whom were married men with families, and that only the promptest action could save the situation. Such a place was found in an empty tourist hotel at Borth, on the sea-coast of Wales, and suddenly the country rang with the news that a whole school had been uprooted from its foundation of hundreds of years and had been successfully transferred to a strange soil, as it were over-night. To-day this



Chapel and big School-room, Uppingham



A Typical Boys' House at Uppingham



The Chancel and Choir Stalls of the Chapel



Chancel Window, Old School Gate and Entrances to Studies built in the Wall



Statue of Thring, the great head master, by Brock, with "Borth" flags on the wall of the chapel

crisis of its history is kept green in the school songs and by two old British flags, draped on the chapel walls, that once were used to summon boys to call-over from their rambles on the Welsh hills.

O, flags ye wrap within your fold
A stranger tale than e'er was told
Of muses' sons in days of old,
The homeless school of fortune brav'd,
Will aye remember how ye waved
Above them in the hour that saved.
—"Borth Lyrics", by Edward Thring.

When the epidemic had abated and a sewer system had been installed Uppingham returned to her own with renewed vigour and increased prestige. Since that day, more than fifty years ago, her career has been one of quiet usefulness and prosperity.

So much in brief, for the school's history. Turn we now to Uppingham

as I saw it in comparatively recent years. Standing in the market-square we are confronted by the old parish church and following a path around its walls we come at the back to a graveyard covered with moss-grown memorials to forgotten folk and pleasantly shaded by ancient trees. Beyond, in architectural harmony, is a stout stone building which is the birthplace of the school, still in service as a studio for classes in art. Retracing our steps and ascending the High Street we come to the heart of the present school. Here is a large gravelled enclosure, popularly recognized as the "Quad", which we approach through a massive gateway of modern design. Before us are two other modern buildings, the big school room, colonnade and school chapel; to the right is also the



Parish Church, Uppingham, and Cemetery, which dates back to Queen Elizabeth's time

modern headmaster's house or school-house, enclosing a broad expanse of greensward; while to the left is an old ivy-covered wall, with gates that are only opened when the governors are in solemn session, in the thickness of which are small recesses each with a door and window that were formerly occupied as studies, but have long since fallen into disuse. Widely scattered through the town are fourteen other buildings known according to location as Town or County Houses, which are of varying age and design but all following the same general principle. In one part is the housemaster's residence, in another that of the boys numbering from thirty to thirty-five under his immediate charge. This last is divided into studies and dormitories and is provided with one large room

which is used alternately as dining-room and class-room.

For educational purposes the school is divided into Forms and Classes as the Upper and Lower Sixth, the Upper and Lower Fifth, etc. From the Upper Fifth a boy may go into the Sixth on the Classical Side or the Upper Remove on the Modern Side, with the third option of a special Military Course leading to Sandhurst and Woolwich. There is also another division of the school handed down from the days of Dr. Thring, who believed that no school could properly train more than three hundred boys. This was into hundreds for certain examinational purposes but, in my day, the school roll had more than four hundred and fifty names upon it, so that the first hundred was considerably under and



Original school building, 300 years old, now used as a studio

the third hundred considerably over strength.

The school year was divided into the Christmas, Easter and Summer Terms, with five, four, and seven weeks holidays respectively intervening between each. Boys were not admitted over thirteen years of age, as it was considered that by that time character was too much developed to admit of moulding along Uppingham lines. In spite of this there was generally a considerable waiting list, particularly for the most sought after houses, since parents could enter their sons under any master, subject to the approval of the head.

Looking back, it seems to me that those in authority in laying out the school routine were largely governed by two maxims, one having to do with Satan and idle hands, and the other with sound minds and sound bodies. So it was that from the rising bell at six till lights out at ten there were few moments indeed that did not have

their allotted duties: school prayers and then classes, breakfast and further classes, dinner and classes again, supper and study, house prayers and finally bed, with nothing to do till to-morrow. Every second day was a half-holiday, on which occasions all boys except those dubious souls shirking behind medical certificates were required to indulge in Rugby football, field hockey, or cricket, according to season. Even on the other days we would put in two hours after dinner with cross country runs, fives, or some other minor sport; the result being that from the youngest fag to the School Captain we were as hard as nails, and a high standard of proficiency in all forms of athletics obtained. On Sunday we had chapel twice, with study and house prayers in the evening, but the afternoon was our own to be spent in reading, letter-writing, or country walks.

Coming to Uppingham after a brief preliminary education in Can-

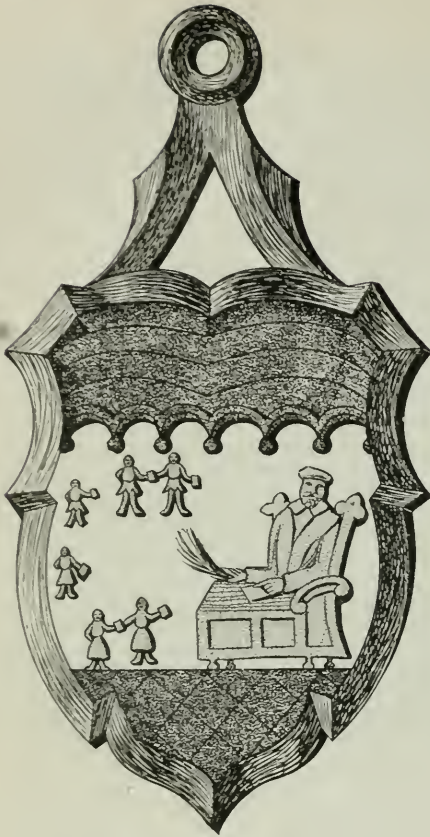
ada, I found myself in a curious position as compared with boys of my own age. At mathematics I could hold my own, and in English I was considerably advanced, but in classics I was woefully backward. Boys who could construe comparatively difficult authors and thought nothing of turning "The Walrus and the Carpenter" into faultless elegiacs could not pen a piece of English composition without errors in spelling, nor could these same boys who declaimed Virgil and Horace with gusto be persuaded to put a semblance of feeling into a passage from Tennyson or Macaulay. Each public school is noted for some one feature of its training and Uppingham claimed to be the most musical in England. The chapel services were taken by a large and, I believe, splendidly trained choir of boys, and periodic concerts were marked by the rendition of oratorios by this choir in conjunction with a capable orchestra of nearly forty pieces.

As to fagging, the custom was extremely moderate; all members of the Third Hundred were fags and were obliged to prepare their lessons under the eye of a master. A certain number of the Upper Sixth were appointed School Praeposters, and there were three or four House Praeposters in every House; these were the only ones with official right to fag, although naturally a certain amount of unofficial fagging took place, and no fags were specifically assigned to any older boy. Fagging duties were very light and consisted mainly in keeping the house tidy or running occasional errands. In the summer, after rain, drafts of fags would be levied to roll the first cricket crease under the watchful and expert eye of a member of the School Eleven. As might be expected there was a good deal of rough horse-play at the expense of unpopular boys and even occasional bullying, although I saw hardly any of it. As this was prior to the South African War I had to contend at first

with a certain air of condescension towards a "Colonial", but otherwise the only distinctions recognized were those of athletic prowess, cleanliness and ability to give and take, nor was I long in finding friends among them.

Of course we had our own particular *argot* or slang; a smart person—sometimes too smart—was "wassy"; an unpleasant person was "frousty" or a "froust"; dirt of all kinds was "fug"; paper was "bumph"; a certain set of athletic champions were "bloods" and a boy who aped their manners was guilty of "roll". Equally, of course, the masters were surreptitiously known by nicknames, not all of which are calculated for polite ears. If a small boy put on roll he was merely chastised and suppressed, but should an older one assume the privileges of a blood without due warrant, the real sanguinaries would lay in wait for him, the whole school expectantly near-by and would solemnly heave him over a certain set of palings, than which act of justice humiliation could go no further. Our costume of solemn black was enforced by regulation, which also demanded that trouser pockets should be sewn up in order to prevent their use as a receptacle for idle hands. Unfortunately this also prevented their use as a storeroom for other objects, and the more daring of us would rip these ignominious seams, restoring them with fearful and wonderful stitches on whisper of a pocket inspection. Winter and summer we wore straw hats of speckled black and white, adorned with broad black bands with thin red edging. As long as crown and brim held together the hat was technically fit to wear and many were the battered relics in active service. School Praeposters or "Pollies" wore white straws with the school crest in gold on the front of the band, and were known as "White Hats" in consequence.

At football, hockey and cricket the entire school was divided into games, the boys wearing white knickerbock-



The Crest of Uppingham School

ers or "shorts" and red or white jerseys, according to which side they were placed on by the captain of the game. At the end of the term two teams would be chosen from every game who would be eligible for promotion the following year. This was known as getting your "land", and in football entitled you to wear a gaily coloured object known as a "star" but remarkably like an Iron Cross, upon your jersey. If you were successful, after several years your jersey would look like a German Field Marshal's uniform. In cricket you got an equally noisy belt with the school crest for a clasp and a white flannel cap graced with a band to match the belt. The second Rugby team was known as the "Twenty", it being considered that this number of players was

necessary to cope with the first Fifteen. Both wore navy blue shorts and white jerseys, but in the first case they were trimmed with red and in the second blue; in addition members of the team wore blue silk sashes and blue velvet skull caps with silver embroidery and tassels, also carrying hunting crops which during actual play were handed over to School Pollies to lash the boys back from the touch lines in moments of excitement. After each game the school would form a line from the goal-post to the dressing-room while the old "colours" conferred as to whether any player deserved admission to the team. Presently the School Captain would take his stand beneath the posts and call out a name whose owner would emerge from the dressing-room and pass down the worshipping lane with hanging head but uplifted heart to the captain who would tie his torn and faded sash around him and shake him by the hand.

Would space permit there are many frivolous incidents and not a few dramatic character sketches with which I might interest or amuse the reader, but this side of English school life has been emphasized from Tom Brown to Stalky & Co., while E. W. Hornung, himself an O.U., has paid faithful tribute to Uppingham in his novel "Fathers of Men", so that I have preferred, as it were, to give you a snapshot rather than a moving picture. In it you should see a hard-working, hard-playing collection of average boys trained not so much to engage in the rough and tumble of life's battle themselves as to control its strategy; always remembering that this picture was taken in the dying moments of the last century by a very inexperienced photographer, so that it has probably no more to do with Uppingham of to-day, about which I cannot speak, than has that gray old building which was its home when Shakespeare lived and Raleigh sailed the seas.

Haslemere

AN OLD WORLD TOWN AND THE NEW WORLD INVASION

BY CARLTON MCNAUGHT



PRAWLED upon a hillside and reaching down into pleasant valleys at the junction of three beautiful English counties, the little town of

Haslemere, with its attendant villages of Shottermill and Hammer, doses sleepily in the winter sunshine of this year of Armageddon, 1918, with one eye on the present and the other gazing dreamily into the past. It is a quaint old town—not so old and not so quaint as many of its size in this age-mellowed land, yet possessing respectable marks of antiquity and not a few picturesque features. The broad High Street with its ancient Town Hall, the winding streets that climb the hill with their elevated sidewalks and old houses red-tiled and many-chimneyed, the bits of garden gay with old-fashioned flowers that nestle in front of vine-covered porches, the ancient church and still more ancient trees, carry one back to a peaceful and leisurely age. But over the face of this slumberous nesting place of man has surged of late a flood of aggressive modernity—a khaki flood, whose tide is as restless and insatiable as the spirit of the New World whence it flows.

Haslemere came into the path of this flood when fate established a Canadian military training camp within walking distance of its borders. The old town on the hill with Shottermill and Hammer crowding about its feet is the only settlement

of any size that can be reached on foot of an evening by the tired warrior from the camp seeking distraction, and without obtaining "leave"—for the town is actually within the limits of the generous camp area. The shops of Haslemere and Shottermill are open till 8 o'clock each evening—except Wednesdays, which is the half-holiday for tradesmen. There are two halls where band concerts and occasional dances take place. And most important of all, there is a "cinema"—which is English for "movie"—where the Canadian Tommy may worship at the shrine of his film heroes and heroines (because the New World still leads the way in the silent drama, and the majority of film productions exhibited in England come from "the States"). So each evening and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons the Canadian Tommy drifts into Haslemere in his hundreds and sometimes his thousands, investing the sleepy old English town with a high-spirited New World life. It is a strange meeting of the old and the new. One hears the breezy, unsoftened speech of Canada everywhere contrasting sharply with the broader and less urgent diction of the Englander, whose accents are of Haslemere. In the shops the Canadian Tommy buys writing paper and tobacco and shaving soap and—yes!—chewing gum, and slakes his thirst for sensational literature. And the shopkeepers, with unprecedented enterprise, have

rapidly learned his wants, and have thriven thereon. True, one wonders sometimes that the invasion has not worked more of a change. Were this a Canadian town, now, as close to a big camp, there would be a dozen movie shows and a host of other places of amusement to cater to the obvious demand. There would be ice-cream parlours, and ring-the-cane emporiums, and refreshment booths galore. But this is Haslemere—a sleepy old town with one foot in the past, and characteristically it is content to stand by its traditions and offer the same entertainment to Tommy as it has been accustomed to itself. And Tommy makes the most of it.

In the pleasant shaded streets that wander up and down through Haslemere and Shottermill and Hammer, meandering past placid ponds where white swans float regally, and narrowing into hedge-bordered, tree-arched lanes as they leave the town, sundry Canadian officers whose wives have come to England to be near their husbands have taken up temporary abode. After a day of hot and dusty training work in camp, these fortunate ones find a pleasant sanctuary from the trials and worries of military life in this soothing old world atmosphere where even the dull report of the "practice" bomb does not penetrate, and war fades to a dream. So that Haslemere, sleepy, plodding town that it is, will have pleasant memories for many a Canadian heart after this war has faded for good.

It has become so much a part of camp life, in fact, that those whose fate it has been to tramp the unexciting round of training routine regard it almost jealously, as a Westerner regards the town of his adoption. It is true we do not quarrel about its population, which has remained to all intents and purposes stationary for two centuries; nor about the extent of its building permits, or its bank clearings, which are

negligible; nor about the height of its commercial structures (there are none over two storeys). We are jealous merely of its beauty and its antiquity. And this not because we hope for any gain therefrom. We have no real estate to sell "within ten minutes of the post-office"—there are no subdivisions on the market; nor do we hope to tempt industrial concerns to locate within its borders (its chief industries at present are a weaving concern, employing at most ten "hands" and using only hand looms, a small wood-working industry which produces "antiques," and a trout hatchery). No; there are no ulterior motives. We are simply jealous of its claims on the newcomer because it is "our" town. Other camps may have their adjacent towns with certain interesting features; but this is "our" town, and is different.

Not that it lacks intrinsic claims to attention. Its beauty none would dispute. Perhaps it is, after all, the country in which it is set that lends the charm to Haslemere. On all sides it is surrounded by the most beautiful of English landscape, from lofty gorse-clad hill to smiling chequer-board valley. On one hand is Hindhead, the second highest point in Surrey, and within view in another direction is Blackdown, the largest eminence in the adjoining county of Sussex. From Haslemere itself, as it climbs the hill, one looks down into a valley, threaded by the meandering Wey, which has that peculiar blending of rusticity and apparent cultivation that is the stamp of English scenery. And on the ridges or climbing the steep hillsides are copses and groves whose sombre pines and luxuriant beeches, oaks, hazels and chestnuts are a constant invitation in the brilliant summer sunshine. The little woodland paths, with their stiles where they emerge into field or meadow, the winding shaded lanes, hedged with holly, thorn or laurel, and the wonderful old trees,



A View of Haslemere from Woolver Hill

all gnarled with age and ivy-mantled, that grimace at one from the mysterious woods, are surely not to be rivalled in any other part of England. Haslemere must needs partake of the charm of this rapturous countryside.

In the quiet seclusion of the wooded slopes that rise towards the crowning eminence of Hindhead, wealthy Englishers have built palatial homes, for the air in this neighborhood is reputed to be the finest in England. One gets glimpses of their moulded chimneys above the massive walls with which the Englishman likes to surround his home, or a peep at their ivy-grown fronts and park-like grounds through an open driveway gate. The Canadian Tommy, strolling along the winding road to or from Haslemere, looks and admires and wonders—admires the stateliness and beauty and wonders at the loneliness of these English homes. Every one of those homes, without doubt, has sent forth a son or a father to the war; some of them will never welcome their crusader back, alas, or will welcome him back maimed or a cripple. And yet they stand there

proudly aloof, solitary and self-contained, as it were scorning to show signs of perturbation or suffering. One cannot avoid the fancy that they typify, somehow, that fine Horatian gentility that makes for some of the best as well as some of the least admirable traits in the English genius. "*Odi profanum vulgus*" is what they seem to say, as they withdraw themselves behind their gray-lichened walls.

It is all very beautiful, with a beauty strangely novel to Canadian eyes. But in England the Canadian is not satisfied with mere beauty. He must have age. He is apt to measure the relative merits of two places by the length of their lineage. It is fortunate, therefore, that Haslemere has nothing to cause us shame in this regard. Its roots go back for many centuries, and it is said to have been once destroyed by the Danes. But it does not seem to have made much of a stir in history. It is not mentioned in the Domesday survey. In fact, as the writer of a local handbook puts it, it possessed, like Alice's dormouse, a commendable faculty for going off to sleep. It was chiefly distinguished in



Bunch Lane, Haslemere

the 16th century for sending two members to parliament, having been used thus by one of the Tudor sovereigns, apparently, to fortify the royal influence in the Commons. Ballot manipulating and crooked returning officers were not unknown in those days, and in 1679 a bailiff got into trouble for facilitating the fraudulent election of one James Gresham over one Denzil Onslow. A Jacobite with the delicious name of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe (what a chance for a novelist!) also played an important part in the parliamentary history of Haslemere. Although he had fought with distinction at Bothwell Brig and Sedgmoor, his Jacobite feeling seems to have made him a rather unmannerly gentleman, for after the Revolution, in 1691, he "joined with others in behaving themselves indecently as Her Majesty (Queen Mary) passed by, looking her in the face and cocking their hats"—a gesture of disrespect apparently parallel to that of "biting one's thumb," after the manner of the Montagues and Capulets. Sir Theophilus eventually fled the country on a charge of high treason, and although

he subsequently returned and was elected to parliament for Haslemere, his epitaph leaves some doubt as to whether he was really ever anything but a Jacobite at heart. His son, General Oglethorpe, became a great philanthropist, however, and was the forerunner of Howard in prison reforming. In the middle of the 18th century Haslemere was famous for its contested elections, but its representation in parliament ended at last in 1832.

Perhaps few of the Canadian Tommies who are so jealous of Haslemere's antiquity are familiar with the above lore, however—for all have not read the little handbook by Mr. J. E. Morris from which I have culled these facts. There is a more vivid and tangible evidence of hoariness in the churchyard of the old Parish Church of St. Bartholomew, which nestles among its yews up in the older part of the town. It is true that the body of the church was rebuilt in 1871 around the old tower, whose base dates back to the 16th century. But the building, with its ivy and mouldering stones, has the air of antiquity about it, and the little church-



Station Road, Haslemere

yard with the stained and lichen-blotched slabs gives one a Gray's Elgy feeling that is quite authentic. One of the stones that has been let into the wall of the church commemorates Robert Philps, who died in 1769. Here also is buried the famous Professor Tyndall, one of the "great names" of Haslemere. The church has a Tennyson memorial window, also, designed by Burne-Jones, though Tennyson himself, who lived but a short walk in his stately home on the edge of Blackdown, is buried in the Abbey. Almost any sunny Saturday or Sunday afternoon you will find Canadian Tommies wandering among the gravestones of this pledge of antiquity deciphering the fading letters of some 18th century epitaph with an awe which only the children of the New World can evince for age.

Of course, Haslemere has its inn. What pretensions could an English town make to ancientness without an inn? The White Horse, on the High Street fronting the old Town Hall, boasts above the doorway of its inn-parlour a stained and faded notice in old-style type which states that the

property known as the White Horse Inn, with the farm attached thereto, will be sold by auction on a certain date in September, 1765. The White Horse has been very largely remodelled since it figured as a coaching inn in the old days, but it retains certain of its picturesque attributes with its modern facings and cuisine. It is much patronized on Saturday and Sunday afternoons by Canadian officers tired of mess fare or excusably thirsty after a country ramble; and on the large-leaf register in its little parlour you will find the names of over a thousand Canadian officers hailing from all parts of the Dominion. Another token of antiquity is to be found on the High Street in the shape of a grand old monarch of a chestnut tree, which is said to have been planted in 1792. And as a proof that the town is introspective as well as retrospective, there is a museum of local and general interest that is said to be unique of its kind.

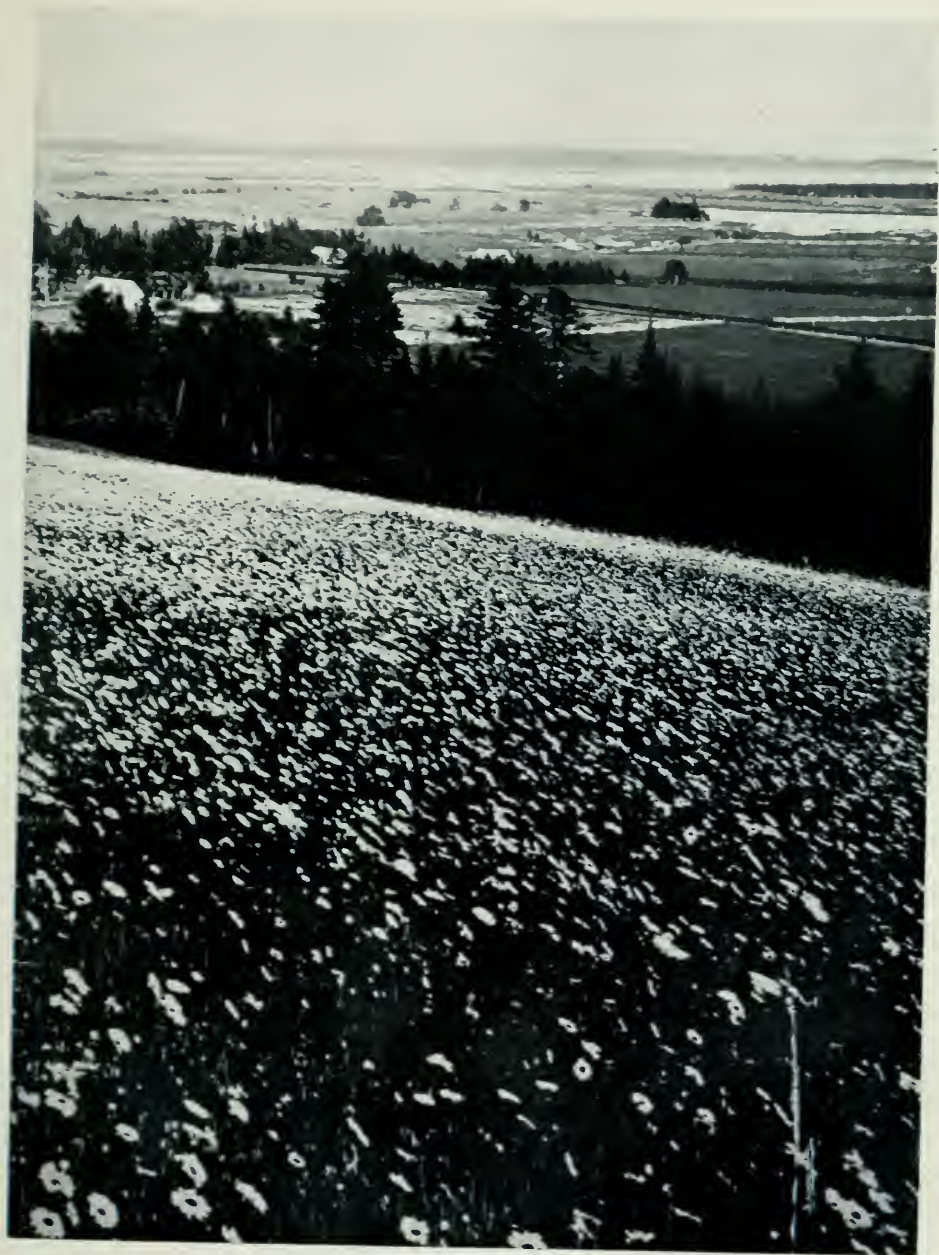
As I have said, Haslemere made no very great stir in history, but its somnolent temperament did not prevent it from associating with itself some of the great names of literature.

Its neighborhood has been likened to the Lake Country, and the local historian with pardonable hyperbole, calls it the "Surrey Parnassus". Some three miles away, on the brow of Blackdown, Lord Tennyson built his stately home in 1868, and here he died in 1892. The country lanes and fields about Haslemere were hallowed by the poet's tread, and it was from Haslemere station that his body was borne to the metropolis for interment in the Abbey. In a small cottage in Shottermill, George Eliot lived for some months in 1871, while engaged in writing "Middlemarch". The house of Dr. George Macdonald, author of that childhood classic, "At the Back of the North Wind," is just on the border of the old town. And in the country tributary to Haslemere a long list of writers, artists

and men of science have lived from time to time.

To-day, were it not for this breezy invasion from the New World which has quickened its pulse a bit, Haslemere would still be dreaming on in undisturbed quietness its age-old dream. But it, too, like every town and hamlet throughout this pleasant land, has sent its sons to battle, and has had its drowsy eyelids wrenched sharply open to follow them yearningly into scenes more stirring than ever troubled its even past. And so it has a ready welcome for these other khaki-clad sons of liberty who are here to-day and gone to-morrow on the same great crusade, and who find time in the brief intermissions of training to peer with Western impressionability into the mellow picturesqueness of an old world town.





A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LANDSCAPE

From a Photograph by W. S. Louson

Leander: Volunteer

BY HARRIS MERTON LYON



IN fourteen decillion B.C., according to nobody in particular, this stubborn planet upon which to-day we so carelessly shuffle our feet began a series of experiments toward an end. Billions of bits of magnetic dust were driven from the planet's bowels, churned around, fermented, and worked over. At first she tried for trees, and got trees. Then snails, clams, jellyfish. Then brooding over her in ent, she made the jellyfish climb up out of the sea and prostrate itself upon the sand. Then she watched yearningly through morose years the light and the air beat down upon the jellyfish and irritate it; and she saw the irritation grow into sores, and the sores grow into lungs to breathe with and eyes to see with. After three hundred million jellyfish had died in the process, she slumbered and considered the process complete. After fourteen decillion, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six years had passed, she rested, a pregnant planet, from her constant, vast and multitudinous stew and turmoil; for the end of her experiments had come. The numberless millions of jellyfishes and the superb march of countless years had produced Leander Percy Johnson.

Leander enters here, bowing pathetically among men, acting the idiot among girls. You have Leander in his name, as if it had been wrapped around him like a label—Leander Percy Johnson. He was book-fed to

the point of mental numbness, flat-chested, and common clay. Leander, eighteen, hadn't a thought in the long, bony box of his skull. He had been stuffed with schooling, but had come out unscathed. He was pasty and superficial and hopeless and he was going to a big Eastern university. The reason he was going to a university was because Hiram Jesse Johnson was a man who had been starved all his life of all the finer things—or rather, of what he considered the finer things. For instance, he had never had more than a common school education. He had never been able to travel. He had never had a chance to do big work among big men at the big tasks of existence.

He was now fifty-five years old, prematurely bent and gray, a broken man, working on a stubborn, poor little farm outside the small town of Happydale. To the man who really saw into Happydale, its name sounded like harsh laughter. To the man who really saw into Happydale, its people seemed all to be, somehow, sick people. To the man who really saw into these people, it seemed as if they took sixteenths of an inch to be miles.

Hiram Jesse Johnson, on the other hand, thought miles were sixteenths of an inch, or even millionths of an inch. So you see at once he had no business being in Happydale. He was too vague, too mystical. When he should have been bargaining in a flat, metallic voice with Henry Binus, the grocer, over the price of the lettuce and radishes he had brought in to

market. he was instead plucking his old gray beard and roaring childishly about the deep damnation of sending corrupt George H. Price back to Parliament.

He loved to trace mysticism in the flight of bees; he had grand, shapeless ideas about the influence of stars upon our earthly births and doings; he believed in spiritualism, signs, witchcraft. He contemplated the hordes of men as so many blades of grass, perishing or flourishing under the sun and the rain. He believed in honour, in all men being honest and kind. Like some babbling child he spoke of the liquid wash of Time, the inconsequential panks of Evolution, the unimportance of the Minute, the Insignificant Mile. A sort of an old Walt Whitman, dreaming of the cosmos, was Hiram Jesse Johnson.

His day was filled with sweet thoughts, and his night with shadowy visions. His neighbours called him impractical. He saw no sense in a bank account because it was almost a psychological impossibility for him to admit the presence of a bank. In fact, he doubted the reality of the world itself, to say nothing of the banks in that world. He could not save a dollar, because he thought in terms of millions of dollars. He was intellectual, not brainy. He was loose and magnanimous, with a dread of business. He was the only failure in Happydale, a town full of people called successful. He lived alone on his wretched farm with his only son Leander.

"I mean for my boy to have what I couldn't get, gentlemen," said Hiram to the town circle in Barker's drug-store. "He's going to go through university—yes, sir, university!—if it takes every last cent his pa can dig up."

"Doe" Sniffen looked at Jim Burckhardt, the real estate man, significantly. "Goin' into the mining business, Johnson?" he asked.

"Education!" went on the old man hastily. "Education is what we all

need. It broadens our minds, gives us culture, makes us appreciate more about the world we live in. Instead of just having five senses, then we've got five hundred senses, five thousand senses, five million senses!"

"He, he! Most too many for Leander to carry around without stumblin', ain't it?" asked Sniffen. "Seems weakly to me, Leander does."

"You could carry some of it around with you, Doe Sniffen, without any inconvenience," snapped Johnson. Then he softened: "And so could I. I wish I'd had it. I wouldn't be here now, grubbing away at a dinky, miserable farm in a little hidebound county like Maxwell. I'd be out helping do the big things, the new thinking o' the world. Maybe I'd be making new inventions to increase human comfort; or be an honest judge, giving the poor folks a square deal; or something like that. But I didn't get the chance, gentlemen. I didn't get the chance. And so I'm doing the next best thing. I'm sending my boy out into the ranks of the world's fighters, equipped the very best I can afford to. I don't want him to hang around Happydale and be the source o' misery to his father that some are." Here several faces in the circle set vindictively; but the old man, gazing into his dream, saw nothing. "I don't want Leander to stay a town boy all his life, jumping counters and living out a narrow-minded, hard-hearted existence here, grabbing every penny in sight and missing the magnificent spectacle of this great human fight set in between our two eternities. I want him to live in the fire and hot heat o' things. I want him to be a man among men."

"Yeh, I suppose you do," said Hicks Lawson, knocking the ashes from his pipe and stalking out of the door. Lawson's boy, Johnny, had been arrested twice in Happydale for drunkenness. The rest of the circle said nothing for a while.

"It'll take him four years to go through university, won't it, Hi?"

"Yep. Four years of ideal training. Four years. H'm." He combed his hand through his gray beard. "Four years." For the first time his brain had turned to the actual cost of the enterprise and he was computing details.

Sixteenths of an inch are miles in Happydale. Hi Johnson had, in his unthinking way, called the town boys narrow-minded counter-jumpers. He had cursed them as penny-grabbers. He had said they were sources of misery to their fathers. Hicks Lawson, shiftless, lazy and unhappy, told his wife that night:

"That old fool Johnson was around to-day bragging about that milksop boy o' his and castin' slurs on Johnny. I got up and left the place."

"What'd Hi Johnson say?" snapped his wife angrily.

"Well—somehow—he sneered at Johnny's—Johnny's bein' bad, mother. I give him a piece o' my mind, and come away. I can't stand such things. Just simply can't stand it."

"Stuck up about that Leander, is he? He's got lots to be stuck up about—a footless, no-count dummy like that."

Barker, the druggist, had a son who worked in the shoe-store. Barker vengefully included his boy in the Johnson epithet "counter-jumpers". Mrs. Barker cut Leander's name off the list of a party she was giving that week. Mrs. "Doe" Sniffen circulated reports that, according to medical authority, Leander Johnson was "a little light-headed" already, and that a college education would "literally cause his brain to bust with egotism". A nephew of hers, owing to the proud intermarriage of Happydale's "oldest families", suffered from incipient lunacy.

"I don't think you'd better let Leander call here any more," said Mrs. Beemis to her daughter Lucy. "I hear his father is going around town telling how Leander is too good for us. Lord knows! That spindle-shanked numskull! If it comes to be-

ing proud, I've a right to be as proud as forty Johnsons."

In less than a week the already lonely Leander found himself cut off from even a speaking acquaintance with the people among whom he had lived all his life. He had neither the ingenuity nor the bravery to find out why. However, as he was leaving the first of the month for the great city, he paid no attention to what was taking place in Happydale. As soon as his father could give him the hundred dollars he would leave.

They had made up their mind on this sum: it would be so much cash above railroad expenses, entrance fee, and other incidentals. Where they were to get it from was a problem for his father. Leander knew his father would take care of him. His father always had taken care of him.

In the quiet of his own room, the old man met for days a hideous reality; he had to have one hundred dollars by the first of the month. He went through the tortures of helplessness. It was the first time since he had mortgaged his meager farm that he had had occasion to think of big sums of money, and it made him sick now to have to sit devising plans, going over petty schemes, haggling with himself about impossible bargains, hour by hour, only to come back to the shame of acknowledging he had no way of getting the money. He had bragged a dozen times to all the town that Leander would leave for the East on the first! He hadn't exactly meant to brag. But he had talked too much. In Happydale, sixteenths of an inch!

The last evening before Leander was to leave, Johnson went around to old Jim Burekhardt. Burekhardt was "in real estate"; judging from his ears, he was in it up to his ears. He was eighty years old: for sixty years he had been in Happydale. In fact, rumour said he had grabbed the town when it was first laid out, had jockeyed claims, stolen lots, sold new streets to the town at exorbitant prices, and finally managed to screw

and gouge a mint of money out of Happydale. He was bleary-eyed, almost stone deaf, and dragged himself along the streets like a wounded rat. He was a gray man; his head was gray, his skin gray, his eyes gray. He wore unfashionable gray clothes, a gray necktie, an old gray hat. His face was scratched with deep lines of greed, miserliness, and cruelty; and when he spoke his croaking voice made children shudder. He was the richest man in Happydale. He stood for Happydale; he was interested financially in its growth; he was president of its Commercial Club; he was president of one of the banks and the rolling-mill as well.

Old man Johnson trembled a bit and cleared his throat, as Burekhardt waved him to a chair on the porch. "I—I came to see you, Jim, about—about—about a little matter of money."

Burekhardt made a quick, ratlike motion of his head. He could hear excellently whenever money was mentioned. "Don't think I can do it," he said. "Money's scarce."

"Scarce with me, too," answered Johnson with an attempted smile. "You know that, o' course, from the way I haven't met my interest on the mortgage. But this I want now is to send Leander away to college on. He can get work to do there to work his way through, waitin' on table—"

"What?" yelled Burekhardt, with his hand behind his ear.

Johnson's humiliation was sharp. They were sitting on the front porch, where all the street might hear. "He is going to wait on table to pay his way through," he shouted.

"Glad he ain't so stuck up but what he can work for a living," grunted Burekhardt.

"I want to give the boy a little money just to ease things down for him while he's breaking in, Jim. I've set my heart on this, as you know. I ain't going to tell you how much I've worried the last few days trying to find some way to get this money for

him. Jim, there *ain't* any way. I haven't got a thing—"

"What!"

"I've got absolutely nothing to offer you as security!" shouted Johnson.

"No security! And want money!" shrieked the other.

"It's like begging it, I know, Jim. But be friends with me this time, and let me have it. Be kind to me, Jim, and I'll make it up to you. I'll pay you any interest you want. I hate to have to talk this way, and ask you favours. I hate to humble myself; and I wouldn't do it for myself. I wouldn't do it, Jim, but I want my boy to have his chance in life. You've been—well, in a way, you've been kind to me and a—sort of generous in the past, and I—"

"How much?" barked the old real estate agent.

"One hundred dollars, Jim."

The other man sat and looked grimly at him through the dusk, with blackness in his gray eyes. "One hundred dollars," he coughed, and fell to thinking. Johnson sat twisting his moist hands between his knees in an agony of shame—and of hope. Then Burekhardt said: "You are an old fool, Hi. You'll never amount to anything, and neither will that blamed boy of yours. You've got your head full of stars, and he's got his head full of fog. You're sending him off to college to get more fog. Now, I'll lend you a hundred dollars more on that hog lot you call a farm but if I could prevent it, Leander wouldn't get a cent of it."

Johnson, with a rush of happiness, signed a note and said: "If it wasn't for Leander I wouldn't want it, Jim."

When he was a block away from the house, his shame overtook him again, and he burst out crying to himself, as a lonely old man will cry, unhappy, emotional, vague. He was all feeling. In the depth of his woe, his heart was his whole world. His brain worked numbly, and heeded not the practical affairs of life. He had no sagacious curiosity as to why

Burekhardt voluntarily lent him the money. He did not know that Burekhardt was dickering with an electric line to come into Happydale, and that the plan was to have it come in along the line of this useless Johnson farm.

And so Leander went away to the university and worked out his year, sending home dutiful reports to his father. And so the old man lived through all that education as if he himself were getting the things he had been deprived of in his youth. In his innocent way he went around the town telling every one he met about Leander's feats in Greek, and chemistry, and trigonometry, and French. At the drug store he boasted to the town circle about these things and "Doc" Sniffen asked: "What's he going to do with French in Happydale?"

"He ain't coming back to Happydale," boasted the old man. "He's going to work in the city when he's through college. He'll need a broad field, gentlemen. There's opportunity in the city. That place's full o' big men."

"What?" yelled old Burekhardt malevolently.

Johnson, suddenly silent, did not answer. All Happydale knew that Leander had gone to college on Burekhardt's money. They did not know how much it was. They speculated that it must have been five hundred dollars. Lucy Beemis had overheard the two men yelling at each other that night on the porch. Tattle, crackle, tattle, crackle, went in scorn the tongues of Happydale whenever old man Johnson, mildly exulting, spread fresh news of Leander's distant prowess. And all through the four years Leander was gone, the fires were building under him with the fuel of his father's boasts.

Through his freshman summer Leander stayed in the East and drudged somewhere. Then in the fall, came a pitiful demand for more money. "It's very hard for me to

keep this up," wrote Leander. "Any money you can get, any moment at all, please send me."

So the old man, who had been so proud of his son, humbled himself once more to the nearly deaf ears of Burekhardt; and the miser, with the electric line coming closer, squeezed him out another hundred dollars, adding a wise saw and a sarcasm or two to the gift. Some months later, when Leander wrote a mawkish poem which was printed in the college paper, and when Johnson was showing it gleefully in the drug store, old Burekhardt, in a sudden burst of nasty temper croaked:

"So he's a poet, hey? A poet! That's what I'm paying out my good money for!"

And the gossips silently nodded the message to each other, and it went winking over the town, chilling the glory of Leander's verses. Old Burekhardt was putting up for Leander's education. It had already cost him two thousand dollars!

A third year came. A third humiliation. A third loan of a hundred dollars from the little gray man with his gray eyes fixed on the trolley line. Leander had changed his course and had gone in for languages. This was an immense feat to be heralded through Happydale. Leander was studying Latin, Greek, French and German. In an enthusiastic letter the boy had written: "I can already talk better German than Haubeil, the butcher." And uproariously his father had told Haubeil what Leander said. The butcher glowered and added his mite of hate. Item by item the town was building its verdict. In the city, the spiritless, spineless Leander was nothing; in Happydale he was despised.

In the city, Leander had unconsciously drudged himself to doom. He had waited on table until he had become, in his soul, a waiter. The outward display of servility had crept under his skin. He was a mild, characterless, vapid and sometimes silly

piece of human machinery. In appearance he was soapy, sloppy and stale, with now and then a gaudy burst of hosiery and neckwear to damn him all the more, and make his Sunday best his very worst. He went to his classes with a sense of oafish duty; and with the same sense he wrote his faithful letters home.

At the beginning of his senior year came again the same furtive, startled cry for money. It made him sick to think how close he came to actual poverty. It made his father sick to think of the fight his son was making for an education. It made his father sick, too, to have to go to Burekhardt for money, but he went, and put himself into debt so deep there was no chance of his ever paying out. He owed Burekhardt four hundred dollars, up to the time of his boy's graduation. Then, by figuring down to the last cent, Leander wrote that he "believed he could make it on forty eight dollars". So Burekhardt advanced forty-eight dollars more, with the electric line only ten miles away, and Leander was graduated.

Old Johnson framed that diploma and announced that Leander had stayed in the city to begin his career. The town, at last abashed by the facts, sat back in vindictive silence and waited.

It did not have to wait long. In September, heartbroken, spirit-broken and penniless, Leander came home. His father met him with tears of joy and pangs of dismay at the depot, and all alone, of a shiftless, quizzical crowd, welcomed him back to Happydale.

"I've come back, dad," was all Leander said. "I couldn't make a go of it in the city. I tried and tried. I walked the streets hunting for something to do; but there wasn't a job."

"What did you want to go to work at, Leander?" asked the old man.

"Well, I thought if I could get a job—waiting at table just to tide me over, you know—but I couldn't."

"Couldn't you—couldn't you do

anything with all that French and German? Teaching, or translating, or something, I mean?"

"No. I didn't really know enough to do any good. I just simply wasn't thorough enough at anything I studied, dad."

The old man patted the boy's shoulder half-heartedly and said, with a catch in his throat: "Well, well, Leander. Cheer up. We'll find plenty of chances for you here. The town's proud of you, if I do say it myself. I've been telling 'em all right along just what you were doing; and they've all been real interested."

"Dad, about all that money—four hundred and forty-eight dollars—" began Leander with a whisper.

"Now, don't worry. I arranged all that easy enough. Jim Burekhardt let me have it on the old farm. He's been right kind, and I'm going to see him about giving you a job in the bank to-morrow."

Leander, in a daze, accepted the decision silently.

"What? A job in my bank?" barked Burekhardt the next day. "Ain't any places open. No, sir. That whole Leander deal is closed, Mr. Johnson, and good riddance. You wouldn't take my advice. You wouldn't let him stay here and 'jump counters'. Hey? Remember that? I told you the boy's head was full of fog. Now it's even worse. It's full of professor fog. No, sir! I'm a business man, pure and simple. I want no Leanders around my bank."

Johnson's hands trembled as he took his hat. "I'm awfully sorry, Jim," he said, with difficulty, "to hear you speak this way. My boy is as good as anybody's boy. It's me that's unpractical and careless and slipshod; not him. I admit I don't know anything about business. But Leander, I want you to remember, worked his way through four long years at the university—"

"Yes, with my four hundred and forty-eight dollars," sneered the little man in gray.

"Good-day, Jim Burekhardt," said Johnson.

No. The town was not proud of Leander.

Everywhere the town's little enmities prickled and stung, as only a little town's can when it has got its hate up against you. Girls tittered as they passed Leander in the streets; the boys were too busy to talk to him; the elders quoted at his unconscious head the foolish boastings of his father in the years gone by. For a long time he could get nothing to do, and the heart of his father sank day by day before the incomprehensible fact. Winter came on, and in the long desultory months Leander spent his time shamefacedly around the house. Among other things, he took to writing—vague incoherent pieces of description, meaningless verses in different meters and stanza-forms, imaginary editorials, riddles, puzzles, limericks.

This gave his father an idea. He would get Leander a job on the little daily newspaper, the Happydale *Pal-ladium—Independent*. He consulted with the editor and proprietor, Mr. William Wallack Henderson, a fat, gracious, lazy man with a kind heart and an abysmal ignorance of how to run a newspaper. Therefore, in the spring Leander went to work on the daily. His duties were to gather local news—police, court-house, real estate and train arrivals—collect and solicit advertising in the afternoon, see the paper off the press in the evening, repair the donkey-engine which ran the press, give the papers out to the news-boys to be delivered, and at night to read and clip from the exchanges and write the editorials for the succeeding day. For this work Leander received five dollars a week.

He went to work in April. But he could not get any local news and that duty had to be taken away from him. The reason he could not get any local news was because the town jeered at his pretensions as a reporter and went out of its way to conceal things from

his knowledge. His father, however, was happy, and so Leander worked on, stupidly, in a bewildered, faithful fashion.

In his first flush of earned money he bought some lavender socks, bright tan shoes, and a purple beribboned straw hat. These became the laughing-stock of the town, a steady joke among the young bloods. But Leander, with his yellow mop of hair jutting out from beneath the straw confection, perspired on, chasing his thin legs and flat lungs out on innumerable errands, his shabby coat buttoned tight about him even in the warmest weather. He despised a reporter's work; he was even afraid of it. Away down in his sensitiveness there was a distinct dread of asking people questions. If he pried into affairs it was timidly, with his heart in his mouth.

"It's none of my business, dad, and they all hate me so," he argued with his father.

But he kept at it. His years as a waiter had taught him a sort of unthinking obedience, and, in truth, his work was not really difficult. If only the ample Mr. William Wallack Henderson had known it, his paper was a joke. It had no news; it had no advertising; it had no influence. But Mr. Henderson took his paper very seriously . . . at least, he took it seriously once a month, when he had to pay its bills. And so—

Old man Johnson was hoeing in his tiny garden when the boy came home. He looked up and saw the comical straw hat and the pathetic face of his son beneath it. Leander leaned over the fence and stared for a long, long time at his father. In his throat a lump kept rising and falling, keeping time with the rise and fall of his shoulders. The boy was sobbing, in long, dry sobs. Then the tears streamed from his staring eyes, streamed blindly for a long aching minute, without him seeing his father, without him seeing anything, and he bowed and hid his face in his arm along the fence.

The old man's imagination went trembling out over vast and hideous possibilities. He dropped his hoe, stared, wiped his hands aimlessly against his legs, and licked his dry lips. What had happened to his boy? He tried twice to ask, but could not get the words into his mouth.

"Dad—oh, dad!" the boy wailed. "Oh, daddy, daddy, my own old daddy!"

Old man Johnson came over to the fence, lifted off the foolish straw hat and stroked his boy's head with stiff, uncertain hands. "There, there now, Leander! What is it, son? Don't cry. What is it? Tell your daddy what's happened, won't you? Just tell your daddy what they've done to you. It's all right, Leander. Tell me."

The boy broke out into fresh sobs and blurted through his trembling lips: "Mr. Henderson—he told me he wouldn't need me any more. He—he said I was a luxury around his office! He don't want me, and—I—don't—know—what—to—do. Nobody wants me. I want to work and do—my—best, but nobody wants me. Nobody'll give me a chance. Everybody in this—this dirty old town hates me and laughs at me. I tried to pay no attention to it, daddy, and be brave. B—b—but I ain't brave. I—I've known for ever so long what you tried to do for me, the sacrifices you've made for me; and I tried to make it up to you. But it seems like I can't. It seems like there's no way in the world for me to get a start. It seems like everybody and everything is bound to make me fail. I hated to come back here, but I thought we'd be so happy together, you and I, even if I was a failure. Then when everybody began picking on me, I didn't say anything; I just stuck to it, because I saw I was pleasing you. But I knew it wouldn't last. I know I'm not a newspaper man—or—any—other—kind—of—a—man. B—but I love you, daddy; and I wanted to be near you, and I wanted to

make you proud of me." He crumpled against the fence and sobbed painfully for a while, then blurted furiously: "Now the whole world's a blank, and you've spent four hundred and forty-eight dollars on me that you'll have to work yourself to death paying back. And I can't help you. Oh, daddy, I—can't—help—you! That's what hurts me." He lifted his sodden, tear-stained face to his father.

Hiram Johnson licked his dry lips and tried to keep the dismay out of his voice. In his breast his heart sank heavily. "Leander," he said, and his voice broke. He waited a moment, staring beyond the boy's yellow head at the old house. His eyes saw the back porch with the pails and the broom above it, the trash underneath. But he paid no attention; his mind was dumbly working at this new catastrophe. Finally, he gave it up.

"Leander, boy, I'm sorry. I reckon that's all I can say, Leander; I'm sorry. This ain't what either of us had a right to expect. Is it, Leander? Somehow I feel as if we don't jibe with the town, or even with the world. There, now, don't cry, Leander. You're a good boy, as good a boy as anybody's ever had. Don't worry about the money, if that's what is worrying you. I'll take care o' that."

"But what are we going to do, dad? What are we going to do?"

The old man looked off again, silently, at the porch. "I don't know," he said at last. "I really and truly don't know. O' course, I can go on this way, just as I am. I can take care o' myself without any trouble, until I die. I don't matter, you see. It's *you*, Leander. What about you?"

The boy hung his head.

"I've tried my best, Leander. Now, don't go and be hurt at what I'm saying. I wouldn't hurt you, son, for all the world. But I've tried, every way I know how, to help you—it's been my failure as well as yours. I don't know anything more to do." A sob came into the old man's throat.

"Can't you do anything for yourself, Leander? Ain't there *anything* you can do? You're a grown man now. I know this town's been hard on you. But there's other towns; maybe they are not all like Happydale. If you could just get out and do something for yourself now! If you only could! That would change their opinion of us. I ask you honestly, Leander, ain't there *anything* you could do, by yourself?"

Leander looked at him grimly for a moment. "Just one thing, dad. I can't tell you to-night. But I've been thinking it over." He wiped his eyes, straightened up, and took his hat from his father's hand. "I want you to remember this—sometime—when you're thinking of me. I want you to remember that, somehow—it ain't my fault or yours, dad—but—I *ain't* brave. Every man ought to be that, if he's going to get on in the world."

And so, at midnight, without telling his father, Leander stole away and caught a train up to a junction point of the main line. There lay a car of volunteers who were whisked away in the morning toward the big camp. Leander was with them, trembling at what he had done. All the volunteers who went into that camp went full of a spiritual fire, a divinity, an exaltation. Strong, fiery lads; determined men. And they kissed good-bye to their fathers and mothers and sang their valiant songs as they went into that civilian's camp.

Leander was in that camp. Leander was stricken with the fever and it ate greedily through his flat chest and his skinny legs. Then he was put in a big tent, where there were other sick men. And one night a storm, hurrying up, pelted at this tent with

sheets of rain and blew it down with shrieks of wind. In the morning some energetic medical men lifted the canvas off the sick. Eight of them were dead. Leander was one of the eight.

That next autumn a travelling man said to a group of townsmen in the Commercial Hotel at Happydale: "I'm a Columbia man, class of '97. Seems to me I remember a classmate of mine—named Johnson—who was from this town. Wasn't he?"

"Yeh. Didn't amount to much. You mean Leander Johnson," said Doc Sniffen.

"What about Johnson?" yelled old Burckhardt.

"This gentleman's talking about Leander!" shouted Sniffen in reply. "I said he didn't amount to much!"

Old Burckhardt coughed. "No. He didn't. I always said he wouldn't. He was a costly experiment, Leander was. I reckon that's about the last experiment in Columbia education this town'll have."

The travelling man laughed contentedly at the thought.

Doe Sniffen misunderstood him, leaned over, and spoke in a whisper: "You can laugh but"—jerking his thumb at the blinking, gray figure of Burckhardt—"it ain't no laughing matter with *him*. That experiment cost him a pretty penny. Nobody else cares. Course, nobody else put up anything. Even Leander's old man didn't put up anything! For four long years it was always Burckhardt, Burckhardt. He was the one that was hit hard."

And the old earth groaned and began it all over again. For Leander had returned to the jellyfish whence he came. He had gone back to fourteen deecillion, B.C.



ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

X.—WELFARE WORK



THE student of industrial conditions in England during the war might well wonder if Lloyd George has accomplished anything more promising for victory, more beneficial to his country in such a period of stress, than the institution of a new theory in industrial life based on the humanizing of toil. It was away back in the early days of his acceptance by the Empire as the essential cog in the machine of war. At a time when the German was threatening Paris and no obstacle to his victorious march loomed above the horizon, the little Welshman was called by his Premier—but more insistently by his country—to undertake the revolutionizing of warfare in a country whose short-sighted lack of preparation bade fair to be its death sentence.

Guns were needed—more guns—and thousands more. The victorious enemy was not only shattering his way to the capital city of one of the Allies, but he was exacting a toll of the best fighters in the world that threatened quickly to prove his invincibility. The British Tommy, fainting from the fatigue of continued battle, but fighting on without a thought of submission, ground his teeth at his impotence. Man to man he knew his superiority. But man to gun was but fodder. Behind a barrage of murderous shells the German soldier laughed at the puny opposition of a

gunless army. The strongest forts known to military science had fallen without a struggle. The direction of the invading army was ever forward. Only when its ammunition failed temporarily was it driven to retreat behind the hills of the Aisne. And then England clamoured for the guns to give the men a chance. Lloyd George, the most aggressive politician in sight, was given the mission to get them.

Immediately he recognized that the task was not so much a matter of material as of workpeople and factories. And, with his own peculiar foresightedness, he knew that success depended in the final issue on a workpeople contented and able to undertake without more than the minimum of rest the great task of production. To make the munition-makers contented and physically fit for their work more than suitable wages was required. Hours of work must be, for the time, subject only to the limits of human endurance. The driving back of the enemy, therefore, hung on the minds and bodies of the workers. And to ensure co-operation of these two allies something in the way of innovation was necessary.

The solution of the problem, as it affected the million women who have thrown themselves into the production of munitions of war, was the creation of a new department in connection with the Ministry of Munitions. As Lloyd George puts it himself: "I had the privilege of setting up something

that was known as a welfare department, which was an attempt to take advantage of the present mallability of industry in order to impress upon it more humanitarian conditions, to make labour less squalid and less repellent, more attractive and more healthy." And the results have so far excelled even his hopes that the department is not recognizable to-day by its ambitious creator.

The Welfare Department in Great Britain is assuredly an innovation in industrial life. There has been, and is, a prevailing idea that it is but an English application of a phase of working life already developed in the United States. A Government official modestly deprecated to me any idea of novelty. "You," he said, "know all about it already, of course. For it is not new in America." And he spoke of a certain great factory in the Central States that has for years secured much valuable advertising through its care of its employees. But the difference between any so-called welfare work in America and that developed in Great Britain is sufficient to mark the latter as a distinct creation. Not only is the work differently controlled, but its duties and the direction of its efforts are essentially new.

"Welfare" has been applied in England loosely to everything that introduces a new office dealing directly with the employee of a factory. Jealous and selfish employers have attempted to forestal Government interference by appointing officials whom they dignify with the title of "welfare workers", but whose only duty is to secure larger dividends for the directors. But, strictly speaking, "welfare" in England applies only to the appointees of the Ministry of Munitions; and it is only with these this article will deal. The most dangerous obstacle to the ultimate benefits of real welfare work is the disgust and distrust aroused in the workers by officials who are responsible only to their employers; and there has been more than a suggestion that the Government protect the idea by

copyrighting the term it has selected for its appointees.

The welfare worker is a Government employee. The Welfare Department, through a permanent committee, passes on every worker, by interview, by examination of character, record and references. The aim is high, as it necessarily must be to secure a woman whose influence on the munitioneers will be good. Apart from the ordinary qualifications of official position of such authority, she must be educated, dignified, sympathetic, independent, resourceful, diplomatic, physically strong, competent to command, and capable of winning affection as well as respect. It is a large order—so large that the calibre cannot be maintained with any hope of filling the demand. The fact that almost all munition factories are either Government-owned or controlled renders them amenable to the regulation that, with more than a certain number of female employees, one or more welfare workers must be engaged. And the supply is grievously inadequate. It is a feature of English life that caste is another requirement in the welfare workers. Unless the munition workers are sensible of the superior station in life of at least the head of the welfare staff they are reluctant to lend themselves to the relationship imposed by the new idea. Many women, seemingly otherwise fitted to do effective work, have failed to gain the respect so necessary for results. And as the work, if honestly performed, is hard and often discouraging, with long hours and innumerable worries, and with a strain that increases to proportions beyond the reputed strength and competence of woman, even those few who might fill the position with success hesitate before assuming the tremendous responsibilities.

The true welfare official is selected by the Welfare Department of the Ministry of Munitions, accordingly, and approved of by the management of the factory where her work is to be. As a Government employee she is independent, save in employment

and discharge, of the management. Her position might appear anomalous and impossible, but in reality, owing to the wonderful results that have appeared, the munition firms have accepted the relationship with a grace that grows to appreciation. As a Government official it is her duty in general to see that the working conditions are reasonable and fair, that the factory equipment is sanitary and safe, that dismissals are only for good cause, that the moral atmosphere is satisfactory, that the girls are paid according to established rates; in short, that every surrounding of the female worker is suitable to her sex, her physical and moral requirements, and to her protection. The value of the welfare worker to the management appears in her ability to settle disputes, maintain discipline, raise the morale of the girls, secure from them a full co-operation in production and in factory interest, and protect the firm from the expense and loss of time arising from a wrong mental attitude and from accident.

The technical titles applied to the workers are somewhat descriptive. The head may be a "supervisor" or a "superintendent". The former works without assistants in the smaller factories. The superintendent has directly under her a staff of welfare assistants and auxiliary forces. Properly speaking, only her assistants who have been approved of by the Department are "welfare workers", but a superintendent is usually considered competent to select assistants who would satisfy the Department.

The duties of the superintendent are too multifarious to be described save under the general term "welfare". Obviously there is little she can do which has not some connection with the interests of her women munition-workers. Outside the general authority secured to her by her official appointment, her powers rest with the factory management. If the latter is sympathetic and satisfied with her, she is sometimes given almost unlimited

authority over the women in the shops. The one Canadian welfare superintendent in Great Britain, with the fullest recognition by both Government and factory officials, has practically supreme control over every woman in the factory area, munition-workers and office staff. In her rests authority to select and dismiss employees, to pass on the dismissals by the foreman, to promulgate regulations of any kind affecting female labour. As head of the Labour Bureau, every new employee must conform to the ideals she has established. The requirements in this department alone, of 3,500 women workers, with the ordinary changes of industrial life and the extraordinary and unexpected demands of war conditions, is difficult to imagine. Lavatory, hospital and rest-room accommodation is directly subject to her. She is one of a committee of three to manage a canteen for 5,000 employees. She has charge of the cleaning staffs. Her orders in the business office are obeyed as the manager's. Female employees obtain from her leave to pass from the building during working hours and to remain from work for special reasons.

But these are the mere outlines of her general work, the listed duties. They are, in reality, the least of her real welfare work. Her main care is to secure the confidence of her girls, to convince them that in her they have a friend. She protects them from the momentary exasperation of worried foremen. Every possible convenience and comfort she obtains for them. Rest-rooms and canteen and lavatories, floors and windows of shops are kept under her eye for cleanliness and fittings. A girl on work too strenuous for her strength is transferred by her to easier duties. Petty thieving is controlled by the firm's police under her direction. Complaints of every kind are brought to her for settlement, from a badly cooked meal at the canteen to the partiality of a charge hand. She orders improvements to ventilation, heating and

lighting, and sees that the girls who have leisure to sit are provided with seats. She inquires into mistakes in pay envelopes and advises the management on inadequate rates.

And still the list is incomplete. She arbitrates disagreements, not only between the foremen and the girls, but between the girls themselves. She moves, when conditions warrant it, girls into more congenial shops. She directs them to the firm's hospitals in case of sickness. She takes the children of mothers who must work for a living and finds them good homes. She firmly dismisses girls physically unfitted for their duties, but offers them re-employment when their health warrants it. She keeps in touch with every sick employee, sending her assistants to their homes to inquire their wants. She supervises the boarding-houses of the workers and to some extent their homes. She encourages them to come to her in all the petty troubles of life, whether in connection with their work or not.

While her office doors are frequently closed, by stress of work, to the factory officials, they are always open to the girls. To be a mother to them is the highest aim and the most productive of the right kind of welfare superintendent.

This intimate and authoritative contact with her girls is not maintained at the cost of discipline. Indeed, the welfare superintendent is the source of discipline as well as of protection and comfort. In every move she considers the rights and wishes of the foremen. Leave is given—except for compulsory reasons—only as the demands of the shop permit. The foreman's authority is sustained in every reasonable instance. His work is lightened by the application of discipline by one who understands conditions and sympathizes with his difficulties in applying his authority to a new class of worker whom he does not quite understand and is too busy to study.

The course of an ordinary forenoon's work is revealing.

1. Arriving at 8.30, she examines the reports left by her night assistants, nurses, women police and forewomen of the cleaners.

2. Letters opened and answered.

3. Twenty new girls engaged.

4. Special committee meeting on air raid protection.

5. Trouble at the canteen made the dismissal of the night cook necessary, after which application for a new one had to be made to the Government Labour Exchange.

6. Discharge granted to woman physically unfit—a case to be followed up. Explanation made to foreman and superintendent of the branch of the factory in which she worked.

7. Girl released from one shop through lack of work is found a place in another.

8. Girl ordered off night work by her doctor is exchanged to day work with another girl.

9. Foreman came to explain absence of one of his girls. Arrangements made to get her pay to her.

10. Girl came to complain of her discharge by foreman. Latter spoken to over telephone and found to be at fault, and girl found work in another shop.

11. Made out orders for several pairs of overalls for girls.

12. Two girls came to complain of treatment of another girl in same shop. Note made to inquire into it.

13. Underforeman inquired how to enforce discipline among his workers. As many complaints of his severity had come in, a friendly and satisfactory talk resulted.

14. Injured girl reported no insurance received. Gave orders to have it looked into.

15. Girl absent the day before without leave or excuse was warned.

16. Sergeant at gate came for instructions about passes out.

17. Put through order for ambulance-room supplies.

18. Assistant reports.

19. Two women discharged on the previous day came to express their thanks for her kindness in paving the

way to other work. One brought her baby for inspection.

20. Five minutes' talk with the manager.

21. In a hasty run through one of the shops discovered girl with sore throat. Sent her immediately to the nurse.

22. Girl injured a few days before came to say her doctor said she might return to work in a week.

23. Glanced over time sheets and sent assistant to inquire reasons of absentees; also to get report on mistake in a girl's pay.

In addition there were hasty telephone conversations with a dozen foremen. Every afternoon much of the time is spent in the shops with the girls, watching them work, studying conditions, inspecting the efficiency of the charge hands, etc. Government officials must be seen and visitors entertained, purchases made and plans developed.

For the welfare work which is outside the strict limits of business the firm provides her with a fund. It is perhaps the best proof of the growth of the welfare idea. Old employees who cannot afford the expense of illness are assisted. Others with unexpected temporary strains on their resources may borrow and repay at their leisure. Even those necessarily dismissed by the fluctuations of production are assisted until they obtain new situations. And the welfare superintendent with her heart in her work is too apt to forget her own pocket and expend a great part of her salary in this kind of help. Now the idea has spread to the male employees, whose wives and families profit from the fund.

To assist her in these never-ending duties this welfare superintendent has a staff of sufficient proportions to relieve her of what portion may be left to other shoulders; but the intimate relationship with the girls cannot be dismissed by any amount of assistance. Her private secretary is her immediate representative. Three as-

sistant welfare workers see that her instructions are carried out, represent her at night, and visit the sick and absent. A Labour Bureau assistant first culls out the applicants for work. Three trained nurses are on constant duty for accident or sudden sickness, making their reports to her and subject to her instructions. Three police-women see to the direct enforcement of her regulations, reporting to her and recognizing her authority, although appointed (subject to her approval) by the Government organization of policewomen. There are, in addition, clerks and office boys who do not properly enter into the welfare work. Her supreme authority is recognized by the title of "lady superintendent", every detail of the management of female labour being handed over to her by the manager.

The factory equipment coming specially within her sphere is the last word in welfare work. Through a sympathetic management every provision has been made for the comfort of the women. Two large rest-rooms are always open to those temporarily idle through accident to the machines or illness. The rooms are bright and airy, fitted with easy-chairs, sofas, tables and reading material. There are two hospitals or "ambulance rooms", equipped with every modern requirement, with beds and other necessities, and presided over by trained nurses whose services are at the disposal of the patients until recovery. A private ambulance is kept for rushing serious cases to the hospital or home.

The canteen is one of the provisions of war which will continue into peace if it is found to pay. During the war most firms are content to lose—sometimes as much as a thousand dollars a week—for the immediate profit in in other respects from this feature of welfare work. Long hours, fewer holidays and the unusual strains consequent upon the war make it doubly necessary that special provision be made to fit the munition-maker for the unending needs of the armies; and

the woman worker, unaccustomed to the demands upon her strength, is more susceptible to the limitations of her methods of life. Under the welfare worker these girls have been induced to govern their meals by the requirements of their bodies, not by the custom of their class or the momentary taste of their palates. Pudding and cake have given place to meat, and the canteen meal is the main one of the day. Never in their lives have the working classes of England been offered such meals as are served them so cheaply in the canteens. Never again will they be willing to return to the former comfortless, insufficient fare of pre-war days. It is a welfare work that in itself justifies the new industrial department.

In explosive factories the duties of the welfare worker are directed more towards the health and protection of the girls, one great difficulty in the employment of female labour on explosives being their slowness to realize the danger of disobeying regulations. The welfare worker impresses the necessity upon them and protects them from their own carelessness.

There are features of welfare work which have received much greater fame than those outlined above, but only because they are more unusual and spectacular. Organized dances, dramatic clubs, swimming and other classes, entertainment of various kinds—these are the novelties of welfare work which have been pictured in the papers. But they are really only the frills. The welfare worker with time and strength to throw herself into such extraneous luxuries must be neglecting the more intimate and effective side of her work. Provide a girl with healthy surroundings, a clean moral atmosphere, sustaining food, sufficient rest, protection from tyranny and injustice, and a human heart to seek for advice, and her relaxation is not apt to go far astray. The original idea of welfare work, as practised, was amusement. It has

altered to personal care and sympathy. The earlier form of welfare worker is finding a more congenial sphere in organizing bazaars and entertaining the soldiers. The new worker does not neglect entertainment, but she has discovered how little it serves to secure the hold she desires.

In the search for judicious welfare workers England is handicapped by the prevalence of caste. While it is for the present necessary, owing to the peculiarities of English life, that the welfare superintendent be obviously of a higher social standing, the granite walls between the classes in England are too high to permit of the fraternity and unsullied sympathy that must exist between munition worker and welfare worker, except in cases all too few. And the fault is as much of the working people as of the women who have offered themselves for this grand work of industrial improvement.

The welfare idea would be abortive, especially in time of war, did it not express itself in terms of efficiency and production. It is in increased output, as well as in its moral effect, that it faces the opposition of labour agitators who see in it the lessening of their influence for evil. It requires little insight into psychology to appreciate that the contended, healthy worker, whose moral sense is cultivated, is the most productive. The aim of the welfare worker is best tested by the results of the improvements she has introduced; and concerning that there is no question. So emphatic is the average employer in his praise of the new idea that hundreds of them have expressed their determination to continue it after the war. Strikes among the girls are almost unknown. Discipline is simple. Idling is infinitely less than among the men—especially than among the young men who have found in munition factories their exemption from the trenches. The discipline of the welfare worker is an appeal to the girl's moral sense rather than to force.

And the girls are proving the richness of the soil in which the new idea is spreading seed. The old frivolous conception of munition-making as the means to a gay, extravagant life of pleasure is passing. The girl who once put her money in a new hat every fortnight and a pair of boots a month now probably lends it to her country for the winning of the war. Her nights, that used to be occupied in cinema or dance halls or street loafing, are spent in sewing and profitable entertainment. "We never knew there were women in the world like you" is the cry of their souls to the new sort of woman who has come into their lives.

Less sentimental and appealing, perhaps, may be the revolution the

successful welfare worker is introducing into industrial relationship. Her consideration for the foremen is engendering a new spirit in the workshops. Co-operation is taking the place of petty jealousies. What was once a medley of shops is now one combined factory. The focus of the female labour of the factory in the one head is encouraging a similar desire among the men. And when shop works with shop the result to Great Britain in the rivalry of peace times cannot be overestimated. With this new spirit of co-operation must arise a new relationship between capital and labour. It is in this rests the future of the industrial and commercial life of Great Britain.

OF AN IRISH LEGEND

By J. E. MIDDLETON

DEFIANT, unashamed, she passed,
The carmine on her pouted lips,
While village maids, contemptuous, cast
Side-glances hot as scorpion whips.

Her feet, like Aphrodite's own,
She laved beside the Holy Well—
That dried old parapet of stone,
That thirsty grass, the tale can tell.

Profaned by her who came unshriven
The blessed water fled away,
Into the mountain caverns driven,
Into the purifying clay.

If you, dear treasure of mine eyes,
Stood by the place in sun or snow,
The stream, miraculously wise,
Would fill the well and overflow.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE MOTHERS OF BELGIUM

Where is Canadian Literature?

BY J. M. GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "HEARTS AND FACES," ETC.



QUESTION naturally suggests an answer, and the answer which occurred to me in connection with the subject "Where is Canadian Literature?" was at first "On the road to New York". Such an answer would be not unnatural when one reviews the number of prominent Canadian writers who have migrated to the United States—Bliss Carman, C. G. D. Roberts, Ernest Thompson Seton, Basil King, Arthur Stringer, Harvey O'Higgins, George Patullo, being only a few of many names that might under more favourable circumstances have still been identified with Canadian instead of American life. Some of these may still stir a Canadian flavour into their literary soup, but by residence in the United States and cultivation of American taste they write now primarily for another clientele than ours.

Then, again, such as Gilbert Parker and Sarah Jeannette Duncan belong now rather to England than to Canada, stars of a constellation of Anglo-Canadians, in which the lesser lights are less familiar to their native country. Of those who remain in Canada many do so as it were by *force majeure*—not because the rewards of literature in this country encourage them to stay here, but because they have other occupations and resources of a less precarious character than those

resulting from the pursuit of the muses.

With such conditions prevailing, is there any possibility of a distinctive Canadian literature arising and persisting, and could such possibility be fostered by higher rewards and more generous recognition in this country just as Canadian industry has been fostered by bounties and high tariffs and intensive advertising such as the "Made-in-Canada" campaign. Can one find a way of stopping this emigration of creative talent from Canadian soil, and is it desirable to stop this emigration by placing better terms of settlement at the disposal of the Canadian poet, writer of fiction, or other such imaginative creator of word pictures?

Should, for instance, the Government be asked to subsidize Canadian literature as, for instance, it subsidizes Canadian art, by purchasing and publishing manuscripts just as it purchases and provides a museum for works of art? Should a campaign be launched urging Canadian editors and publishers to give preference to fiction and poetry by Canadian authors, Canadian booksellers to push Canadian publications, Canadian readers to read and purchase by preference Canadian books, and Canadian reviewers to be particularly kind to Canadian novelists and poets?

So far as reviewers are concerned, I am going to risk immediate annihila-

tion by quoting from a letter written by the reader of a well-known Canadian publisher in this connection:

In the first place, Canadian literature has been hopelessly hindered by the usual systematic habit of log-rolling, whereby every Canadian goose that makes its first flight is hailed as a swan, probably being compared to those on the Serpentine or in Central Park. Of course, there is a certain similarity in that they are both included in an ornithological classification, but very often the comparison ends there. A certain myopic minister once wrote a very good book, which established him as a successful Canadian writer. His very frequent later contributions to our literature have by no means attained the merit of his first attempt, but all his successive efforts are sold on the reputation gained on the original book. There are various writers of the other sex who have a following based on original productions, and here again their successive efforts are sold on the reputation of the original production. A lady in the West, whose style is execrable, depends largely on the ecstatic praise circulated by people of her particular religious denomination. A lady in the East has given us so many episodes in the life of her heroine that before long it will not be possible for any Canadian to answer the ageless conundrum, "How old is Anne?"

It is my opinion that there should be no geographical distinction made in North America as to authors. If the literary effort of a Canadian writer is not accepted by the people south of the boundary as being worthy of a permanent place in literature, it is surely a sign that any ecstatic reception by the people living above the boundary must necessarily be more or less forced, and the result of, as I have said, judicious log-rolling.

One of the most unfortunate books which has been allowed to appear in years, in my opinion, is a recent "Hall of Fame", alleged to contain the portraits, lives, and representative selections of fifty Canadian poets. It cannot be many years before many of this wonderful fifty would be willing to purchase their discharge from this "Hall of Fame", but in the meantime it puts before young or uneducated people a wholly false perspective and valuation of what is poetry and what is not.

Then take the bookselling and the bookreading public, and let me give a little personal experience. The search for material in connection with this question sent me to one of the

leading booksellers in Toronto, that great centre of light and patriotism and learning. I asked the very charming lady in charge if there was any demand for fiction by Canadian writers.

"Oh, no," she said, "if we have a good book by a Canadian we have to conceal the fact, otherwise we would not sell it. If I were to say the book was written by a Canadian, the buyer would say, 'Oh, give me something English or American—I want something really good.'"

In discussing this incident with a Toronto publisher, a publisher, I may say, not of books, but of magazines, this publisher expressed himself as strongly of the opinion that in Ontario, at any rate, the indifference shown to Canadian literature by the Canadian public was due:

1. To the Canadian bookseller who worked on the lines of least resistance and pushed only the books that were most advertised.

2. To the Canadian book publisher whose advertising as compared to that of the American book publisher was infinitesimal. Even in Canada, he maintained, the large sale, for instance, of Ralph Connor's books was due not to Canadian but to American advertising. The average Canadian publisher, he maintained, trusts entirely to the free advertisement he gets in reviews, and spends no money except on catalogues, which do not reach the general public.

The publishers I shall deal with later on, but in the meanwhile, what about subsidies? What about Government purchases of manuscripts, civil list pensions, tariff against the productions of American authors with a preferential tariff in favour of British authors. Does Canadian literature deserve as much consideration as lead, or aromatic spirits of ammonia, or antiseptic gauzes—industries great and small fostered by bounties or protective tariffs, such protection presumably leading to higher prices in

Canada for the products protected, as well as to increased native production?

One's first instinct would be to say "Yes"—in the belief that the greater the rewards in Canada itself the better chance there would be for native Canadian literature. Were such rewards higher than they are to-day, the bright young writers might not find such a magnet in the richer centres of London and New York. Such a belief, however, is based on the idea that the higher his price the greater the author—an idea which is not borne out by the facts. The better payment of authors does not mean greater authors and finer literature, it only means more successful authors and more popular literature.

It is a curious paradox that financial success is only too often the author's worst enemy. In order to maintain that success he is dominated by what he or his publisher thinks the public wants, instead of using the printed page as the means of expressing the energy, the soul, the emotion, that is in him. The incentive which produces fine literature is the psychological joy of creation, not the hundreds or thousands of dollars which a successful work may produce. To illustrate this by a concrete instance, I take a volume of poems recently published—"A Canadian Twilight", by Bernard Freeman Trotter. A parallel has been drawn, and I think with justice, between Bernard Freeman Trotter and Rupert Brooke and Alan Seegar. The last three lines of his poem, "The Poplars":

And so I sing the poplars; and when I
come to die
I will not look for jasper walls, but east
about my eye
For a row of windblown poplars against an
English sky.

These lines are surely worthy to stand alongside Rupert Brooke's:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

or, for further comparison, let me quote Alan Seegar's:

I have a rendezvous with death.

Take again the poem "Ici Repose"—the last poem Bernard Freeman Trotter wrote before his death:

A little cross of weather-silvered wood,
Hung with a garish wreath of tinselled
wire,
And on it carved a legend—thus it runs:
"Ici repose—". Add what name you will,
And multiply by thousands; in the fields,
Along the roads, beneath the trees—one
here,
A dozen there, to each its simple tale
(Of one more jewel-threaded star-like on
The sacrificial rosary of France.

And as I read and read again those words,
Those simple words, they took a mystic
sense;
And from the glamour of an alien tongue
They wove insistent music in my brain,
Which, in a twilight hour, when all the
guns
Were silent, shaped itself to song.

"O happy dead! who sleep embalmed in
glory,
Safe from corruption, purified by fire—
Ask you our pity?—ours, mud-grimed and
gory,
Who still must grimly strive, grimly de-
sire,

"You have outrun the reach of our en-
deavour,
Have flown beyond our most exalted
quest—
Who prate of faith and freedom, knowing
ever
That all we really fight for's just—a
rest.

"The rest that only victory can bring us—
Or death, which throws us brother-like
by you—
The civil commonplace in which 'twill
fling us
To neutralize our then too martial hue.

"But you have rest from every tribulation
Even in the midst of war; you sleep
serene,
Pinnacled on the sorrow of a nation,
In cerements of sacrificial sheen.

"Oblivion cannot claim you: our heroic
War-lustred moment, as our youth, will
pass
To swell the dusty hoard of time the stoic,
That gathers cobwebs in the nether
glass.

"We shall grow old, and tainted with the rotten
 Effluvia of the peace we fought to win,
 The bright deeds of our youth will be forgotten,
 Effaced by later failure, sloth, or sin:

"But you have conquered time, and sleep forever,
 Like gods, with a white halo on your brows—
 Your souls our lode-stars, your death-crown'd endeavour
 The spur that holds the nations to their vows."

Can anyone truly say that this was written for any monetary reward that it would have been better written for a higher price? Surely it was written out of the depths of great emotion, as all fine literature has been written.

I take this as an instance because it is a book of fine poetry and written by a Canadian. That this is no exceptional case, let me mention that although no branch of creative literature in Canada stands at a higher level to-day than poetry, it is a rare thing for any Canadian poet to receive any remuneration at all from any Canadian editor or publisher.

Ah! but you say—that is poetry—and poets are a race apart—by the very nature of things, idealist and impractical.

Take, then, the instance of George Meredith—admitted by almost every critic, almost every author, as one of the really great novelists. Evan Harrington is accepted without question as a comedy of rich and superlative humour—and yet when George Meredith wrote it he was so poor that all he had to keep body and soul together while he wrote was water and a sack of oatmeal.

Can you maintain that the incen-tive George Meredith had in writing that comedy was the prospect of being able to have a house in town and a place in the country, a stable full of horses, ten courses and four different kinds of wine at every meal? Or did he write it because he had a sense of

humour, a delight in plot, a joy in the creation of situations and the development of character?

The case of the poet is essentially the same as the creator of imaginative prose. If there is any external stimulus which may be acknowledged, it is the stimulus of praise and recognition, and only in so far as money represents tangible evidence of such appreciation does it play any vital part in his production. So long as he can make ends meet, he will continue to express himself out of the sheer joy of creation.

Large royalties and high prices do encourage the professional writer and the writer of popular books. Out of such there may occasionally emerge a great writer, but history shows that social claims, the idleness engendered by wealth, the desire to please the multitude instead of to express what one's own emotion and one's own critical judgment knows to be right, are hindrances rather than aids to fine authorship, while on the other hand poverty is no bar to creative effort.

Putting aside, therefore, as Will-o'-the-wisp the delusive light of the dollar, let us consider whether there is still prospect of a distinctive Canadian literature, and if in any way the progress of that literature may be fostered. And here perhaps I ought to fill an omission and define what I mean by Canadian literature.

Literature is not to be considered merely as a commodity. It may be fairly defined as "the printed expression of a state of mind", and Canadian literature as the "printed expression of a Canadian state of mind". As, however, the only literature worth considering is creative or imaginative literature, as apart from journalism and mere bookmaking, I would further limit the definition to "the printed expression of an imaginative Canadian state of mind".

The further question arises—What is a Canadian?—does that mean only Canadian-born? If it did, we should have to cut out Dr. Drummond, Isa-

bella Valaney Crawford, Stephen Leacock, Clive Phillips-Wolley, and a dozen others who have surely stood for Canadian. If only the writer has lived long enough in the country to catch the Canadian spirit and become in sympathy a Canadian citizen—surely his or her writings can count as Canadian. "The naturalized alien," said Joseph Chamberlain, "becomes your most ardent patriot," and so the most fervent Canadians are not of necessity Canadian-born. I should like to count as Canadian a writer such as Frederick Niven, who in short story and in verse has caught the spirit of the West and of British Columbia as no other writer that I know has ever done. Take, for instance, this one from his *Maple Leaf Songs*, entitled "B. C.":

The yellow bench-lands gleam and glow
Under an azure sky;
Above the benches trees arow
March upward, very high;
And higher than the trees again
The scarp'd summit stands:
My heart is desolate because
I cannot see these lands.

The winding trails go up and down,
The tributary trails
That lead to roads that lead to town,
A town beside the rails.
But happy he who quits the train
And on the wagon-road
Rides watching for the old blazed tree;
He needs not any goad.

Dear God, if prayers of men avail
For special things with Thee,
This would I pray—to hit the trail,
And smell the balsam tree;
To see the eagles coasting heaven;
The sun-shafts striking deep
In lonely lakes and laughing streams;
To hear the chipmunks cheep;

To give the high-ball to old friends,
And throw the reins abroad,
As men there do when travel ends;
This would I ask, O God;
To see the pack-train glide and lope
A-patter through the woods,
All silent in the old cone-dust
Of these old solitudes.

Some call the Indians dirty folk,
But I again would see,
And smell, Great Spirit, wood-fire smoke
Of some red man's tepee.

One sign that I was back again
In these tremendous lands,
Would be the sight of silver rings
On brown and lissome hands.

The bench's yellow pales and fades,
The sun ebbs up the hill,
'Tis dark in the deep forest glades,
'Tis dark and very still;
The sunlight on the summit dies—
Was that a drop of rain?—
I knew it once from dawn to dusk
And would go home again.

Neither the popularity nor the poverty of an author are to be taken as evidence of his intrinsic merit, yet the proportion of popular authors who may be classed among the great is perhaps one out of ten, while the proportion of great authors who have just been able to make ends meet is perhaps nine out of ten.

While, therefore, the artificial stimulus of wealth is not likely to produce a greater or more distinctive Canadian literature than we already have, the tariff which affords the machinery of publication has produced a situation highly favourable to the growth of such literature. Previous to 1898 there were only two generally recognized Canadian publishers, William Briggs, of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, and the Copp, Clark Company. Since 1898 no less than eight publishing houses have been established and still survive in this country, not, it must be remembered, with the object of fostering Canadian literature, but in order to deal more satisfactorily with the importation and distribution throughout Canada of books originating in England or the United States. These firms are:

McLeod (afterwards McLeod and Allen), now Thomas Allen	1898
The Musson Book Company	1901
Oxford University Press—S. B. Gundy (incorporating Bell and Cockburn)	1903
The Macmillan Company of Canada	1906
Cassell and Company	1907
McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart	1907
J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited	1913
Thomas Nelson and Sons	1913

Although these houses were established in the first place to facilitate the importation of books, they have served and are serving to an increasing extent the interests of Canadian authors by saving these authors the expense and uncertainty of long distance or personal communication with London and New York, cities which owing to the circulations they command must overshadow any Canadian publishing centre for books issued in the English language.

To illustrate this point, I quote from a letter received from a member of the Methodist Book and Publishing House:

"We expect to import, for instance, within the next few weeks, six hundred copies of a new novel by a young man in British Columbia, which will cost us approximately 60 cents per copy, in standard format, cloth binding. The manuscript of this was submitted to us here in Toronto about a year ago and very carefully considered. We knew it was good material, but since it had nothing distinctively Canadian we believed that we could not count on a Canadian market (the only one over which we have control) to warrant publishing it for that market alone. If we had printed the six hundred copies we now purpose importing it would have cost us, to produce, at least one dollar per copy (by reason of this limited edition) and would necessarily have been offered at a price of \$1.50 or \$1.75. At our suggestion the author sent the manuscript to a British publisher, who ultimately accepted it and has prepared a British edition, which is being sold at approximately \$1.25. We can import this, bound quite as well as we could make it, for one dollar in the more limited quantity, at the price mentioned above."

In actual practice the Canadian publisher or the Canadian representative of an English or American house is acting as an unofficial literary agent, drawing the attention of the publisher in London or New York to books written by Canadian authors for which there would be a fair market in Canada. In this connection a member of the Musson Book Company writes:

"It seems that Canadians are more appreciative of books of their own writers now than they were before. Possibly it is accounted for by the fact that a good many of our novelists' works have been big sellers in England and the United States. The American publishers seem quite eager to get Canadian manuscripts. We always find them willing to co-operate with us on anything that there is a possibility of selling in their market."

I give this extract to show how the Canadian publisher is assisting the Canadian author to obtain a wider market than Canada alone affords.

One publisher, Mr. McClelland, of McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, goes further and says:

"For ourselves, we might say that we are specializing as far as possible on the works of Canadian writers, and prefer to give place to a Canadian book every time. We are always on the lookout for good Canadian material, and furthermore we go out of our way to place editions of Canadian books in both the American and English markets."

"We have yet to lose a dollar on any Canadian book that we have ever published, and we think that we can safely say that during the past two or three years we have published at least as many books by Canadian writers as any other publishing house in Canada."

With this evidence of the improved machinery for the publication of books by Canadian writers, is there any further reason to expect a larger and more notable output of distinctively Canadian books? Those who accept my definition of imaginative literature, not as a commodity but as the "printed expression of an imaginative state of mind", will be the more ready to agree with me that the outlook was never so good. The state of mind itself is the symptom of the soul, and never in the history of the Canadian people has the Canadian soul been so deeply stirred as it is to-day. One out of twenty of the people of Canada has offered his life, as a soldier for service overseas. Those who have been left behind have been stirred to self-sacrifice that in the days of peace they would never have dreamed of, giving time and money, for instance,

to the Red Cross, to the Patriotic Fund, to the Victory Loan campaign, on a scale that four years ago would have been thought impossible. Sorrow has torn the heartstrings in many a Canadian home, sorrow without whose minor key there can be no great music. The pride of race has become a real and tangible emotion instead of something vague, indefinite, negligible, almost to be apologized for.

When one remembers what a similar emotional wave did for English literature in the days following the Great Armada, is it unreasonable to expect a new era of Canadian literature in the days following Lange-mareck and Ypres and Passchendaele?

Literary taste may change, literary rewards may differ, but the human soul is just the same to-day in Canada as it was in England in the days of Raleigh, and Drake, and Sidney, and Shakespeare, and Marlowe—and if that human soul is not stirred into literary expression of a splendour beyond the normal, I shall be very much mistaken.

The signs of a new birth, of a new desire for expression, are already noticeable. In the autumn catalogue of one Canadian publisher I find no less than ten books written by Canadian authors inspired by the war. Except in two cases none of these ten would probably either have been inspired to write, have found a publisher or a public—yet the publisher they found is the one who says he never lost a dollar on a Canadian author. The two who might have written had there never been a war are the Bernard Freeman Trotter to whom I have already referred, keyed up by a great experience to higher flights than he might ever otherwise have attained, and Ralph Connor, whose last work, "The Major", however much one may feel tempted to criticize it on the grounds of artistic construction, differs very materially in character and intensity from anything he has written since "The Foreiguers".

The war seems to have uncovered a new Canadian reading public just as much as it has brought new writers to birth, and with this improved machinery of publishing there never was a more appropriate movement for a new Canadian literature. At present the Canadian book has a natural tendency to have a war tinge. It would not represent the Canadian state of mind if it did not. No one at present is in the mood to write fairy tales. But when the shadow of war has passed, who can say that there is not a field in this Dominion of Canada for the imaginative writer—no types or distinctive characters, no scenery of inspiring beauty, no human drama, no social problems, no history, no romance, no opportunity for humour?

As for types, the lead has already been given by E. W. Thompson in "Old Man Savarin", by F. W. Wallace in "The Shack Locker", a wonderful collection of short stories dealing with the deep sea fishermen of Nova Scotia; by Stephen Leacock in "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town", by Dr. Drummond in his habitant poems.

Then as for natural beauty of scenery, this country of a thousand rivers, of ten thousand lakes, of a hundred thousand islands, of millions of acres of forest, peopled with innumerable creatures of the wild, this domain of vast prairies, of tremendous mountains—does it lack source of inspiration?

As for drama—is there no drama in this tide of human souls surging over from Europe into our vacant spaces—Doukhobors, Galicians, Swedes, Belgians, French, Greeks, Syrians, to say nothing of our English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh—seeking a new life in the New World, amid more elemental conditions than they knew in their own country—is there no drama here?

As for social problems—this country of difficult divorce, of capital at war with labour, of political intrigue, of dope fiends, of red light districts,

of warring religious sects—is this not an inexhaustible field for a Canadian Balzac or Zola or Thomas Hardy?

Has Canada no history?—were there no pioneers of France, no Highlanders that stormed the Heights of Abraham, no United Empire Loyalists who left their homes in New England to carve out new homes in the Canadian forest, no War of 1812, no Fenian invaders, no Riel Rebellion? Every inch of this Eastern Canada is packed with history, and many an acre in the West.

Romance—has that also disappeared?

“Romance!” the season tickets mourn,
 “He never ran to catch a train,
 But passed with coach and guard and horn,
 And left the local—late again!”
 Confound Romance! and all unseen
 Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

There never was a country so rich in material for the imaginative writer as this great northern Dominion, half high romance and half high finance—where the Chevaliers of Louis the Magnificent join hands across the centuries with the captains of industry and the profiteers in pork and bacon, where the fur-trader shares the forest with the analytical chemist, where the Ruthenian maid in Winnipeg teaches her mistress Ukrainian folklore, where the Chinese laundrymen erect a monument—the

only monument ever erected in this country to an author—to the writer of their own fairy tales, where we have the last stronghold of Rome and the first stronghold of the Union Church, where oxen plough the fields alongside a Ford tractor, and hydroplanes dash along the lakes, the shores of which are skirted by the primeval birchbark canoe. The harvest truly is plentiful, but the labourers are few. Why seek the bright lights of Broadway for inspiration when you have the blue skies of Canada?

The bright lights of Broadway—that brings us back to New York. Where is Canadian literature? was the first question, and the first answer was—on the road to New York. Surely that answer is wrong—surely the answer should be that Canadian literature is on its own threshold.

Does not the truth lie in these words written by a Canadian poet?

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!

Doubt not nor dread the greatness of thy fate.

Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,

And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait,

Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,

“Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!”

And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,

Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name.

A Rejoinder

BY H. C. HOCKEN



IN the January number the Honourable Charles Langelier has an article in which he attempts a reply to my article appeared in November.

To show his methods, I need only refer to the way he has misquoted clause 93 of the British North America Act.

In his effort to make the point that the French have the right to the use of their language in the public schools of Ontario, he says that French was used before the Union, and cites clause 93 thus:

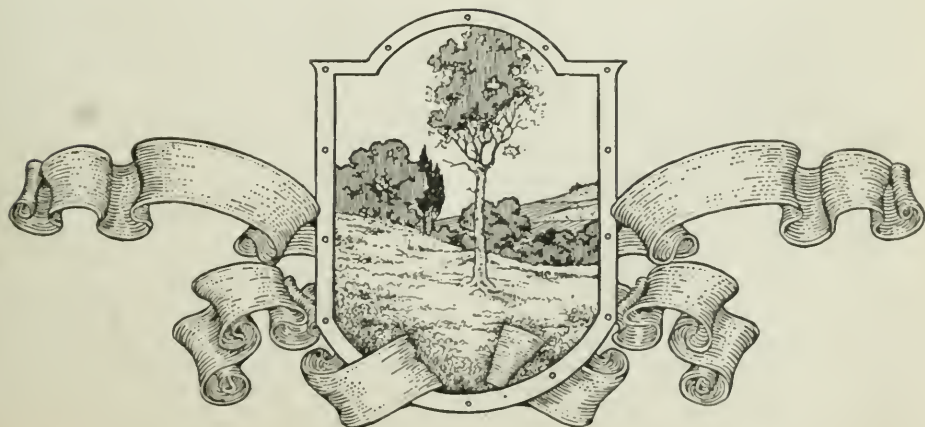
In and for each Province, the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:

Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to separate schools which any

class of persons have by law in the Province at the Union.

To make his point, Mr. Langelier resorts to the dishonesty of garbling the clause. The British North America Act which he must have had before him does not mention "separate" schools. The word used is "denominational". The word "denominational" is the vital word in the clause. The decision of the Privy Council in the recent action turned upon that. So, by changing the word "denominational", an entirely different meaning is given to the clause.

How can one argue with a man who is guilty of changing the statute to make it meet his contention? His whole article must be read in the light shed upon it by this deliberate alteration of the plain words of the Act to which he appeals.



Donald MacKenzie: King of the Northwest

BY ERNEST CAWCROFT



HE mind of the aging man turns to the scenes of his youth and early prime. When he meditates upon the eternal eventualities,

memory carries him back to his native heath, and his reflections are eased by the hope that his ashes will mingle with the soil which gave him birth.

But Donald MacKenzie does not sleep the deep sleep at Inverness, the capital of the MacKenzie clan in Scotland and where the future "King" of the Northwest found his birth-place on June 15, 1783.

He does not rest at Fort William, now the leading grain port at the head of Lake Superior, but one century ago, the capital of the Northwest Fur Company, no less than the centre of the commercial enterprise, and the social and political intrigue of the vast Hudson's Bay territories.

And is there a tomb to mark for him a resting place at thriving Winnipeg? No, the man who had his Seat at the then Fort Garry, and who by virtue of his Governorship ruled the vast Provinces now known as Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, does not sleep under the soil over which he reigned for eight years as a Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Donald MacKenzie sleeps the Celestial Sleep in Evergreen Cemetery, just at the foot of Mayville Hill and overlooking the waters of Lake Chautauqua.

The Regents of New York State once required the reading of Washington Irving's "Astoria" for purposes of high school study. There I gleaned my first knowledge of Donald MacKenzie. Later I became interested in the development of Western Canada; my studies of and trips through that region, brought home to me the name "MacKenzie" on many occasions. But one must go a long way from home to get the real importance of new events. *The Times* (London), publishes an obituary column which is distinguished throughout the world for its discriminating freedom from funeral platitudes, and its devoted effort to chronicle the achievements of those who have passed from the King's service by death. During the early part of 1912, I found at the bottom of an article devoted to a deceased Peer of the Realm, the following item:

"Our Mayville, New York, correspondent informs us that Henry MacKenzie one of the surviving sons of Donald MacKenzie, the Canadian Explorer, is dead at that place."

This item connected my travels in

Canada with my previous high school reading. Moreover, it impelled me to study the career and to seek to visualize the personality of a man cast in a large mould. I accepted the invitation to prepare this paper on "Donald MacKenzie: The King of the Northwest" because I felt that many students of Canadian history have had but a vague conception of the deeds of this hero.

To be born in Scotland, to achieve fame in Oregon and Manitoba, and to live for eighteen years in Chautauqua County, breaks the links of personal history.

It has been my task to connect some of the links in the historical chain of Donald MacKenzie's life. The MacKenzies have written their names in large letters over the map of Canada. The habit of Dominion historians and biographers of referring to their particular MacKenzie by his last name only, has deepened the confusion in proportion to the books published. But in view of the fact that the record of the MacKenzie clan is distinctive in the history of Scotland and Canada, I shall trace out the career of Donald MacKenzie by a process of exclusion, just as I have been compelled to do in the verification of certain biographical data for the purposes of this paper.

Thus Donald MacKenzie must not be confused with Sir Alexander MacKenzie, who hailed from the same region of Scotland, and whose explorations placed the MacKenzie River upon the map of Canada in 1789.

Nor with Kenneth MacKenzie, who looms large in the "History of the American Fur Trade," by Chittenden, and who in his trading and explorations traversed a large portion of the same territory covered by Donald in his American trip to the Pacific Ocean.

James MacKenzie was a Governor of the King's Posts in Quebec Province. Henry MacKenzie served as

Secretary of the Northwest Company at Montreal; and the premier member of that competitor of the Hudson's Bay Company was Roderick MacKenzie. These men were first, second, and third cousins of each other. They played a leading part in the lives of each other, some as friends and others as the executives of rival fur and trading companies. Between their friendships and their rivalries, they placed the name of MacKenzie in the history of North America, beyond erasure.

This Roderick MacKenzie was the correspondent of Sir Alexander MacKenzie and the cousin of Donald. The romantic explorations of Alexander were being told by proud Scotsmen about the time the youth of Donald was getting under way. Then Roderick MacKenzie was writing home to Glasgow and Edinburgh, as well as to Donald, telling of the opportunities for young Scotsmen in seeking the vast fur wealth of the Canadian Northwest.

Thus the wander lust of the young man was stirred, and in 1801, Donald MacKenzie, then seventeen years of age, left Scotland for Canada, where he entered and remained in the employ of the North-west Fur Company for eight years. During these eight years he received his collegiate training by clerking, trapping, and trading, by exploration and adventure, and by playing a man's part in defending the accumulations of the fur season against the plunder spirit of primitive outlaws and angry Indians. He was a famous man, even in his youth, in this primitive country, and this prestige of the wilderness soon brought him into positions of great responsibility.

The career of Donald MacKenzie, as a factor in the making of North American history, must be timed from the day he connected himself with John Jacob Astor. The limits of this paper compel me to spare

you the details: but the New York Legislature incorporated the American Fur Company on April 6, 1808. The dashing and enterprising John Jacob Astor longed to tap the wealth of the wilderness to invest his profits in the lands of the Metropolis. His broad mind conceived the idea of establishing a line of trading posts, connecting the Missouri with the mouth of the Columbia River on the Pacific. He not only foresaw the commercial possibilities, but he perceived, as his letters to the President and Cabinet officers show, the need of asserting American title to the American Northwest. Rival fur and trading companies were claiming ownership on behalf of their respective governments and without thought of the present international boundary line. Mr. Astor made overtures for peace, and proposed to consolidate his venture with first one and then the other of existing companies. Meeting with no success, he decided to offer positions to the best men of the Northwest Fur Company. Alexander M'Kay, who had accompanied Sir Alexander MacKenzie in his 1789 and 1793 expeditions; Duncan M'Dougal, Donald MacKenzie and Wilson Price Hunt, of New Jersey, were finally associated with Mr. Astor under a new named corporation: "The Pacific Fur Company".

The Astor party outfitted at Montreal, the emporium of the fur trade. It crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1810, exploring and establishing trading posts enroute, and finally arrived at the point to be known as Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River. Washington Irving described Donald MacKenzie at this period of his prime as "excelling on those points in which the others were deficient; for he had been for ten years in the interior and valued himself on his knowledge of wood-craft and the strategy of Indian trade and Indian war-

fare. He had a frame seasoned to toil and hardships; a spirit not to be intimidated, and was reputed to be a remarkable shot, which of itself was sufficient to give him renown upon the Frontier."

Once the Pacific Fur Company party had fixed its capital at Astoria, leading members were delegated to establish additional posts at distant points. It was the policy to pre-empt good trading grounds, as well as to win the ultimate support of the United States Government by pushing the boundary line far north. Donald established the most distant post from Astoria on the Shahaptan. His trading settlement was considered an encroachment upon the territory of earlier and rival companies. He was burdened too by constant fights with Indians in that region. Supplies did not arrive and the opposition of the rival companies increased. Donald went to the nearest trading post of his associates for conference. While in consultation with Messrs. Clare and Stuart, a partner of the Northwest Company, John George M'Tavish, arrived from the region of Lake Winnipeg, bearing the news that war had been declared between the United States and England. He added the true or false information that an English ship had been sent to seize Astoria. MacKenzie determined to break camp and return to Astoria. There a conference between the Astoria coterie ensued during the summer of 1812. It was decided to abandon Astoria. M'Dougal and MacKenzie argued for abandonment in view of all the circumstances, while less influential partners were against immediate departure. But the will of the stronger men prevailed, and the return was made over the Rockies in several parties. While Washington Irving speaks in terms of personal praise of Donald MacKenzie, he reflects the attitude of his patron. John Jacob Astor, in sev-

erely criticizing the position of M'Dougal and MacKenzie in persuading the co-partners to abandon Astoria. This critical view of the decision of MacKenzie and associates finds favour in the "History of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition," published by direction of the United States Government in 1842. The Historian Ross takes a sounder view of the decision of MacKenzie, and he is inclined to look at the vexatious question from the standpoint of the whole issue, rather than to determine it from the viewpoint as to whether Mr. Astor lost money and suffered in prestige. There can be no question but what the decision of MacKenzie in relation to Astoria was a source of long resentment; but after the war of 1812, Mr. MacKenzie joined with Mr. Astor in seeking to impress upon the United States Government the need of renewed efforts in the Oregon region. The abandonment of Astoria did not mean the downfall of the entire Pacific Fur Company project. In fact Hunt and MacKenzie laid the foundation for the large Astor fortune on that very trip over the Rockies.

But it must not be inferred that MacKenzie and his friends accepted in silence the Washington Irving version of the betrayal of Astoria. The Astoria money and portable properties were delivered to Mr. Astor in New York by MacKenzie, and the home view of this debatable question may be gleaned from an obituary tribute appearing in the Mayville Sentinel the week of his death. "Washington Irving in his Astoria," writes the editor of *The Mayville Sentinel* on January 25, 1851, "has in his own happy style narrated a few of these adventures, which in one of the most important transactions of his life, relative to the betrayal of Astoria, he has done him great but undoubtedly undesigned injustice. To him, and to him alone, was Mr. Astor indebted for all

that was saved from the ruin which treason had wrought."

But the days of personal vexation are over for both men. The Astoria episode adds to the fame of both Astor and MacKenzie. The trip over the Rockies (and the assertion of American title to the mouth of the Columbia laid the foundation for the otherwise dubious 54 degrees 40 minutes fight in later years. It is true that the contest well nigh precipitated another war between the United States and England.

The part that our Scottish hero, and subject of the King of England, played in laying this foundation was recognized by Daniel Webster when he visited MacKenzie at Mayville for the purpose of securing data for the diplomatic contest which culminated in the settlement of the boundary dispute in a manner satisfactory to the United States in what is known as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty.

Beckles Willson, in writing the "History of the Hudson's Bay Company," in 1900, pays an unwitting tribute to the services of Astor and MacKenzie, when he says:

"This brings us to the whole point involved in the American contention, which deprived Great Britain of a vast territory to which the United States possessed no shadow of right. A year before the amalgamation of the rival companies, the northwest coast for the first time engaged the attention of the American Government, and what came to be known as the Oregon question had its birth. The States possessed no title to the country, but a strong party believed that they had a right to found by occupation a legitimate title to a large portion of the territory in question. A bill was introduced in Congress for the occupation of the Columbia River region. It is curious to reflect that the restoration of Fort George (Astoria) by the British was one of the strong arguments used at that time."

I departed from the consecutive tracing of MacKenzie's career for the purpose of picturing such distant but dependent and related events as the trip over the Rockies in 1810, and the Webster-Ashburton

Treaty of 1842. It is evident that MacKenzie realized that he had participated in a history-making enterprise, despite the charges and counter charges of treason and bad faith. This conclusion is attested by the repeated efforts of MacKenzie to renew the interest of Astor after the war of 1812, and the latter attempt to induce the President of the United States to afford proper diplomatic and military support for this continental enterprise. But MacKenzie re-entered the employ of the Northwest Fur Company as a confidential agent. He was a leader in the fight between that Company and the Hudson's Bay Company for exclusive trading privileges in the Canadian Northwest. The fight was just as keen as the pre-war contest between the trading companies of England and Germany for the exploration of Central Africa. The commercial battle raged in various forms and at distant points in the wilderness for a decade. Then the usual thing happened. The rival companies consolidated. They signed a deed poll, realizing that co-operation between outsiders is better than competition, in exploiting the natives of the wilderness. The development of Western Canada dates from the day that the rival companies perceived that the untapped wealth of that region was so enormous that competition for an unquestioned surplus was futile.

The amalgamation of the two companies provided the high water mark of opportunity for the career of MacKenzie in Canada, just as the founding of Astoria marks the distinctive feature of his American achievements. His experience and skill were recognized; his name was powerful in the wilderness. He became a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. He journeyed from the Pacific Coast to York Factory in 1822, and the same year he was appointed Councillor of the Governors

of the Company's Territories. When Governor Bulger departed, he was sent to the Red River settlement to supervise the Company's affairs and to seek an adjustment of the long standing differences between the Scotsmen and the natives. In June, 1825, he was appointed Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and at 42 years of age, he became the commercial and semi-political ruler of a region, now divided into three Canadian Provinces, and as large in extent as many of the major European states.

His Governor's Seat was at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, and there during eight years of rule, he approached the high tide of life. I cannot enter into the many events in the life of a man charged with business responsibilities and the maintenance of civil order in a wilderness. But my researches have compelled me to do what I have long planned to do in connection with my studies of Western Canada: to procure and examine the records of the Hudson's Bay Company in general and especially as bearing upon the Governorship of Donald MacKenzie. It is one thing to read a polished and complete governmental code such as Macaulay wrote for India and Root penned for the Phillipines; but it is another, and equally interesting, to read the records of men grappling with order and disorder in a wilderness, and making their government as the occasion arose. This is the revelation which has come to me in examining the legislative records of the Red River Colony and the Hudson's Bay Posts.

Thus in the legislative records, we find Donald MacKenzie under date of August 1826, addressing a memorandum to A. Colville, Esquire, Hudson's Bay House, Fenchurch Street, London, dealing with his difficulties in keeping order among certain Swiss colonists. On May 4th, 1832, the records indicate that he is

sitting in Council for the consideration and adoption of regulations, to protect the woods from fire. In 1833 there are resolutions of the Hudson's Bay Council, assigning MacKenzie to the Fort William District, which indicates that he was preparing to wend his way down the Great Lakes to Chautauqua County. The records indicate an important meeting of the Council of the Red River Settlement in 1833, with Governor-in-Chief George Simpson presiding, and the following minute is entered:

A medical certificate being received from Dr. Hendry of Chief MacKenzie's ill-health, which renders it necessary for him to visit the civilized world to obtain the benefit of medical advice—

Resolved, that leave of absence be granted to Chief MacKenzie for the current year.

And thus Donald MacKenzie faded from his triumphs in the Northwest. He had handled the distressing situations which followed the Red River flood in 1826 and the tragedy of the flight of the Swiss Settlers. "This benevolent gentleman," says the Canadian historian Gunn, in discussing MacKenzie's Governorship, "not only made use of the stores under his charge for the relief of the sufferers, but aided by the influence of his high position and personal character to induce others to join in the good work."

But now in the prime of life, he headed for civilization. He never returned to the region of his triumphs; and the story of his last decade in Chautauqua County is just as little known in Western Canada, as the record of his earlier achievements in the West is not appreciated by the people of Chautauqua County. Just why he went to Chautauqua County is not known. It is believed by many of the older settlers that while stopping at Fort William, he met a young geologist, Douglas Houghton, who described to him the splendours of Mayville Hill between the lakes. Alexander MacKenzie of

Toronto, who is now writing "Life of Donald MacKenzie" says that he came to the United States because he loved Republican institutions.

He spent the ebb tide of his life at Mayville from 1833 until his death on January 20, 1851. He became an intimate friend of Judge Peacock, the agent of the Holland Land Company, and he secreted that gentleman in his house on the high ground, back of the Mayville Academy, when the infuriated tenants from Hartfield mobbed the land office. William H. Seward, then a young attorney representing the Holland Land Company, and later Lincoln's Secretary of State was sent to Mayville, remaining there for more than a year in adjusting the disputes between landlords and tenants. Peacock, Seward and MacKenzie became cronies; one wonders whether Donald in describing the contests between the English and Russian Companies for the fur trade of Alaska during the period of his Pacific Coast activities, turned Seward's thought to the possibilities of annexing that territory in later years.

Donald was the character of the Northern Chautauqua region, and he was the subject of numberless myths and gossip as to his deeds. But he came to Mayville to escape the excitement of his early career. It cannot be said that he invited the intimacy of a large number of his fellow citizens: the records of the Peacock Lodge of Masons do not indicate that he joined the Craft, but doubtless, in common with other leading spirits of the Hudson's Bay Company, he had become a member of the ancient Brotherhood earlier in life. He journeyed to Buffalo where his judicious mind made investments in that promising canal town; he worked on his memoirs, but his wife found that writing did not add to the amiability of a man of deeds. She burned the half-finished manuscript. He conducted a large correspondence,

and leading men from the East to the West visited him. The venerable Obed Edson credits the story of the Civil War days that John Jacob Astor visited his former partner at Mayville. This gives colour to the conclusion that after the dispute about Astoria, and a law suit, in which Donald secured judgment against Jacob, the men were friends in the last decade of life. Donald MacKenzie lived the conventional life of the wilderness. The inter-marriage of Hudson's Bay Company agents with Indian women was a common event. While this domestic system had the elements of individual romance, it was in part the basis of that collective tragedy which ensued when many half-bred children joined the Riel rebellion in the false hope that a successful revolt would establish their title to the lands of their fathers. One surviving Indian child came to Mayville with Donald MacKenzie, and his Swiss wife and white family. I speak with no words of disparagement because in the Anglican churches of the Canadian Northwest, I have seen these Indian children of Scots fathers leading in the choir service. Indeed, a situation which the Northwest accepted as one of the necessities of a primitive country was given some recognition on that eventful day in Buckingham Palace when Sir Donald Smith played the man, banker, railroad builder, Hudson's Bay Governor, Canadian High Commissioner. Sir Donald Smith had married an Indian girl while in the Northwest. The English Cabinet desired to give him recognition and suggested to Queen Victoria that she elevate him under the title of Lord Strathcona. Then the gossips of London whispered to the Queen that Sir Donald had married the Indian girl according to the rites of the wilderness. The Queen proposed their remarriage in the Anglican Church, but Sir Donald declined to taint the first rite by admitting the need of a

second; Victoria countered with the suggestion that the patent of nobility be granted to Sir Donald alone, but the latter insisted that it be issued to Lord and Lady Strathcona, and to the heirs of their body. These were the days when Canada was being made to feel her place in the Empire. The necessities of imperial politics impelled the Queen to grant Letters Patent to Lord and Lady Strathcona.

The unsettled conditions in Continental Europe, following the French Revolution, caused the parents of Adelgonde Droze to bring her from Switzerland by way of Hudson's Bay to Fort Garry. She married Donald MacKenzie in 1825 and she shared with him the social responsibilities of his Governorship of the wilderness. It is believed that her taste for European life and studies was one of the motives which started the Governor toward civilization. The probate proceedings in the Chautauqua County Court on May 6, 1857, indicate that thirteen children were born of this union. Mrs. Jemima MacKenzie MacDonald, of Buffalo, Noel, Roderick, and Catherine, now dead, were born in Manitoba, and accompanied the family to Mayville. The other children were born at Mayville. William P. MacKenzie now lives near Hartfield overlooking Chautauqua Lake. Donald MacKenzie was thrown from his horse at Silver Creek, returning from Buffalo. He lingered for six months but he did not recover his clarity of mind, nor that physical power, which with his more than six feet, and 300 pounds in weight, made him feared in the hand to hand encounters in the Northwest. He was buried on the high ground of his yard from which one looks down the Lake to the Chautauqua Assembly grounds. Later his body was removed to the Mayville Cemetery, where the Scots father, the Swiss wife, and the deceased members of the family sleep in peace together.

I contributed to the Canada Maga-

zine in 1912 an article on "The Last Days of Donald MacKenzie." As intimated in an earlier portion of this paper, the departure of Donald for Fort Garry on a year's vacation, and his failure to revisit the scene of his achievements, left a blank in the record of his Northwestern career. The reprinting of portions of my article in the papers of Winnipeg and other cities, is indicative of the interest of the Northwest in the final chapter of this man's career.

This leads me to a suggestion which will give this paper an air of practicality. The Scottish Society of Winnipeg, is one of the strong racial and cultural bodies of the Northwest. The Hudson's Bay Company is still a power in that region, and it

now maintains many of the trading posts frequented by MacKenzie. Vincent Astor is the representative head of the family whose wealth was founded in part on the activities of MacKenzie and associates, while the Chantauqua County Historical Society is pledged to record the deeds of those who found birth or a haven in these parts. Why not, therefore, a common movement to secure the co-operation of those organizations in an effort to erect two substantial memorial tablets—one at Winnipeg to portray the deeds of the Scottish hero at Fort Garry, and the other at Mayville, to recall to Americans the memory of a King's subject who aided in making possible fifty-four forty or fight".



Donald MacKenzie, "King" of the Northwest

Under Messines Ridge

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET WOMAN", "OLD DELABOLE", "THE NURSERY", ETC



HE was a very modest man, and though I happened to be full with holiday folk at the time and could find no proper room for him, yet, seeing he was a soldier and foot-weary, I made shift to take him in. Because you can't do too much for soldiers, in my opinion, seeing what they've done for us.

My little house, "The Fox and Hounds", stands up in mid Dartmoor, on the road 'twixt Moretophamstead and Tavistock, and Sergeant Westcott had started from the first to reach the second; but he found the twenty miles between 'em more than he could manage, owing to a wounded leg, so he broke his journey with me. And in the bar that evening the man told us a tale of glory.

We were all middling old chaps that heard it, and Joe Fern said after, that he wished a few of the young shirkers hid on their fathers' farms round about the Moor could have heard what that quiet man had seen and done at the Front, for surely such valiant acts must have spurred 'em into the war.

Westcott was somewhere on the five-and-thirty mark, with a brown face and small gray eyes. He was clean shaved and of a slight, wiry build, and he spoke in a gentle voice and appeared to be tired of things in general. He was a nervous creature and started still at a noise; but he ex-

plained that, for he said that after a week or two the roar of the guns either deadens your nerves and drowns your hearing and makes you deaf to anything less than thunder, or else it works different and makes you so terrible keen set and so much on the rack that if a mouse scratches you jump and tremble. And that's how it had taken him.

He was cured of his wound and had got a week's holiday and was going to see his wife at Tavistock. And then he had to go with a batch up to London on a little business before going back to the Front.

"Why London, I wonder?" asked Joe Fern, and the sergeant said, quite simply, that he'd got to show up at Buckingham Palace.

We smelt a rat then and thought he was pulling our legs.

"The King have asked you to pick a bone along with him and the family, perhaps?" suggested Nat Blades, the huntsman from Chagford.

"No," he answered, "but there's what they call an investiture, I believe, and a few of us that's been so lucky as to win a medal get it from his Majesty's own hand."

"And what might you have won, sergeant?" Fern asked him.

"The D.C.M.—that's the Distinguished Conduct Medal," he answered. "But there's no call for you to believe it if you don't want to."

With that he yawned and asked me to show him to his bed; but the night

was young and seeing we'd got a live hero amongst us, we thought it a fair chance to have a breath of the war first-hand. Besides, most fellows who have done anything above the common like to tell about it, and we thought it would please the warrior to fight his battles over again.

I gave the man a cigar, which cheered him up, and after we'd asked him once or twice to tell his tale, he did so. He proved no common soldier, and once he got going we found he had a choice of language very much out of the usual.

He thought a bit and smoked quietly before he launched out. Then he told his story, and such was the wonder of it not a mug lifted till the end, and the only tobacco alight when he'd finished was his own.

"I must tell you," he said wearily, "that they always want me to send the hat round after this yarn; but I don't hold with that, because, when all's said, I only did my duty, and though some thought it ought to have been the V.C., yet I'm very well content, for thousands and thousands of brave men have earned the V.C.—aye, and a dozen V.C.'s. But too often neither they nor their comrades lived to tell the glorious tale.

"In my case it was after we'd took Messines Ridge, and such was the military genius that prepared the attack that we were on the top before we thought we'd started. And seeing the flying Boches, a good few hundred of us, an plenty of our officers likewise, dashed on to put an end to the account of as many of the enemy as we could get at. But their machine-gun fire stopped a good few of the bravest, and I had a wipe on the edge of my steel hat that shook me, but it was only a glancing shot and I went forward with the rest. We charged through the beggars and dropped 'em like nine-pins, and then, seeing red like a good few more, I went on 'into the blue', as we say, and finally fell winded and dead to the world. Not a scratch, you understand, but just

pumped out with my hard fighting.

"I rolled into a bit of a thicket and waited for some more khaki to come along, for I'd missed my comrades by now.

"And 'twas well for me I got out of sight, for I found after that I'd pushed best part of two miles down beyond the ridge, and I soon found I was in a mighty unwholesome spot, for the Germans were bringing up reinforcements as fast as it could be done and our guns, up on top, were beginning to shell the waste ground and drop a curtain of fire between the Ridge and the enemy. I stopped where I was and hoped the firing would push forward over me, and presently it did. Then dusk came down; I had thought it never would do so, and I found myself alone. I couldn't stop there, and had no hope to get back just then, so I crept to a shell-crater not a quarter of a mile off, and once there I daren't go down for a bit, for it was a new crater made by one of our big guns, and to go down a new crater is death till the fumes of the explosion have lifted out of it. As it was, I could mark half a dozen dead field-grays in the bottom; but the place was torn up like a quarry and plenty of cover offered there.

"My thought was to hide till dark and then chance it and try to creep back through the enemy's lines into our own. The betting is generally against a man doing so; but a good few get back that way and I hoped that I might be among the lucky ones.

"I waited for the crater to grow sweet; and then came along more Germans and I had to choose between being taken prisoner or getting death out of hand, which was more likely in their mood that evening, or changing the pit. So I put on my gas mask, for I'd carried my knapsack all day, and slipped down out of danger. There was none but corpses below and I flung myself down by a dead Boche and looked as dead as he did. The troops went past and the night

came down, and I had a dip into the German wallets and found food and a bottle of water, which was more to me than diamonds, for my own had been drunk ten hours ago. One chap was an officer and I helped myself to his cigarettes and went so far as to smoke a dozen till the night was advanced.

"Then a great thought struck me, and seeing the dead man, I thought how much better a chance I should have to get back in field-gray than khaki. 'Twas true that, if caught so, I was doomed to be shot for a spy; but I felt as certain as a man could feel that once I got into German togs I'd make good and come through. And as it was a case of nothing venture nothing win, I stripped the dead officer to the watch on his wrist and the revolver at his waist. It was loaded in five chambers, and that, I reckoned, might make all the difference between success or failure at the finish. The clothes fitted pretty well, too, and the man hadn't been scratched, but killed stone dead and instantaneously by shock. So there was I in full kit of a Hun subaltern; and the next problem was to use my disguise to the best advantage and get through the German lines back into our own.

"I waited for the dark, but dark there was none that early summer night, and the first thing I saw on creeping to the edge of the crater was the moon rising red over Messines Ridge to the east of me. Soon she was up silver-bright, and though I cursed her, she helped me to pick my way over that shell-torn ground. There had been fighting there, and after half a mile of it I was among more dead men; but I noted that there had fallen three field-grays to every British Tommy. All was quiet for a time about me, though to the west big guns were thundering and the air screamed sometimes with the drone of metal overhead. But the way I was going seemed deserted, and the gathering light of the moon only

served to show the battered country. I was still a good bit behind the scene of the morning charge, but now figures began to move ahead, and I found myself nearing the German trenches. I sat down for a time then to figure out my best course. I didn't know a word of German, and if challenged I was lost. My nerve shook a bit, and I own to it. The thing that looked so smart two hours earlier seemed no use now, for I saw that I had just as good a chance to get through in khaki as in a field officer's uniform of the enemy. I got down behind a broken gun carriage and my wits seemed to desert me. Nature had its way then, and though it was the last thing ever I thought to do, I fell asleep. If there are religious men among you, you might say the sleep was sent to refresh me for the terrible ordeal ahead. At any rate, it did so, and doubtless I'd have slept on till found there next morning, but that happened to wake me short and sharp.

"For there came a sudden rattle of small arms, and I jumped to my feet, to find the morn low in the west and the dawn just breaking sulky red above the Ridge. And below it w'd sprung a surprise and were marching through the cock-light in some force over three hundred yards of our new front. It was a small affair, as I heard afterwards, and we meant no more than to take a little spur in the valley, still held against us, and so straighten our line at that point. But it looked big enough to me, and it showed me that now was the moment to get through under the confusion of the serap. In the bustle of fighting I might well do the trick, and then, if I was lucky, throw up my arms, bellow '*Kamerad*', and be taken prisoner with a few Germans, before an English bullet went through my heart. But the things happened differently. The enemy put up a stiff fight for the pimple we wanted, and it seemed as though they knew what to expect, for they'd got machine-

guns to enfilade the mole-holl. So, by the time I was in it, the fighting was hot and the result still doubtful.

"I soon saw that the real trouble was centered at a point where one gun, unmarked, was fairly mowing swathes of us. I had been fixed up behind the splinter of a wall west of the scrimmage, and as nobody paid any attention to me, I could have walked up to the men working there if I'd chosen to do so.

"Safety lay ahead now, and in the rough and tumble I might have gone on my belly and wriggled across as invisible as a snake; but I hope I don't need to tell you men the thought never struck me. My job was to knock out that machine-gun, and I started to do it.

"At the same moment our lot spotted it, and a dozen came sprinting on to it with their bayonets down at the charge. And the sight must have made them think they were in billets dreaming, for they saw a German officer leap like a tiger at the men serving the gun, pistol three of 'em and hurl the gun over. 'Twas my action, under Providence, that saved the situation. I killed yet a fourth German before they knew who'd hit them, and a moment later our chaps were alongside me. But the work was done, as I shouted to them in good English, and we got on our own side of the ruined wall in time to escape a hail of bullets from the enraged enemy. Freed of that gun, however, our chaps did the rest, and the hillock was ours five minutes afterwards. We flung them out of it, took twenty-four prisoners and an officer, bombed a dug-out and killed two and thirty of them.

"And that's all there is to it, except the additional wonder that it was my own company I'd helped so valuably at the pinch. I came out with nothing worse than a bullet in the thigh; and that sent be back to 'blighty' for a bit. Nobody was more surprised than myself to hear that I was down for a distinction, and it's not too much

to say that I shall be properly glad to go back and lay out a few more of the misbegotten dogs when the time comes."

That was the sergeant's fine tale, and he'd not prophesied more than happened after, for great deeds fire the mind, and this bit of the real thing, flashing in upon us, properly fired the blood in our old veins. Though he protested, we took up a collection for the gallant chap, and he was richer by ten shillings and some odd coppers before he went to his rest. And then came the end of the tale, for there's more yet, and 'tis left for me to take up the story where Sergeant Westcott broke off.

I didn't sleep none too well that night, for thinking of the war brought home so close by the brave creature under my roof, and it must have been very near daylight afore I dropped off. And scarcely had I gone to sleep, as it seemed, before I was awake again. I sat up in bed, conscious of a loud sound that had come in upon my slumber, but knew not what it might be; and then it came again, and I heard a small stone flung at my window-pane. My chamber looked out on the high road over the Moor, and now I jumped up and went to the window and threw it open.

Over the hills out Hameldon way was the red glare of dawn—just such a light as the sergeant had seen over Messines Ridge—and under my window stood three men on horseback. They were mounted police, and the foremost of 'em made his meaning clear in half a minute. But he rode right under my window before he spoke, and said why he was there in a whisper.

"Have you got a chap in khaki here by any chance—a slim, dark man in a sergeant's jacket?"

"I've got Sergeant Westcott, D. C. M., here," I told him.

"Then we'll have a look at him," answered the chap on the horse, "for he may be the same as Ben Collins—better known of old as 371 B."

With that I let the officers into the house as quick as possible, and we very soon found that Ben Collins wasn't there—nor yet the sergeant. He'd gone; and he'd took two bottles of whiskey with him and a matter of forty-five shillings out of my till.

I felt angry about it.

"Good struth!" I said, "the man had just come from Messines Ridge, wounded, and done deeds as valiant as any you'd wish to hear."

"Your grandmother!" remarked the police inspector. "He's never been out of England in his life. He was a convict at Princeton prison—in for five years for forgery—and he got the chance to join up and done so; and he's been a pest and a scourge ever since. Now he's a deserter from Exeter. The last thing he did was to steal his staff sergeant's jacket and purse. And as he's a terror for the drink and has took two bottles of whiskey with him, he may be blind by this time, so we'll look around."

They rode away on their horses then, and scoured the King's Oven and other rocky places round about; and sure enough the policeman's words came true, for they found the rascal hid very snug in an old ruined smelting-shed not half a mile away. He was dead to the world when they

took him, and they all turned up very cheerful an hour later in time for breakfast at "The Fox and Hounds".

When he came round, the beggar explained he had felt fed up with the army and meant to get to Plymouth and find work in the docks.

I'm sure 'tis a very ill-convenient thing that such dishonest, untruthful men should be about among us, because they make the people suspicious; and Nat Blades, he said when the story got to his ear next day, that for his part he'll never believe another word no soldier told him. That's the worst of knaves; they be always queering the pitches of honest men and spoiling the sense of security and order that us good people have a right to expect in a Christian land.

But wrong-headed folks will still be found to support them, for while Nat Blades spoke as above, Joe Fern said that for his part, true or untrue, the tale of the jail-bird was well worth the money, and he didn't grudge his tapper.

"If he could tell about the war so fine without going there, what wouldn't he say if he'd seen it!" said Joe.

But Joe Fern is like that; he'll always take the doubtful side for contrariness.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

COOKING V. MODERN LANGUAGES

NONE can deny the increasing vogue of the moderate-priced restaurant and the home-cooking shops. Neither can it be denied that there are thousands of women who regard their kitchens as a combination of closet for the family skeleton and Bluebeard's Chamber of Horrors—a place to be shunned whenever possible and if entered, to be left at the earliest moment. To those people who deliberately seek a kitchen in order that public demand may be supplied we may well turn with curiosity and interest. Consider the courage of the woman who not only provides for herself but for hundreds of other families, to boot! Place your eye to the crack of the door dividing the kitchens from the front of restaurant or shop and discover what manner of strange, white-aproned, flour-elbowed, steam-enveloped person this is.

Mrs. Esmond is a Calgary resident. A few years ago she took her degree in arts, specializing in modern languages at an English university; and, not satisfied with that, she sojourned for eighteen months at Paris, attending a special course of lectures. Then

she came to Canada and started in to make good.

Of course, there are plenty of modern languages in Canada, and presumably all of them are good, but somehow they did not seem particularly useful to Mrs. Esmond. So she



MRS. ESMOND

Who has found cooking to be a better business than modern languages.

laid them away between their green cloth covers and looked about for something more practical.

How this Varsity girl, the least domesticated person imagination can conjure, ever conceived the idea of opening a home cooking shop, would be, perhaps, the most interesting part of this sketch if it could be written down. The unvarnished truth is that it is shrouded in mystery—the idea just came and it was trapped immediately and put to use.

Training in modern languages does not, of course, give one a very clear knowledge of cooking, and it is best not to dwell on the mistakes of the

first few months. In spite of these, however, the business showed a profit, due, Mrs. Esmond will tell you, to the services of a woman baker she had engaged and to the excellence of the quality of food supplied. This baker was the first of a staff numbering now twenty-two whose loyalty and efficiency have helped to make "Esmond's" a business of remarkable success and stability.

A modest shop soon expanded into a large down-town store, from whose appetizing precincts cakes, pastry—indeed, every sort of cooking food, is delivered anywhere.

The ambitious young student of modern languages has succeeded beyond her wildest hopes, not from her ability to make the good things she sells, but because of her ability to organize a business and keep it running smoothly. She also has the faculty too rare in an employer, of recognizing and appreciating the services of those who form her staff of helpers. These men and women, like our revered Senators, seldom die and never resign, and their most engrossing thought is the continued success of the institution made famous by their efforts, and whose proprietress followed Max O'Rell's succinct advice for keeping a man happy, when he said: "Feed the brute!" She has used also a *nom de commerce*, and thus has shrouded her personality in a veil of mystery rather heavier than the vapours of a kitchen. Esmond is not her name at all, but one she took for convenience in the business world. She prefers to be known by it, however, and her shop to be known as Esmond's; and, after all, what stimulus would we have for curiosity if we never had anything to be curious about?

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A MODEST AUTHOR

MADGE MACBETH, whose name for years has been before the Canadian and American reading public as a writer of short stories and



MRS. MADGE MACBETH

With the bouquet presented to her after an amateur theatrical performance in Muskoka.



MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL

"Poet of the Lakes," who died recently in Ottawa.

magazine articles, is not so widely known as an amateur actress and organizer of amateur theatricals. But in Ottawa, where she lives with her two boys, she has been an active spirit in the various movements that have done much towards the establishment of a national theatre in Canada. While she is too modest to claim that there is as yet in Canada a National Theatre, it is a fact nevertheless that Mrs. Macbeth induced the Government to provide at least a temporary place in which the members of the Ottawa Drama League, of which Mrs. Macbeth was president, might perform. Mr. Granville Barker, at the opening of the auditorium in the Victoria Memorial Museum, remarked that Canada had done what England had never done: she had placed the

stamp of Government approval on dramatic art. The venture was approved also by the Governor-General.

Mrs. Macbeth was born in the Southern States, but part of her education was received at Hellmuth College, London, Ontario, and she has lived in Canada most of her life. Ever since she became a widow some years ago she has reared her two boys from babyhood to budding manhood and by her talent and indefatigable energy has placed her literary work regularly in many Canadian and United States publications. Her only novel so far—"Kleath"—she herself rates as a reasonable thriller, written for the very purpose of thrilling. She makes no other claim for it, a good reason for describing her as a modest author.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

WILFRED CAMPBELL, who died of pneumonia in Ottawa just at the beginning of the New Year, was one of the few Canadian poets who have received much recognition abroad. His poetry appealed more to scholars than to the multitude, and with the exception of "Mother", his most widely known poem, his work generally was not popular. He wrote, nevertheless, some appealing and humanly sympathetic verse, and most reviewers would place him with Carman, Lampman, Roberts, and Scott. His volume entitled "Lake Lyrics" caused him to be referred to frequently as the "Poet of the Lakes"; and it is quite true that the great lakes of Canada always had for him an extraordinary fascination. Indeed, of Canada as a whole country he was genuinely proud and his pride never was overshadowed by his intense imperialism or *penchant* for things Scottish. He had a profound respect for noble ancestry, and with him good birth could modify many blemishes. This attitude showed in his poetry and, indeed, in his prose, and while he was a poet of nature and a novelist who treated of romantic as well as of pioneer times, he strove to inspire lofty sentiments, chivalry and high patriotism. He was born in Berlin, Ontario, in 1861. After being educated at the University of Toronto and abroad, in 1885 he undertook parish work in New England, and in 1888 became rector of the Anglican Church at St. Stephen, New Brunswick. Retiring from the ministry in 1891, he entered the civil service, and for many years was engaged in research work for the Archives at Ottawa, where he lived. He was the author of a number of literary works embracing poetry, poetic drama, history, and fiction:

"Lake Lyrics", "The Dread Voyage" (poems), "Mordred and Hildebrand" (tragedies), "Political Tragedies", "Collected Verse, Sagas of Vaster Britain", "Beyond the Hills of Dream" (poems), "Tan of the Orcades" (a historical novel). "Canada" (a book descriptive of the Dominion), "A Beautiful Rebel" (a Canadian historical novel), "The Canadian Lake Region" (a descriptive consideration of the Great Lakes and their environment), and as well a number of brochures. Following is his poem "The Sea Queen":

Shall her great power go under,
Her ancient might decline?
This centuried Queen of the thunder
And surge of the billowy brine!
No! Back from the storms that rocked her,
From the line to the frozen floe,
Out of his great gray vastness,
Old Ocean thunders, No!
No! No! No! No!
Old Ocean thunders, No!
By her keels that lift
On his far-flung drift
Old Ocean thunders, No!

Shall she who bred great Alfred,
Whose navies smote the Dane,
Whose valiant, bold sea-captains
Made mock of haughty Spain:—
Shall she of Nelson, Rodney,
Strike sail to any foe,
And out of its hero-splendours,
Her great past answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
Her great past answers, No!
By her valiant dead,
Her sons who bled,
Her great past answers, No!

Shall she whose might is world-wide;
Whose children dwell afar,
One with the wise old mother
By western, Orient star;
Whose fleets are freedom's bulwarks;
To sloth and cowardice grow?
And out from its utmost confines,
The Empire answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
The Empire answers, No!
O'er ocean's sweep,
Her vast and deep
World-foalty thunders, No!

THE LIBRARY TABLE

RECOLLECTIONS

By JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada.



HE war and our action in it led to my retirement from public office."

This simple statement gives John Morley's answer to a persistent

question of the past three years. An understanding public will infer and rejoice that he desired also to write his "Recollections". He was then an old man whose life had been full, active and many-sided, and he might be pardoned for leaving the stress of war-time administration to younger men. That he has given the intervening time to setting down his own story of his life, and his impressions of the strong men he met and the great events he helped to shape, is one of the fortunate inheritances of literature.

Morley has been peculiarly the scholar in politics. His education was thorough, and he has never ceased to be a student and an associate of the intellectuals. He had unusual opportunities for mingling with the great men and women of his time, and some of his intimate touches will be standard vignettes of his contemporaries. By one of those odd paradoxes of human life he became a close friend of Joseph Chamberlain, and though they parted ere long on the Home Rule issue, they continued their intimate personal relations. Even Gladstone was astonished at this friendship and said to Morley:

"You [and Chamberlain] are not only different: man and wife are often different, but you two are the very contradiction."

Morley paints a sympathetic picture of Chamberlain and gives a higher idea of his friend's culture than generally prevails. He was, however, not blind to Chamberlain's opportunism, and describes it in this sympathetic manner:

"Chamberlain did not originate new political ideas, nor launch political projects that nobody had ever heard of before. But then everybody knows how constantly history has shown that a personality may be a force as powerful in the world at projects and ideas. This proved to be a case. His gift of speech was original, and it impressed his character upon the country—a character of vivid and resolute energy, fearless tenacity of will, vehement confidence both in the merits and the triumph of any cause with which he was induced to concern himself."

Prominent in the review of his life's political activities Morley naturally gives many details of his administration of Ireland and India. Glimpses of men and issues at close hand will be cherished by all students, but do not come readily in the limits of a review. Of more general interest are the thumb-nail portraits of contemporaries like Meredith, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Hugo, George Sand, Mazzini and others. Here is a glimpse of Meredith:

"He came to the morning meal after a long hour's stride in the tonic air and fresh loveliness of cool woods and green slopes, with the brightness of sunrise upon his brow, responsive penetration in his glance, the turn of radiant irony in his lips and peaked beard, his fine poetic head bright with crisp brown hair, Phoebus

Apollo descending upon us from Olympus. His voice was strong, full, resonant, harmonious, his laugh quick and loud. He was born with much power, both of muscle and nerve, but he abused muscle and nerve alike by violent gymnastic after hours of intense concentration in constricted posture over labours of brain and pen."

Carlyle appears now and again in a word of description, such as "the old Ram Dass with the fire in his belly", or in a quotation. For example, Carlyle said of Mrs. Mill to Morley:

"She was a woman full of unwise intellect, always asking questions about all sorts of puzzles—why, how, what for, what makes the exact difference—and Will was good at answers."

Running through all the chapters, and in subdued lines, we have the portrait of Morley himself. He has, as he says of Mill, "the magic halo of accepted fame". The reader feels the presence of a man who is not boastful or bumptious, but one who has no apologies and is ever sure of himself. He is an agnostic, and his differences with the church and clerics of his time are no small part of the picture. Despite his doubts, he frequently quotes from clergymen, and his own Liberalism has been guided by the compassion he felt for his fellows.

"The world is travelling under formidable omens into a new era," he says, "very unlike the times in which my lot was cast." "The oracle of to-day drops from his tripod on the morrow," he goes on. "In common lines of human thought and act, as in the business of the elements, winds shift, tides ebb and flow, the boat swings. Only let the anchor hold."

Thoughtfully the book begins, as above, and thoughtfully it closes:

"Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by the right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. Sense of pro-

portion among the claims of leading questions to the world's attention became more wisely tempered. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional.

"Bacon was prince in intellect and large wisdom of the world, yet it was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling, 'The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath'. This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of toleration and all the ideas and modes that belong to toleration was another. In my various parleying with the Catholic clergy in Ireland, I was sometimes asked in reproachful jest what my friend Voltaire would have said. As if Voltaire's genius did not include more than one man's share of common-sense, and as if common-sense did not find a Liberalist advance, for instance, in the principle of a free church in a free state! . . .

"Circumspect. Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as it ever was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange witches' Sabbath? These were queries of pith and moment indeed, but for something better weighed and more deliberative than an autumn reverie.

"Now and then I paused as I sauntered slow over the fading heather. My little humble friend, squat on her haunches, looked wistfully up, eager to resume her endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the chartered metaphysician. So to my home in the falling daylight."

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MILITARISM

BY KARL LIEBKNECHT. Toronto: William Briggs.

LIEBKNECHT was sentenced to imprisonment for a year and a half for making public the lectures in this book. The charge against him was that he aimed a blow at "an integral part of the national constitution", *i.e.* he struck at the idea of a standing army. While in prison he was nominated to Parliament and elected. His parliamentary career was vivid and intense. Nominated in 1912 by the citizens of Potsdam-Standau he fought a critical election. The Government attempted to prevent citizens voting for him by disfran-

chising them on the ground that they were enemies of the State and therefore should have no voice in its affairs. But Liebknecht was elected by an enormous vote. He is at present in prison again for his too fluent language of protest in the Reichstag.

This book that comes to us through an unidentified translator is a summary of faith. It is the faith of an avowed Socialist with a clearly manifested class patriotism. It is a book against militarism and the war that militarism breeds, because militarism and war do not forward the good of the workers, do not belong to the spirit and practice of the socialistic state. Liebknecht's viewpoint is a particular one. His angle of attack is that of the scientific and convinced Socialist. Much of his contention will strike with a slightly alien note on Canadian ears. We have viewed war as something brutal, inhuman and nasty; as something that breaks up homes, sunders dear ties, and is horribly necessary to accomplish quickly a certain end. Liebknecht would be tempted to call us sentimentalists. He might look askance at any alliance we offered him for purposes of mutual combat. He might even view with contempt the clergymen who have so many words to use concerning the iniquity of war—while they continue blindly to bless the society which makes war possible.

We have been too sentimental about war in Canada. We have dealt too much in immediate causes and superficial conditions. War is a social disease deep-rooted in the vital organs of our life on this earth. The hot mustard plaster of righteous emotion will not affect a cure. It is a case for purgatives wisely administered and surgery scientifically applied. In Europe, where the world has been long sick, there has grown up a body of opinion strongly aware of this. Previous to 1914 the Atlantic ocean provided for us here in Canada a luxurious isolation in which we did not worry much about the world's health. Discovering

now that the world is near to mortally ill we are gloriously and admirably busy flying about with our hot mustard. But we have not learned as yet the deepest need; we have as yet to gain much knowledge painfully and slowly. At present the preacher among us will tell us all about war and its causes in a few eloquent and passionate moments. In Europe the united brain of the Labour groups, the Socialists, and the Economists is often at a loss.

In other words, we have not as yet in Canada really paid the price in thought which will admit us to that chosen company who will one day make the world safe for democracy. A book like this of Karl Liebknecht's will set us thinking.

That we need to do a great deal of thinking is patent to anyone who compares our journalistic literature with that of any European country. Our newspapers and journals have come out eloquently and strongly on the issue that is joined in the world to-day. But few if any of them have revealed in their pages a grasp of what may be called the intricate *finesse* of the issue. If war is a cancer on the breast of the world our press has not explored its roots. Indeed, in some respects, despite its frequent crudity and tendency to crassness in class patriotism. *The Canadian Forward*, whose editor, a disciple of Liebknecht, is at present in prison, has been more fundamental than *The University Magazine*. But neither publication has offered us full salvation. Salvation does not lie in an abandoned Imperialism, nor in a frantic antagonism to Capitalism.

The failure of our press may be illustrated in the matter of the Lansdowne letter. While practically every Liberal journal in England supported him, and one or two Tory ones, he received no whisper of thoughtful consideration here; we were too busy with the mustard. Yet his implied panacea for the world's trouble received what amounts almost to endorsement in Lloyd George's address to the trades

union delegates held on January 5th.

Our treatment of the Russian crisis is another instance of our emotion minus consideration. There was no studious and careful sympathy with Russia expressed in our press. No one seemed to think enough about it to know that possibly the lives of tens of thousands and the future of the war hung upon knowledge. This may seem extravagance in statement, but it is not so extravagant as to be very wide of the truth. Apparently no trouble was taken by our Canadian press to know that—

“On November 20th, Trotzky, who is Commissary for Foreign Affairs, sent an ultimatum to the Allies, asking them to revise their war aims, with the warning that if no reply was received by November 23rd, Russia would begin armistice negotiations. The Allies did not reply. Russia then made the proposal to all the belligerents for a general armistice and proceeded to negotiate one with the Central Powers. On December 5th, the negotiations were suspended and seven days given to the Allies to state their war aims in case they refused to participate in the armistice. The Allies made no answer. On December 12th the negotiations with the Germans were resumed and an armistice concluded. Trotzky then issued a third ultimatum, stating that Russia would allow the Allies two months before consummating peace with the Central Powers. The Allies have so far shown no signs of life with regard to Russia.”

Our Canadian press apparently did not know this, and therefore was unable to campaign for the kind of sympathetic, hopeful and active public opinion such knowledge would create. These things were known in England through the English press, and it was possibly due to a registration of the demand of the public opinion possessed of knowledge that the British Premier made the statement on January 5th which Russia wanted on November 20th; the statement which as a political offensive for peace, because of the tone in which it was delivered, is worth dozens of battalions.

Before we in Canada can enter the lists as champions of democracy we must learn to be more careful of the

kind of public opinion we build up and more solicitous concerning the behaviour of the sources of that public opinion. We have rushed emotionally and gloriously into the doing of many things. From the standpoint of the strictest service to democracy and peace it appears that we have yet to add to zeal, knowledge, to learn the effectiveness for the handling of many matters of a resolute tentativeness.

Some of these ideas a perusal of Liebknecht's book brings to one. The book is dispassionate, studied, adamant. His analysis of militarism and its dangers will make salutary reading for Canadians in these days. Following are two quotations:

“Militarism thus appears in the first place in the army itself, then as a system reaching beyond the army and embracing all of society in a net of militaristic and semi-militaristic institutions—cadet corps, veterans' associations; further, as a system of saturating the whole private and public life of our people with the military spirit for which purpose the church, the schools—as well as the press—co-operate. “To these must be added the groups that feather their particular nests during a war.”

*

FIGHTING FOR PEACE

BY HENRY VANDYKE. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

“A MAN who by speech or action endeavours to impede America's efficiency in this righteous war should be judged by the law, and if convicted, promptly executed.”

This sounds, when one reads it over, as if it was originally delivered by a man in a pepper and salt suit, with a staccato voice, and a snap of the jaws. Somehow it doesn't sound like Dr. Henry VanDyke at all. Yet the words are his words (not in this his latest book) made public the other day when he voiced his feelings on the war.

We have associated the amiable Dr. Henry with “The Compleat Angler” and the gentle art, and modest, nice stories prettily told. If sometimes they were told with a slight overplus

of language we forgave him because he was once a preacher (wasn't he?) and the habit of language sticks. We forgave him also, because he wrote about "Under the Balsam Bough" and "Gray Gown", and because he knew the turn of a good fish yarn.

But the war changes all. In this latest book of his Henry VanDyke is not gentle at all. He is sometimes, as he reveals himself and the implications of his thinking, by a trick of phrase or the indulgence in a bit of apologue, so resolute and ardent one doubts a bit if he really best serves the cause he sets out with such good conscience to advocate. When one takes on that hard task of being Peace's champion one must remember many things. The accoutrements for that joust, so delicate, with so fine a strength, are difficult to obtain and very various. In the keenest stress of the conflict small wonder is it that some brave hearts do not always find the appropriate weapon prepared and at hand; and must needs blunder a bit with momentary cries and panic.

Dr. VanDyke's book is, brightly written. It is a volume of experience. The personal note is never absent. It will interest the reader throughout. It places one, on many of its pages, into pleasing intimacy with a diplomat's life at a most critical time. Dr. VanDyke, most readers will know, was the United States representative to Holland during the first three years of the war. This book grows out of that time.

*

SONGS FROM A YOUNG MAN'S HAND

BY CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

SIR CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY belongs to the school of poets who stand for vigour of expression and certain fixed ideas rather than verbal music. He is an Englishman by birth who has been spending his mature years in British Columbia, be-

ing now a somewhat distinguished citizen of Victoria. His knighthood a year or so ago was doubtless a recognition of his advocacy in prose and verse on the platform of the cause of Imperialism.

The poems now published fall naturally into two classes, those singing the virtues of the British Empire, and those expressing as no one else has done, the atmosphere of the southern mainland and Vancouver Island coast of British Columbia. In the first class we have such poems as "Is Canada Loyal?", "The Chain of Empire", "England's Day", "Seed Corn", and "Tu Quoque". Pride of race rings strong, with sometimes a suggestion of the old Downing Street attitude towards the lands and inhabitants of a "colony". Then there is a point appeal to England to wake up and realize her possibilities of dominion, as in this verse from "Tu Quoque":

England, awake! Stir from your money-
ed ease;

There is no backward way. If you do
cover

Before a fate too mighty, seas

May murmur in the future of a power
Which ruled them once, but Britain's
day is done.

United we rule all, divided we rule none.

Carrying the atmosphere of his adopted land, we have such poems as "The Kootenay Prospector", "The Western Pioneer", "Night on the Frontier", "Our Western Girl", "A Sou-West Storm", "Dawn at Pier Island", "Autumn Salmon Run", and "Boatman's Song". This picture of "Our Western Girl" will win many admirers:

Her brown hair, kissed by the morning sun,
Blows wild in the prairie breeze;
Her eyes are French in their wayward fun,
But deep as the English seas;

Her little hands are as brown as a nut,
Not baby things merely for show,
But light on the bridle and firm on the
butt,

And tender—as sufferers know.

A girl she is when the skies are bright,
A woman when life goes wrong;
Sweetness in sunshine, and darkness light,
Saucy and straight and strong.

Most moving of the descriptions of British Columbia life is "A Sou-West Storm", from which the following verses are quoted:

From the brooding gloom of the wild Sou-West

The scuttering black ducks come,
While the wheeling mallards drop in to rest
In the whispering sedge where they had
their nest,

And our loosened shingles hum.

There's threat in the tops of the swaying
trees,

And the sea's skin seems to crawl,
The sheep and the cattle are ill at ease,
A blind swell travels before the breeze
And tosses my anchored yawl.

Then the wind that is wet with an old
world's tears

That mourns for millions dead,
Grown mad with the woe of a thousand
years,

Burdened with prayers that no God hears,
Shrieks like a soul in its dread!

All life cowers dumb while the dead trees
cry,

The long dead kings who have stood
Through countless years with their crowns
in the sky,

They totter and fall and the wind sweeps
by,

And hell is loose in the wood.

There are several war poems with special reference to Canada, and for one of these, addressed "To the Papers and Politicians", there has been recently full vindication. Its closing verse reads:

Can ye not pull together to lift your Can-
ada's head,

Whose pride alone consoles her as she
kneels by her gallant dead?

She is hurt beyond hoping or healing, yet
she has not flinched nor cried;

She is proud of the boys her mother took,
will ye not spare her pride?

*

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE KARLUK

BY RALPH T. HALE. Toronto: Mc-
Clelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

IT will be recalled that during the Canadian Arctic expedition of 1913-16 the *Karluk* and her company were completely separated from Stefansson, who was in charge of a division search for land northward from Beaufort

Sea, and Dr. R. M. Anderson, who was exploring eastward from the Mackenzie River. The separation was the cause of a series of perils and adventures unique in Arctic explorations, and in this book these experiences, as related by Robert A. Bartlett, master of the *Karluk*, are recorded. Captain Bartlett had been with Peary in his search for the North Pole, was master of the *Roosevelt*, but his task as master of the *Karluk* was destined to be far more difficult even than his former command, for the *Karluk* was frozen in the ice north of Alaska and zigzagged for months until, when the long Arctic night was at its darkest, she sank, hundreds of miles from land. Upon her commander then rested the burden of providing for the immediate welfare of her company of scientists and sailors, getting them to a place of safety and bringing help to them from the outside world. Leading his men to Wrangell Island he started with a young Eskimo and walked over the ice two hundred miles to the Siberian coast, and then for five hundred miles eastward to get a ship for Alaska. The journey took him over two months, a trip never before accomplished by any man, and the rescue of the *Karluk* survivors resulted.

*

REGIMENT OF WOMEN

BY CLEMENCE DANE. Toronto: The
Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE action of this unusual novel takes place in a school for girls, where two teachers, one a man, the other a woman, engage in an absorbing clash of wills. The man, Alwynne Durand, loves Clare Hartill, who is not only clever and beautiful, but is as well unscrupulous and selfish. The influence of these two personalities on the school makes an interesting study apart from themselves. A tragedy towards the end is averted happily by the appearance of a man who is able to cope with the situation.



THE BOW RIVER AT BANFF, ALBERTA
By Moonlight.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



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THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

From the lone sheiling in the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a world of seas;
But still our hearts are true, our hearts
are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

IT is many years since the recital of these lines by a distinguished British statesman profoundly moved a gathering of Scottish Highlanders and set the seal of fame upon a poem that had long lain buried in obscurity. Quoted to illustrate the sentiment cherished by Highlanders for the land from which they had been banished by selfish and oppressive landlords, they attracted attention, not so much by their political oppositeness, as by their peculiar literary quality. At once, curiosity was aroused as to their origin. Inquiries led to discussions which filled the columns of the newspapers and literary journals, and, presently, from the mildewed pages of an old Scottish magazine was unearthed, in its complete and original

form, the now familiar "Canadian Boat Song".

Few poems have been more often quoted in public than this remarkable effusion of an anonymous bard. It has fascinated audiences, critics and readers alike; and the interest inspired by the haunting beauty of its lines has been enhanced by the mystery surrounding its authorship. It has been the subject of much research and not a little disputation; around it has gathered a literature which would fill several large-sized volumes.

Curiously enough, this interest has not been so apparent in Canada, where it might have been expected to be most keen, as elsewhere. In Canadian anthologies, the song is conspicuous by its absence, and one looks in vain for any reference to it in the appreciations of our national literature that have appeared from time to time. The reason probably is that, though Canadian in name and inspiration, it has never been clearly proved that the poem was Canadian in

origin. The point is certainly open to doubt, and may never be satisfactorily determined: but, at anyrate, there is a considerable body of evidence to support the claim, and it may not be amiss to consider whether, in the confusion of theories concerning the authorship, the true key to the mystery has not been overlooked.

A notable feature of *Blackwood's Magazine* in its early days was the "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—an interesting compound of literary criticism, philosophical discussion, political invective, poetry and humour, to which Professor Wilson (Christopher North), Lockhart, Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and other writers of lesser note contributed. It was in this section of the magazine for September, 1829, that the "Canadian Boat Song" first appeared. Though evidently regarded by the "Noctes" circle as of no ordinary merit—the Shepherd (Hogg) describing them as "most affecting"—the verses do not appear to have attracted more than passing attention. Like most periodical effusions, they were read, no doubt appreciatively, and forgotten; and it was not until twenty years later that someone found them of sufficient interest to warrant their republication in slightly altered form, in the pages of *Tait's Magazine*, a rival Edinburgh publication, where, on the authority of one Donald Campbell, they were attributed to the twelfth Earl of Eglinton. Thus reproduced, they caught the keen eye of Dr. Norman Macleod, the well-known Highland divine and author, who was probably the first to quote the now familiar stanza beginning "From the lone shieling". In later years, it was repeated by, among others, William Black, the novelist, and Robert Louis Stevenson; and then in 1885, came its recital by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, as the result of which the song acquired the popularity it has since enjoyed. It should be pointed out, however, that the quatrain quoted by Mr. Chamberlain,

and generally recited, differs materially from the original version: the latter, as it appeared in the "Noctes" having read:

From the lone shieling of the misty island,
Mountains divide us and the waste of
seas;

Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is
Highland,

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Speculation as to the authorship of the song has been ingenious, but more or less indefinite. The claim that it was the work of the Earl of Eglinton, based chiefly on the discovery among his lordship's papers of a manuscript copy of the verses set to music, and purporting to be a translation from the Gaelic, has been supported by more than one reputable authority. Other critics, equally well qualified to judge, have ranged themselves on the side of Professor Wilson, resting their theory as to his connection with the song on the fact that he was the presiding genius of "Maga", the most voluminous contributor to the "Noctes", and a poet of a high order. Certainly he possessed qualifications which were decidedly lacking in the Earl of Eglinton, but the probabilities in his case were lessened by the discovery that the particular "Noctes", in which the song appeared, was written, not by Christopher North, but by Lockhart: This fact, attested by the publishers of the magazine, naturally lent colour to the hypothesis that the son-in-law and biographer of Scott was the author of the verses, as well as of the article that accompanied them; and it has been suggested that he may have received them from the great Sir Walter himself, a theory as probable as any of the others in view of the circumstance, generally forgotten, that the novelist's favorite brother Tom, a writer of talent, had lived in Upper Canada for a number of years. Opinions, more or less authoritative, have also been expressed in favour of the claims of Hogg, some of whose work possesses the same haunting



From the Drawing by MacIise

Dr. "Tiger" Dunlop

There is reason to believe that he was the author of "The Canadian Boat Song"

quality as the "Canadian Boat Song"; and, some years ago, a well-known Canadian writer hazarded the conjecture that the distinction belonged to Vicar-General Macdonald of Toronto.

But the view which has found most acceptance is that John Galt was the author. Favoured by such good judges as Neil Munro, the Scottish novelist; T. Newbigging, the author of a volume entitled "The Canadian Boat Song and Other Papers", and the Blackwoods, it is based chiefly on the grounds that Galt was for several years a resident in Canada, that in 1827 he was rowed down the St. Lawrence on his way to Quebec, and that, as a well-known contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, he was probably the "friend" and correspondent in Upper Canada referred to in the "Noctes" paragraph accompanying the song. As of further significance, it has been pointed out that in the same issue of the magazine there appeared an article by Galt dealing with Canada.

These circumstances would seem to establish a pretty strong case for the author of "The Annals of the Parish" and the founder of Guelph; but, if the explanation by the writer of "Noctes" article, as to how the verses came into his possession, is to be taken literally, they are by no means conclusive. Here is the statement, with "North" as interlocutor: "Canada; why it is as Scotch as Lochaber; whatever of it is not French, I mean. Even omitting our friend John Galt, have we not one Bishop MacDonell for the Papists, one Archdeacon Strachan for the Episcopians, and one Tiger Dunlop for the Presbyterians. By the by, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine in Upper Canada. He was rowed down the St. Lawrence lately, for several days on end, by a strapping set of fellows, all born in the country, and yet hardly one of them could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sang

heaps of our old Highland oar-songs, he says, and capitably well, in the true Hebridean fashion; and they had others of their own Gaelic, too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He sent me a translation of one of the ditties." And then follows the "Canadian Boat Song", with the "Shepherd's" comment: "Heah me! this is most affectin' now."

Whether or not, any significance may be attached to the words: "Even omitting our friend John Galt," it is at all events certain that that worthy writer had no speaking acquaintance with Gaelic, and, therefore, could not have "noted down" or translated the words of a song in that language. Nor is it known that among his many gifts a knowledge of music was included, so that he could scarcely have transposed the air. But the most damaging testimony against the claim set up on his behalf is to be found in the fact, which all his supporters have singularly overlooked, that, if the letter enclosing the song was received, as stated by the "Noctes" writer, "this morning from a friend of mine in Upper Canada," it could not have been sent by Galt, for the simple reason that, at the time the verses appeared, he was not in Upper Canada, but in England. Thus we find Lockhart writing from London to the Blackwoods on June 5th, 1829: "Here is Galt as large as life and as pompous as ever, full of title pages and connecting books, the "Tiger", squaws, and, I am sorry to add, his own personal troubles, which are neither few nor cheerful." The author of "The Entail" had left "the houseless shores of Huron" in the spring of 1829 to close his account with the Canadian Company in London: and he never returned.

Of course, it might be argued that Galt could have had the verses in his possession when he returned to England, or have written them there from recollection of some incident in his Canadian travels. But either the ac-

count given in the "Noctes" of their origin was a statement of fact, or it was not. If it was, the circumstances could not, as has been shown, apply to the Commissioner of the Canada Company; if it was not, his claim is equally insupportable, for no other evidence has been adduced on his behalf than that of his connection with Upper Canada.

Assuming then, that the accompanying note in the "Noctes" contains the key to the mystery, who was the friend and correspondent referred to? The question is one that scarcely admits of a positive answer, since in the absence of proof it must necessarily depend upon circumstantial evidence; but it is curious that none of the writers, who have dealt with the subject, has considered the possibilities suggested by the name of Dr. William Dunlop, the "Tiger" mentioned in the "Noctes," the associate of Galt in his work of colonization, a writer of acknowledged ability and wide reputation, and a notable figure in the history of Upper Canada.

No one can read the "Canadian Boat Song", or hear it recited, without feeling the Celtic strain in it, that peculiar pensiveness and fervid sentiment so characteristic of the Highland lament.

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather

All your deep voices as you pull your
oars;
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods
are grand.

But we are exiles from our father's land.

Whoever wrote the song beginning with these appealing lines was undoubtedly one whose blood was strong, and whose heart was Highland; and William Dunlop, though of Lowland birth, was a true and typical Celt, a descendant of the lairds of Keppoch, and a Gael in spirit, temperament and physique. With the language of Ossian he was quite familiar; among the men of Glengarry,

to whom reference is made in the "Noctes", he had many friends; and in the company of Highland boatmen, chanting Gaelic ditties, none could be more at home than he, for he loved a song and, unlike the staid and stately Galt, could sing one too. As a matter of fact, it was he who accompanied the novelist on his trip to Quebec in 1827, when, according to the latter's Autobiography, he was impressed by the "singing boatmen—a race fast disappearing"; and it was he who, when a comedy of Galt's was performed in that city, played with an excellence commented upon by the author, the part of the Highland Chieftain, which, there is reason to believe, was his own contribution to the piece. But the point of chief importance is that the "Tiger" was not only a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* but a warm personal friend of both Lockhart and "Christopher North", and a resident in Upper Canada at the time the "Canadian Boat Song" appeared.

Dunlop was, in many ways, a remarkable character, who, had he applied himself seriously to literature, might have taken a high place among the writers of his time. His "learned lueubrations", as Christopher North styled them, were amongst the most acceptable contributions to *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's Magazine*; and as Dr. Colquhoun, in his admirable preface to the book, says: "No one can read his (Dunlop's) 'Recollections of the American War' without perceiving that they bear the impress of a man of parts, possessed of a bold and resolute spirit, and sure to play a prominent part in whatever sphere of action his lot is happened to be cast. The literary quality of the author is likewise notable. As a narrator of events he is graphic and amusing, the air of good humour, which marks the work, being everywhere apparent." But his severance from the literary circles of Edinburgh and London, a love of adventure and good fellowship rather than of letters,

a jovial and undisciplined nature, and years of strenuous work in the forest wilderness, restricted the use of his pen, and literature was to him little more than a diversion. "Some authors write for fame," he declared in his book of "Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada", "some for money, some for spite, some at the instigation of their friends, and not a few at the instigation of the devil. I have no one of these excuses to plead in apology for intruding myself on the public: for my motive, which has at least the merit of novelty to recommend it, is sheer laziness!"—by which paradoxical but characteristic pronouncement he meant that, having received numerous letters from intending emigrants seeking information about Upper Canada, he thought it would save time and trouble to embody the information in a book instead of answering the inquirers individually.

The first glimpse we have of Dunlop is as a somewhat grotesque but truly heroic figure in the War of 1812-14. Attached as an assistant surgeon to the 89th Regiment, composed of "wild tremendous Irishmen", he presented the appearance of a raw, red-headed giant who, as Col. Fitzgibbons pictured him, had outgrown his clothes. The sleeves of his coat reached but a short way below his elbows, and his trousers did not nearly reach his ankles. He was careless, if not slovenly in his dress, and he seldom applied the razor to his chin. His proportions were almost herculean; his movements and gait awkward and ungainly." But though a freak outwardly, the doctor was a real hero when it came to fighting, and, in several engagements, played a part that is all too modestly concealed in his "Recollections" of the campaign.

Returning to England, with his regiment, at the close of the war, only to miss sharing the glory of Waterloo, he was subsequently drafted to India, where he dis-

tinguished himself as a newspaper editor and tiger-hunter, earning, by his exploits in the latter capacity, the sobriquet which clung to him through life. It was the story of his Indian experiences, written for *Blackwood's Magazine* on his return to Scotland in the early "twenties", that introduced him to the "Noctes" circle, who welcomed him as a spirit after their own hearts. He joined in their ambrosial revels, regaling them with stories that set the table in a roar; wrote sketches under the signature of "Colin Bannatyne, R.N.", and startled the grave professors of Edinburgh University by delivering a course of lectures on medical jurisprudence, which were described as "a mixture of fun and learning, law and science, blended with rough jokes and anecdotes, not always of the most prudish nature."

With Lockhart, Dunlop formed a friendship, which seems to have been warmly reciprocated by the famous biographer and critic; and when in 1826, the former went to London to edit *The Quarterly Review*, the "Tiger" accompanied him. There, we are told, he lived "a most miscellaneous life, turning his hand to anything". He wrote for the magazines, compiled medical treatises, edited a newspaper — *The British Press* — which, it is interesting to note, had as its parliamentary correspondent the elder Dickens, and was later the receptacle for the first contributions of "Boz"—and founded the "Pig and Whistle", a club for convivial scribes like himself. His conception of the duties of an editor appear to have been as singular as his ideas about lecturing and tiger-hunting. "Sometimes *The British Press* would appear with leading articles; sometimes without"; and the story is told of how when a significant change of ministry took place under the Bourbons, the "Tiger's" only editorial comment was: "We perceive that there is a change of ministry in France; we have not heard of any earthquakes

in consequence." Not less amusing were his efforts to run a Sunday newspaper—*The Telescope*—"the history of which," it was written, "would be a comedy of the drollest kind."

But Dunlop's Bohemian life in London, however much to his liking, was not of long duration. In the autumn of 1826, John Galt had completed his arrangements with the Canada Company to undertake the colonization of the Huron tract, and the "doctor" was persuaded to join the staff that was preparing to leave for Upper Canada. "The Tiger, as you have perhaps heard," wrote Lockhart to the Blackwoods, in August of that year, "is going shortly to Canada to hunt bears and other fellow creatures. This will be a relief to the Professor's (Wilson's) imagination, though to me, I assure you, it is a sorrow." A year later, we find his name figuring in the "Noctes Ambrosianae" as Lord Warden of Woods and Forests, with a complimentary reference to his abilities as a contributor to the magazine.

Of his work in the Huron district, it is needless to speak. He himself has described the ecstasy, "the Arab-like independence, and the utter contempt for the advantages and restrictions of civilization" which he felt when he donned the blanket coat and snowshoes, and camped in the woods; and it would be superfluous to add to what has already been so well written of the part he played in the development of what is to-day one of the most prosperous communities in Ontario. It is sufficient for the purposes of this article to note that in the midst of his "Caesarian operations in the woods", as Galt described them, Dunlop's pen was not idle. Reports concerning conditions in Upper Canada had to be prepared for the Company, together with pamphlets containing information and advice for the settlers; and these were supplemented by magazine articles on Canadian life, which did more to attract emigrants from Britain than

any other literature of the time. "It had been said," writes one authority, "that no man had a greater talent for throwing an air of romance over the stern realities of settlement founding than had Galt; that, with his genius and spirit, reality seemed to be a romance. But it was reserved for the pen of the "Backwoodsman" (the *nom de plume* used by Dunlop for his sketches in *Blackwood's*) to put upon paper an accurate, even if sometimes a higher coloured account of life as he found it, a popular statement of the resources and appearance of the Tract, and a list of minute directness as to the *modus operandi* necessary in transferring families, capital and brains, energy and industry from one hemisphere to the other."

That Dunlop was in communication with the Blackwood "set" at or about the time the "Canadian Boat Song" appeared can hardly be doubted. His contributions to the magazine, invariably anonymous, were frequent, and it is not without significance that in the "Noctes" prelude to the poem his name is mentioned in direct conjunction with the allusion to "a letter from a friend of mine in Upper Canada". It is true that he was not known as a poet, but neither was Galt, nor Lockhart, nor Eglington. Among his literary friends he was noted more for the "wild luxuriance of his anecdotes" and "the Titanic bray of his laughter" than for romantic rhymes or rhapsodies. Indeed, nothing could be less suggestive of a pensive poet than the picture drawn of him by his convivial companion of the Edinburgh and London days—the brilliant but erratic Maginn, the original of Thackeray's Captain Shandon. "This remarkable biped," wrote that wild Irishman in *Fraser's Magazine*, "stands six feet three inches, measures two feet across the shoulders, light-somely drops in his lordly back: the calf is just twenty inches in circumference—*ex pede Herculem*; the paw

would have startled Ali Pasha; the fur is of the genuine Caledonian redness and roughness; and the hide, from long exposure to Eurys and Boreas has acquired such a texture that he shaves with a brickbat!" And when the "Tiger" revisited his former London haunts some years later, and was admitted to the select circle of the "Fraserians", the same facetious writer described him in even more extravagant terms, likening him to "a red and fiery roaring volcano", whose eruptions in the editor's sanctum had a most disturbing effect. Eccentric he was in both appearance and manner, but when someone suggested to Galt that the worthy doctor was "a compound of a bear and a gentleman," the novelist retorted: "I did not know that bears were as good natured."

Beneath the rough exterior and boisterous wit there lay concealed a vein of sentiment and a tenderness of feeling that needed but the occasion to find expression. "Those who enjoyed the friendship of this warm-hearted man," wrote Major Strickland, "had frequent opportunities of knowing his kind and feeling disposition; for there never was a finer jewel, though roughly set, than poor Dunlop." Himself an exile from the land of his fathers, and the guide, philosopher and friend of many immigrants, he knew better than most the spirit of the men "from the lone sheiling of the misty island", understood their longings, and shared with them the feeling expressed in the lines:

When our blood-kindred in the time long
vanished,
Conquered and fortified the keep;
No seer foretold their children could be
banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his
sheep.

Suggestive too are the allusions in the song to the fighting spirit of the clansmen, for his own "blood kindred" had "in arms around the chieftain's banner" rallied, and "conquered and fortified the keep"; while he himself had proved a worthy descendant of those "leal hearts that would have given blood like water" for the cause they so warmly cherished.

Unconscious of his powers as a writer, as he was heedless in the exercise of them, Dunlop assuredly had it in him to give expression to the deep-rooted sentiment of the exiled Highlander, whether the inspiration came from the chanting of Gaelic ditties, or from his own dreams of the Hebrides. One who enjoyed the friendship and esteem of men of genius like Lockhart, Christopher North and Hogg; who was considered worthy of a seat at the table of the "Fraserians", round which gathered such literary giants as Colebridge, Southey, Thackeray, Carlyle and Hook, must have been more than a "good fellow" and a raconteur of jokes and anecdotes. And when all the circumstances have been considered—his Highland descent and Celtic spirit, his associations with Gaelic boatmen on the St. Lawrence, his friendship with Lockhart and Wilson, his position as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the fact that he was in Upper Canada when the poem was published—there seems nothing unreasonable in the view that as surgeon, soldier, traveller, hunter, literateur, pioneer and colonizer, the claims of "Tiger" Dunlop to be remembered may not improbably include that of having enriched our literature with the "Canadian Boat Song."



TOM THOMSON: PAINTER OF THE NORTH

BY J. M. MacCALLUM

WITH the tragic death of Tom Thomson in July, 1917, there disappeared from Canadian art a unique personality.

Thomson's short and meteoric career, the daring handling and unusual subjects of his pictures, the life he led, set him apart. Living in the woods and even when in town avoiding the haunts of artists, he was to the public an object of mysterious interest. He

lived his own life, did his work in his own way, and died in the land of his dearest visions.

It was in October, 1912, that I first met him—in the studio of J. E. H. Macdonald. The door opened and in walked a tall, slim, clean cut, dark young chap who was introduced to me as Tom Thomson. Quiet, reserved, chary of words, he interested me, for I had heard of his adventures in the Mississauga Forest Re-

serve. I asked Maedonald to get some of his sketches so that I might get an idea of what the country is like. This was done, and as I looked them over I realized their truthfulness, their feeling and their sympathy with the grim, fascinating northland. Dark they were, muddy in colour, tight, and not wanting in technical defects, but they made me feel that the North had gripped Thomson, as it had gripped me ever since, when a boy of eleven. I first sailed and paddled through its silent places.

The following March, at an exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, my attention was attracted to a picture—one of the small northern lakes swept by a northwest wind; a squall just passing from the far shore, the water crisp, sparkingly blue and broken into short, white-caps—a picture full of light, life and vigour. This picture, "A Northern Lake", the first one exhibited by Thomson, was purchased by the Ontario Government.

Autumn came again, and at last my numerous inquiries were rewarded by the information that "Tom has come home again". His hiding-place in a boarding-house I at last discovered, and found his walls covered with sketches. Half of them I borrowed to look over at my leisure, for he had sought to depict lightning flashes, moving thunder-storms, and trees with branches lashing in the wind. These sketches so interested the painter A. Y. Jackson, that he asked to meet Thomson, and ended by sharing his studio with him.

At the next exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, in 1914, Thomson exhibited two pictures, one of which, "A Moonlight Scene", was purchased for the National Gallery at Ottawa. As spring came on, it was arranged that the artist should go with me on a trip amongst the islands of the Georgian Bay and remain there at my summer home until August. Leaving my place, he paddled and portaged all the way from Go Home

to Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park, where he was joined by Jackson, who had been painting in the Rockies. Before leaving me, we had a long talk about his work. I said to him: "Jackson has had what you have not—an academic training. He has a brighter colour sense, but he has not the feeling you have. You can learn much from him, and he from you, but you must not try to be another Jackson. Learn all you can from him, but, whatever you do, keep your own individuality."

Jackson and he camped together and painted until the snow and cold weather drove them back to the city. I awaited with some curiosity their home-coming, but the first glance at Thomson's sketches reassured me. His colour sense had broadened marvelously, but the old feeling and sympathy remained. The sketches were much higher in key, with not a trace of muddiness, but painted in clean, pure colour ranging from one end of the spectrum to the other. I felt sure that many of them had been devised simply as harmonies in colour, but I was always met with the response, "No, it is just like that". The truth of that I know now from personal experience, for I have, when camped with Thomson, frequently seen the very colours and forms to which in his sketches I had taken the most violent exception.

The group of painters of which Thomson was one soon began to be bitterly attacked by artists and newspaper critics and held up to ridicule as painting things which were untrue and impossible. Thomson lived eight months of each year in Algonquin Park, often disappearing into its recesses for a month at a time, seeing no one and being seen by no one. Only one who has so lived is in a position to attack the colour or truthfulness of his pictures. I have a sketch painted by him the spring before his death. I remember well my saying:

"I have stood for a lot, Tom, but I can't stand for this. You never saw



Painting by Tom Thomson

THE PINE ISLANDS

anything like this in God's world."

"Oh, yes, that is quite like it," he replied.

"Well, what is it, anyway? What are these gray pillars here? Are they more of the pillars of cloud that led the children of Israel across the desert?"

"Those are pillars of snow. On certain winter days up here the snow

hangs suspended in gray pillars up in the air."

This was news to me, but I verified it two weeks later from the lips of an old French Canadian lumber-camp foreman, who told me that these pillars were frequently seen and were gray.

Thomson painted a world of phenomena of colour and form which has

not been touched by any other artist. His sketches are a complete encyclopædia of all the phenomena of Algonquin Park, and aside from their artistic merits have a historical value entitling them to preservation in the National Gallery.

Thomson painted not merely to paint, but because his nature compelled him to paint—because he had a message. The north country gradually enthralled him, body and soul. He began to paint that he might express the emotions the country inspired in him: all the moods and passions, all the sombreness and all the glory of colour, were so felt that they demanded from him pictorial expression. He never gave utterance in words to his feelings of the glories of nature. Words were not his instruments of expression—colour was the only medium open to him. Of all Canadian artists he was, I believe, the greatest colourist. But not from any desire to be unusual or to make a sensation did he use colour. His aims were truthfulness and beauty—beauty of colour, of feeling, and of emotion. Yet to him, his most beautiful sketches were only paint. He placed no value on them. All he wanted was more paint, so that he could paint others. He enjoyed appreciation of his work: criticism of its methods he welcomed, but its truthfulness was unassailable, for he had seen it. He never painted anything that he had not seen.

Sombre and gray, or gloriously golden, nature had equal appeal to him. His one criticism of his own work was "there is not enough daylight in that". He saw and painted in pure colour—colour so clean that one almost feels his pictures had been laundered. His colour is varied, brilliant and beautiful, but always dominated by the beauty of emotion. It sings the triumphant Hosannas of the joy and exaltation of nature.

Furthermore, his colour composition is beautiful. The poetry of his soul never permitted the colour, however brilliant, to be anything but harmoni-

ous. Unusual though it may be, it never jars, never brings one up with a jerk. He combined in an unusual degree the sense of design, of pattern, rhythm and decoration with the sense of composition, of character and feeling. The line and pattern—the design—but added greater beauty to nature's garb, yet nature dominated him and actuated all his work.

As has been said, Thomson had but one method of expressing himself, and that one was by means of paint. He did not discuss theories of art, technical methods nor choice of motives. He never told about marvellous scenes, of how they had thrilled and held him. He merely showed the sketch and said never a word of his difficulties or of what he had tried to express. His idea seemed to be that the way to learn to paint was to paint. He did not choose some one landscape or some one kind of landscape. All nature seemed to him paintable—the most difficult, the most unlikely subjects held no terrors for him—the confidence of inexperience it may have been. No doubt he put his own impress on what he painted, but the country he painted ever grew into his soul, stronger and stronger, rendering him shy and silent, filling him with longing and love for its beauties. His stay in the studio became shorter and shorter, his dress more and more like that of the backwoodsman. The quiet hidden strength, confidence and resource of the voyageur showed itself in the surety of handling in his work. He was not concerned with any special technique, any particular mode of application of colour, with this kind of brush stroke or that. If it were true to nature, the technique might be anything. A technique all his own, varying with the occasion, sprang into being, not as the result of any laboured thought or experiment, but because it could not be otherwise. He proved the theory that the technique should harmonize with the nature of the painting, should never overpower or dominate the idea or emotion express-



Painting by Tom Thomson

THE WATERFALL

ed. and should appear to be the best or the only technique to adequately express the idea. However unaccustomed a technique, if, after a short acquaintance with it, one loses sight of the technique and feels only the emotion of the picture, that technique is good. Judged by these criteria, his technique is unassailable. Drawing was to him the expression of form, and form might be expressed by any method, so long as the form is true.

One would have expected that with his intimate knowledge of trees he would have loved to paint all their intricacies. In the "Northern River" alone did he lavish detail on his trees and here only because it helped the pattern. In one in whom the sense of design, of decoration was so developed that is the more striking, for in his sketches and in his larger pictures he always treated trees as masses. In his painting of them he



Painting by Tom Thomson

THE DRIVE

gives form structure and colour by dragging paint in bold strokes over an underlying tone. Like many other painters he felt the limitations of paint, the impossibility of expressing on a flat surface the solidity and thickness of a tree, and in some canvasses almost modelled them in paint, while in others he got the same effect by expressing them by deep grooves in the paint.

At an exhibition of some of Thomson's pictures I overheard a well-known woman artist say, "Well! now *where* would you hang that?" She really felt the daring of the colour and of the method of execution of the picture. To the painter of the schools his work may seem daring, but it was not so to him. It was rather the joy of a boy playing with paints, intent

only on expressing something which has pleasurably excited him, and all unconscious of doing anything out of the ordinary, of tackling anything unusual. Because his paintings are so striking in purity of colour and in handling they are thought to be unusual. They are unusual, in that other artists have not had the opportunity to see the same subjects or have thought them either impossible or unworthy of painting.

The northern spring radiant with hope bursting riotously forth from the grim embrace of winter always found him in the woods ready to chronicle its beauties. The awakening rivers and lakes, the earth peeping here and there through her coverlet of snow and the sunny skies afforded a wealth of ravishing colour which ever charm-



Painting by Tom Thomson

THE JACK PINE

ed his sensitive soul. The hardwood bush, budding into varied hues of pink, lavender, blue, purple, brown and black, lent itself to many harmonies.

When the beautiful white birches, and solemn stately pines were lost in the crass greens of the summer forest, his brushes were laid aside. He now began to cruise the park seeking new sketching grounds. Camped by himself, he was, to the tourist, a mysterious hermit of whose marvellous skill as a fisherman there were many tales told. To the native guides he was just as incomprehensible, "worse than any Indian", they said.

The September hardwood in its gorgeous garb of many colours; the

pinces, strong and grave, mourning among the forest ghosts still beautiful in their tracery against the cold blue October sky; the falling snow and biting blast, the southward migrating of wild fowl, the November heavens, chill and gray, all had response and record from him. Loath to return to the city, he lingered, painting until the forming ice warned him that he might be shut in for the winter. Then he returned to us, who were waiting to see what new thing he had brought home.

Three months of steady painting in his studio, and early March found him growing more and more restless. His fishing lures made by himself, and strung like necklaces on the wall,

gradually disappeared from their accustomed place. Then we knew that his fitting time was near. One day he would say, "If I don't get up there now, the snow will all be gone."

Next day his shack would be empty.

And so his year passed by.

Thomson's knowledge of the appearance at night of the woods and lakes was unrivalled. He was wont to paddle out into the centre of the lake on which he happened to be camping and spend the whole night there in order to get away from the flies and mosquitoes. Motionless he studied the night skies and the changing outline of the shores while beaver and otter played around his canoe. Puffing slowly at his pipe, he watched the smoke of his campfire slowly curling up amongst the pines, through which peeped here and there a star, or wondered at the amazing northern lights flashing across the sky, his reverie broken by the howling of wolves or the whistling of a buck attracted by the fire. In his nocturnes, whether of the moonlight playing across the lake, or touching the brook through the gloom of the forest, or of the tent shown up in the darkness by the dim light of the candle within, or of the driving rain suddenly illuminated by the flash of lightning, or of the bare birch tops forming beautiful peacock fans against the cold wind-driven blue skies, one feels that it is nature far apart, unsullied by the intruder man.

Never was he satisfied with his own performance. Pictures were put away again and again in the spring, to be dragged forth on his return in the fall, some change made in the design or the colour, as suggested by the added observation of the year. Oftentimes he said, "Oh, no, it's not like that at all. I have been watching it again, and it is quite different."

This untiring observation, this compelling desire for truthfulness pursued him ever, making him conscious of his shortcomings and urging him on to renewed efforts. Once we had lost our way hunting for a back chan-

nel leading into the French River, when darkness and a sudden storm had forced us to camp for the night. We breakfasted in a pelting rain, tried to fish for a time, and ended by talking art, when Thomson said: "I am only a bum artist, anyway. Why, even the animals know that!" Then he added: "I had been sketching in the park and made up my mind to go farther in, two days' journey. So I decided to lighten my load by leaving my sketches to dry, and to pick them up on my way back. On my return I found that a lynx had come along and after a critical inspection of one of the sketches, had clawed it. Not satisfied with this expression of opinion, he had put his head down and chewed it."

"There's a fine picture for you, Tom," said I—"The Art Critic'."

Down he thrust into his dunnage-bag and brought out the sketch of birches, beautiful in spite of the critic's slashing.

It has not been the fortune of any of our artists to have had during their lifetime a vogue with the Canadian public. Thomson was no exception. To the art critics of the daily press he was an enigma, something which, because beyond the pale of their experience, it seemed quite safe to ridicule. Yet in one magazine a courageous writer ventured to say, "Tom Thomson can put the spirit of Canada on a piece of board eight inches by ten inches."

The intelligent public rather liked his work, but was not quite sure whether it was the safe and proper thing to say so. He found recognition, however, among his fellow artists, who looked forward with pleasure and curiosity to see what he would show at each exhibition. It is to the credit of the Ontario Government and the trustees of the National Gallery at Ottawa that they recognized his value. He never exhibited at the Ontario Society of Artists without having one of his pictures bought for the Province or the Dominion. These will remain



WEST WIND, ALGONQUIN PARK

By Tom Thomson

One of the Canadian Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition



TOM THOMSON'S SHACK

The rear section of this building was occupied by the artist as a combined studio and dwelling-place

for succeeding generations, the ultimate arbiters of the reputation of all artists. Confidently we leave to them

the fame of "Tom Thomson, artist and woodsman, who lived humbly but passionately with the wild".





An Eastern Canadian Harvest Scene

WOMEN WORKERS OF CANADA

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



JOURNEYING from one end of Canada to the other, following the jagged lines of extensive sea-coast region around the Bay of Fundy, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Atlantic, the Great Lakes and the Pacific, or striking inland from the purple glens of Cape Breton through the storied land of Evangeline, by New Brunswick

wick towns and villages and those of quaint Quebec and thriving Ontario, over the illimitable prairies of the West, even far into the sub-Arctic northland and in the high eyrie-like home-places of the Rockies, one finds the Canadian woman hard at work producing and conserving everything—doing her best with such material as happens to be at hand in her particular region or which can be brought



A Magdalen Islander Weaving on a hand-made loom



Hoeing Potatoes at Ingonish, Cape Breton



Children Feeding Pigs in Quebec Province

to hand without causing difficulties and upsetting important machinery elsewhere.

The nobility of these women must at this time go largely unsung, but even now it is being indelibly written on the pages of the national life, and a grateful history will fill its archives with thousands of stories of these splendid women of the Dominion, many of whom are, in years, older than Confederation.

Types of these women may be seen in the accompanying photographs gathered from every section of Can-



Indian Woman Dressing Salmon in British Columbia

ada. But the women have further claims than geographic distribution. For, though resident in every section, they likewise represent every race and nationality which finds a home in Canada—English, Scottish, Irish, French, Gael, Russ, Swede, Galician, Ruthenian, even the red Indian woman, is here. And not only every race and nationality, but women receiving and enjoying the comfort of almost every form of religion in all these different tongues are curiously and wonderfully united in one great purpose for the one great cause.

Someone has called these women "Mothers of Canada", because their sweetness, unselfishness and ability typifies all the time-honoured qualities summed up in that glorious word "motherhood". But in these days, when democracy is the high aim of the world, they also represent a vast Canadian sisterhood—a country-wide energy of which any nation might well be proud.

No organization or badge distinguishes this noble army, but they are bound together and their work unified quite unknown to themselves and, perhaps, to many others who have not visualized the country as a whole, by those powerful "phantom wires" which consist of purity of heart to begin with, and end with a clearness of vision amounting almost to "second sight" in their love and hope for Canada—the little mother-sister.

Those women living on or near the coast work with material native to these parts; the woman of the prairie looking from her doorstep over a sea of grain or stubble dotted with groups of cattle, also works with the material at hand. Thus each Canadian woman is *producing* necessities with the minimum of transportation and doing, in each individual case, the thing which experience has taught her to do and do well.

Many a reader may be inclined to criticize and say, "But they have always done these things. The war has made no difference, they worked in



Knitting

the fish or they knitted socks long before the war; these things are an "old story".

We ourselves have heard this same unfriendly criticism of these lowly folk more than once, and it is quite true that Canadian women were knitting, gardening, spinning, weaving, milking cows, raising motherless lambs by hand, washing and drying codfish, churning, and putting their hand to a thousand equally commonplace

duties long before the outbreak of war; and it is to their credit that this was so. When war came they were prepared, and in these channels of work, *their* work, the whole country was *prepared*. We who have learned to knit since the war began in common justice must bow to this great army of women, east and west, whose clicking needles held the trenches in those early days against the German Berthas, while we of the awkward



Hilling Cabbages

squad were being licked into shape on the "knit-one-and-make-two" drill. As with knitting, so with all the other industries referred to. In other words, it rather redounds to the credit of these Canadian women that they had never been caught in the whirlpool of non-essentials in which most of us spent our days before the war. With a clearness of vision, amounting almost to second sight, through all these years of the country's young life, they have clung and are clinging more than ever to essentials and to the simple life, with all its charm. And they stand ready to hand these character-

istics down, a crown of beauty, to the Canada of the future.

At the Front it was the old English regiments who had seen long service who first arrived at the firing-line; on the sea it was the long out-of-date sailing vessel that came out of retirement to hold our Atlantic trade and carry Canadian lumber, through zones infected by submarines, to roof the trenches of France. And on the loyal soil of Canada it was the steadfast old-timer, "old-fashioned and out-of-date", and living often in most remote glens and havens, far up in the mountain regions or by some quiet river valley, who knitted and wove and planted potatoes and brought up her daughters on these "war measures". And so when war actually came they were ready, on the moment, to do their "bit".

The preparedness of her women is one of the most marvellous things about Canada in the eyes of the people of the United States. A visitor cannot help being struck by the utter lack of self-consciousness in the strong hardy women encountered in the fishing districts, at work, in all sorts of weather, on the fish. Their greeting is as direct and cordial as that of any hostess in our best homes. Strong, fine women with frank, honest, gentle manners that bid you welcome. Rugged figures that stand out boldly against the gray tones of the drying fish and the up-creeping fog. A people themselves full of trust and confidence, they inspire you with the same. The whole-heartedness with which they go about the task of washing, salting and spreading fish, morning, noon and night, week in and week out, in order that the world's supply of fish—a war-food if there ever was one—may measure up to the greater requirements of these times, is in itself inspiring. A group of them at work upon the great fish stages, against a background of gray sea roughening into white combers under a fresh breeze blowing out from dew clouds overhead, makes a dramatic scene the



A Clam Digger in the Gulf of St. Lawrence

like of which one would expect to find only in the old world; yet here it is, equal in character to Breton coast scenes depicted by the best French artists. And why not? Are not these fisher folk of our Cape Breton shores of the same hardy, courageous stock?

All along the Nova Scotia shores remnants of scattered Acadians work side by side with English Royalist and Highland Gael. Even in the far-away Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, ice-bound and cut off from communication with the mainland during all the winter months, the French *habitant* women work in the fish unceasingly, going a step farther than their sisters on the mainland, in that they dig the clams which are used as bait for cod and mackerel, in order that the men may spend longer hours

at the actual work of fishing, the Canadian Government having sent out a plea at the beginning of this last fishing season to the fifty thousand fishermen of upper Atlantic coast to fish just *two* hours longer each day in order that the country might meet the war requirements for fish.

The lassie with the Breton cap, standing ankle-deep in water, is one of these women farmers-of-the-sea. With the home-made fork in her hand, which may be taken as the trident of victory, she turns the mud of the ocean bed when the tide is out, working as long as it is safe, unearthing the buried treasures, of which she holds a full basket in her right hand.

When not working at the fish and the clams, as at this time, the Islander betakes herself to the loom in the



Photograph by Edith S. Watson

The Milkmaid

attic, and there weaves—*tapis, couverts* and good warm homespun clothes for herself and family—carpet for the floor and blankets to keep out the piercing cold of the island nights. So that these women, beside aiding in the catch, curing and despatch of fish to the mainland, en route to the Front

via Halifax, are enabled to make their homes almost self-supporting through their skill at the loom. The wool for the operation of these ponderous home-made machines is grown on the sheep now grazing over there on the smooth rounded slopes of Les Demoiselles.



On a Truck Farm near Winnipeg

Rambling along the cross-lined country roads in rural Quebec one happens on farmhouse after farmhouse in which the habitant women are constantly at work on essentials, constantly producing not one, but almost every necessary of life. Not only the women, but every child of the *grande famille* is brought up on the doctrine of production—brought up to look forward to a life on the farm, believing, as their forebears of old France believed, that “land is the sole source of wealth”.

The children, then, of these districts are all farmers in miniature. All the work on a farm that the boy and girl can do with their nimble young bodies it is part of the daily task of the older women to instruct

them in. The hired man, no longer to be had, is not missed in districts where the young girls assist the women to feed the young pigs and calves, which are this year being raised in greater numbers than ever. Within the past twelve months, judging by the number seen as against those in previous years, the Quebec women have about doubled the number of porkers in that Province. More cows, too, are being raised to supply food for them. Butter and cheese-making keep the women, young and old, at the churn many hours of each day, and at night there are rugs to be hooked, wool to be carded, spinning to do, socks and jerseys to knit, rugs and cloth and blankets to weave.

The tale is the same along Nova

Scotia and New Brunswick highways. Here along the grassy lanes women, milk-pail in hand, may be seen at evening milking the patient-standing family cows. For where in years before the war there was one cow, there are now three or four to be taken care of, and milked twice daily, for the output of butter and cheese must be increased to take the place of meats. Many of these women are doing work formerly done by men now at the Front, so that in addition to an actual increase in the production of the farms they have also volunteered, in the language of the knitter, to pick up "the dropped stitches". Of course, the great thing about these women is they have all recognized and grasped their *opportunity*! They have all welcomed the stress of the times. They have all given and are giving unstintingly of their life's blood in their men; and they are rising to heights of record-breaking endeavour to fill the depleted ranks on the farm and at the fishing at home. It does the heart good to hear the woman of Grand Pré tell you her record this year for apple-picking.

The charm of these simple folk lies in their unconsciousness. They have not lost in the battle of life their sweet, childlike simplicity. They are not conscious that they are doing anything unusual in all these many extra "jobs" of home, shore and barnyard. Nor has the work as a whole or in part obsessed them. Rather they are wonderfully and beautifully poised. Not a murmuring word, not an impatient motion, not a frown escapes them. No nerves! It is wonderful how the strong, sturdy fibre of the entire British nation lives and glows in these humble folk.

On the coast, tragedy grim and frightful stalks the pathway of every family. It looks the sea-coast fisherwoman in the face from the cradle to the grave. Yet they are not afraid. Why, then, should they be afraid and weak now, in these days when the old foe comes in the new guise of war?

Their indomitable courage has not made our women hard and stern either. Rather where Russian women have formed "Battalions of Death" these home women are forming Canada's "Legions of Life" to save the day. Surely the Canada of the future must be, by reason of its heritage from these mothers, a nation born of their strength.

These peasant women are indeed hardy flowers in Canada's garden of rare souls. At the same time they hang in her national picture gallery as masterpieces. A host of old-world masters would have given much for such subjects as are found here, scattered over the great stretches of sea-coast regions. Take the women digging potatoes in a field at Ingonish, Cape Breton, in the late afternoon of an autumn day. Nowhere on this continent except in Canada could one have happened on a scene which composed itself into such a perfect pastoral—with the water and opposite shore for background. These women are not posed, but are working just as the artist happened to come upon them.

Here is the real history of certain sections of our country, in picture form, far more accurate than any mere written history could ever be. You see by the bend in their backs and the action in their arms that this is not the first time or the first season these women have planted and dug potatoes. Their tools, too, are home-made, just as the loom and the clam-fork of the other women are home-made. See their earnest faces! The grace of their bending figures breathes of skill and work accomplished. Looking at them, you feel assurance creeping into your soul, for as long as the country has such women for her mainstay, starvation by our enemies seems a long way off.

The moment this fall when at a turn in the road during a tramping trip through Cape Breton we happened on the two gleaners shown herewith, the mask of modern-life-and-



A Modern Evangeline
Codfish Drying in the Sun

society fell as if by magic from our faces. Not the twentieth century, not Canada, lay before us, but Old Testament days and lands. Yet Millet, too, and France were here, before us, in this happy pair of hard-working modern Acadian women. The motive of this pastoral scene lacks the rugged strength of the potato-diggers, but it has a natural grace and sweetness and a certain fragrance of womanliness that gives it a new and different charm, for these women had about

them the unmistakable quality of a delightful femininity that was enhanced by the tawny colours of waving grain, by the red-brown mud of the shores, and by the light veil of mist that enveloped the distant mountains.

From these women doing their war work so gracefully as to appear artists in concealing all appearance of real labour it is a far cry to the Indian woman, or *kloochman*, of the Pacific coast, and yet the Indian woman

out there on the shores edged by the wilderness, paddling ashore in her canoe, with the dug-out full of splendid salmon, is also a sister in war work. When salmon runs are short, as they are this year, every fish counts. Some of the Indian woman's salmon goes at once to the canneries, but more frequently one happens on her shawl-enveloped figure squatting silently beside a heap of fish, splitting and preparing them between sticks for the smoking process. This woman by her work keeps the entire family supplied with winter food, and by so doing allows her lord to dispose of the best of his catch to the canneries putting up war food.

The Indian woman is a knitter, too. For some of them have sons at the Front, several of whom have already made the supreme sacrifice, along with their white brothers.

Since 1914 Canada has produced all sorts of surprises, both to herself and the outside world. Not the least of these is her magnificent army of women workers. Home-keeping, home-loving women who have accepted the innovation of war and its strenuous demands on both strength and ability as a mere matter of course.

This great army of working women, the real busy bees of the hive, represent the true pulse of the country from the food-producing point of view. By increased effort, so finely and evenly adjusted that it was almost imperceptible, they have helped to make Canada competent to meet the great demands of the commissariat department of the overseas army and to keep down the home prices even as low as they have been kept. They have adjusted all other additional burdens so well that the output of food has steadily risen without signs of weariness or fatigue showing on any face.

In many cases the Canadian women are teaching their older children how to raise little farm animals—goats, pigs, sheep and calves—of their own.

Instead of playing with store-bought toys, children have reverted to the old-time rag doll or to a doll or a warship or a fishing-smack carved out of a log of firewood. Remote nurseries, east and west, are full of treasures of this sort. The women themselves are sweeping their rooms and porches and barnyards with home-made *arbor vitae* brooms. All of these things, though trifles in themselves, have a deep significance for the nation. It shows that even the women in the humblest circumstances are neither neglecting their children nor overlooking the urgent need of bright, clean homes in these dark times of war. Little sons and daughters of such mothers are stepping of their own accord into war work on the fish, in the berry and fruit-picking, in weeding and light hoeing, in feeding chickens and pigs, in driving out cows in the morning and bringing them in at night. Even in the home cooking they are allowed to take a hand, in turn, so that the mother may superintend the other children at some out-of-door work with hay or fish or stock, each one doing his or her "bit" to swell the ranks of Canada's food army. These children are the men and women of to-morrow, and their mothers, in giving them some training, and in sparing a moment here and there out of the busy day to it, are bringing up "reserves". For with foresight amounting almost to inspiration, with piercing, seeing eyes, these peasant women are gazing into the "crystal" of the future, confident that whatever befalls, this great and growing country will always need food, need it in ever-widening directions and in ever greater degrees. This spirit dominates not only the fisher-folk of the Maritime Provinces, the habitants of Quebec, and the farmers of Ontario, but it influences as well the new settlers upon the prairies in the even more mysterious regions farther westward towards the setting sun.

INDIA AND THE WAR

BY GEORGE W. AUSTEN



EARLY in the war, one of the members of the Indian National Congress, Surendro Nath Banerjea, moved that the Congress "proclaim to the Kaiser and to the enemies of England that behind the British army was the Indian people, who as one man would defend the Empire and die for it". Before the war, the National Congress had agitated against British rule, and some of its members were virtual revolutionaries. Its loyalty to the Empire in the crisis has been typical of India.

From the native states, with no feudal obligations to the British rulers of India, to the Anglo-Saxon communities of Calcutta and Bombay, there has been a solid support of the British cause in the war. Instead of being a liability, India has been a big, and increasing asset, a reservoir of unexpected resources. Aid in men and money has been on a scale quite comparable to the efforts of the white Dominions, notwithstanding that, previous to the war, the policy of the Delhi Administration had been to discourage native ambitions for military organization. What India has given, has been contributed either by native free-will, or by the decision of the Indian Government, advised by the Viceroy's council, which contains nineteen native Indians. In the great crisis, Britain has not put coercive pressure on its great dependency of 315,000,000 beings. Germany would not have scrupled to organize India on a vast scale, getting perhaps 10,000,000 soldiers out of it,

but, as the world has reason to know, British and German methods are quite different.

What has India contributed? Sir Francis Younghusband vouches the assertion that if, at the outbreak of war, 70,000 Indian troops had not been thrown into the breach in Flanders "in all probability our troops in Flanders would not have been able to stay the German onrush, and our brave little army would have been swept off the Continent". The Indian field and heavy artillery, paid for out of India's revenue, was hurried to France to fill a most urgent need for modern guns. It was a precious asset. The Indian contingents in Flanders fought at Ypres, Hollebeke, Festubert, La Basse and Neuve Chapelle. Later they were transferred to Egypt, aiding in repelling the Turk invasion, then were sent to the Gallipoli peninsula, then to Mesopotamia. Indian troops conducted the fighting in East Africa until General Smuts brought over his South African veterans. Indian troops helped to reduce Tsingtau, Germany's possession in China. Up to the end of 1915, India had sent abroad twenty-eight regiments of cavalry and 124 regiments of infantry. No definite figures of recent reinforcements are available, but at least 200,000 more men have been provided, making in all perhaps 500,000. The sacrifice of blood for the British "raj" has not been light. In September, 1915, King George had occasion to telegraph the Viceroy his appreciation of the "passionate devotion expressed both by my Indian subjects

and by the Feudatory Princes and Ruling Chiefs of India, and their prodigal offers of their lives and their resources in the cause of the Realm." Many times since such appreciations have been warmly repeated.

It may be thought that half a million men from a vast conglomeration of 315,000,000 people, filling a country as big and varied as a Continent, is comparatively small. But the policy of the Government of India before the war confined recruiting to the "fighting races"—the Sikhs, the Pathans and the Gurkhas. These fighting races form a very small part of the total population. The masses of Hindus are not at all warlike, in disposition or physique. The Indian natives have been forbidden to wear arms, or hold semi-military gatherings. Indians have not been allowed commissions in the Indian army. There being no reserve of native officers, the organization of fresh units was difficult, because white officers were all being utilized. India's standing army, on a peace basis, was supposed to be 160,000 men. However, since the war, recruiting in the Punjab alone has been 200,000 men. Companies of Bengali infantry have been raised, and Burmese pioneers. Of the 600 Native States, twenty-seven sent Imperial Service contingents out of their own resources. These contingents have served abroad in campaigns, and have been steadily reinforced.

The Native States contain about 71,000,000 people, and the largest of them is Hyderabad. Why have the princes of these States been so ready to assist those who are, after all, "foreign masters" of India? Because, as they have expressed it on many occasions, they recognize the fairness of British rule, the desire to deal justice to all, the guarantee to them of peace and security. Masters in their own realms, they do not fail to understand the forbearance of the British "masters" in not interfering with their domestic affairs. Many of these princes have served on British staffs. On the Western front, the figure of Sir

Pertab Singh was familiar. The gifts of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Maharaja of Mysore, the Maharaja of Gwalior, and many others, in airplanes, hospitals and equipment have been princely.

Public opinion is said to be ripe for a considerable expansion in military organization. Notwithstanding that the Government of India, out of its limited revenues, has paid the expenses of troops retained in India—it has paid the expenses of the Indian troops abroad up to an amount equivalent to its regular military outlay. It has floated a loan of \$500,000,000 to aid the British treasury. On the peace basis the annual cost of the military establishment was about \$100,000,000. This burden was a theme of complaint at every session of the National Congress. The Congress insisted that the British Treasury should share the expense, since the British forces in India "were required by the exigencies of British supremacy and British policy in the East". But now India is willing to shoulder heavier burdens, on behalf of the Empire. One of the native members of the Viceroy's council has proposed an Indian militia. He asks: Why should not India, having shown its loyalty, be allowed to organize larger forces?

Concessions and reforms, looking to such an end, are asked by leading Indian intellectuals interested in political progress:

1. Trust India.
2. Improvement in the conditions of enlistment and service for Indian officers and men; their pay, pensions and prospects.
3. Remove the colour or religious bar for Indians in their own country: open commissions on equal terms with white officers; open the military academies, and develop a type of native officer socially and intellectually responsible.
4. Re-examine recruiting fields, not on the old caste basis, but in the light of new class evolution.
5. Put the responsibility for the defence of India more on the citizens of

India, and less on the frontier tribes. Create imperial service troops in British India, with their own artillery.

6. Make India self-contained in rifle-factories, powder plants, and munitions.

7. Create a limited Indian navy on the Australian plan, to make future Emden raids impossible.

Obviously, such a sweeping recasting of the status of India under the Crown needs much careful thought. In view of India's proven loyalty, and splendid war service, the British Government has already decided to make large concessions along political lines, allowing Indians a much larger share and voice in the Government of India. The object is the eventual passage to complete selfgovernment on lines similar to those on which Canadian and Australian partnership in the Empire is founded. To start with the creation of large native military organizations, under native leadership and with native equipment plants, without adequate political development and responsibility, might be putting the cart before the horse. Loyal though the bulk of educated and uneducated Indians are, revolutionaries are still at work in India, and risk of sedition must be eliminated.

It is true that India's loyalty has stood severe tests. When Turkey went into the war, as an ally of Germany, some apprehension was felt as to the attitude of the 60,000,000 Mohammedans in India. The appeal of Islam was feared. But the Osmanli failed to seduce their co-religionists. The manifestoes of the Nizam of Hyderabad and of the Aga Khan exposed German trickery and Enver Bey's duplicity. The British gave assurances that they would not attack the Holy Places in Arabia, that they intended no intervention in the Caliphate, and would not annex Egypt, which is regarded as Mohammedan territory. Revolutionary outbreaks occurred at Lahore, and in frontier districts. The Germans sought to create disaffection through Afghanistan, but the Ameer of that country stood firmly by his

British friends in the Persian disorders. In Chicago recently, trials of Indian conspirators proved the German hand very clearly. It has been proved that, immediately before the outbreak of war, German consuls in Asia financed the Komataga Maru incident at Vancouver, to excite Indian feeling. The mutiny of the Fifth Indian Light Infantry at Singapore was instigated by a revolutionary, Har Dayal, who at one time published a Hindoo paper in Canada, called *The Ghadr* (The Mutiny). He was paid by Berlin. Notwithstanding many intense efforts to create rebellion in India, it stood fast with Britain in the crisis. Can it be trusted in the future? The visit to it of Mr. Montagu, the British Secretary for India, who is framing a scheme of partial self-government, says "Yes".

Undoubtedly, India has earned in this war very different status in the Empire. At the last Imperial Conference, Sir Robert Borden moved that representatives of India be invited on the same footing as the Dominions' representatives. Recently the Secretary for India has added a native Indian to his Council. Lord Morley's reforms provided many years ago for the election of native Indians to the Viceroy's Council. Mr. Montagu promises wider concessions. The ideal of the moderate Nationalists of India—the few millions of educated Indians—is for autonomy within the Empire. In his book on Indian Nationalism, the Calcutta Nationalist, Bipin Chandra Pal, exclaims "British rule in India is not based on superior physical strength, but on the sufferance of the ruled. We wish to be ruled by England, therefore England rules us easily. Responsible statesmen know that India was not won by the sword, is not ruled by the sword, and can never be kept by the sword. Our destiny is autonomy within the Empire."

The warmth of Indian support to British connection and the war is the more striking when compared with the coldness and apathy exhibited in the South African war. Lord Hardinge's

conciliatory policy brought about better feelings. He had to fight against prejudices by the Civil Service, the bureaueracy of 100,000 officials who practically rule India, but he accomplished much. The manifest justice of the Allies cause in the war, Germany's cruel, heartless treatment of Belgium, the murderous warfare on the seas, and the conviction that if Germany triumphed, India would suffer in common with all other peoples, appealed strongly to India's heart and intellect. The native Princes have often dwelt upon the great change in their secure

position if Britain were to succumb to German might.

When King George was in India, in one of his speeches he said, "I leave you a legacy of hope," meaning that Indian aspirations for a large degree of self-rule would come eventually, as India showed capacity to undertake it. The war is fast hastening this development. After the war, the British Dominions will be faced by the grave problem of readjusting themselves to the new conditions caused by the upspringing of the new Imperial partner.

THE SONG SPARROW

By CHARLES BARLTROP

I KNOW a winsome bird in gray
Who shrills a treble glee;
His summer life from day to day
Is one sweet jubilee.
Upstarting from the bladed wheat,
Or dewy clover blow,
He preens his feathers pleat by pleat,
And pipes his piccolo.
With preludes for the morning flowers
And matins for the sun,
And vespers for the twilight hours,
His daily course is run.
For him 'tis paradise in spring,
To perch upon a spray
Where aspen leaves are shimmering,
And chant his time away.
When he attacks his proudest note,
Raised to his puny height,
With lifted head and swelling throat,
He puts forth all his might.
Oft as I hear him in the fields,
His elfin notes employ,
Some new sensation starts and yields
An added thrill to joy.
So strewing thus the summer wind
With strains of artless bliss,
He leaves a sweetness that the mind
Could ill afford to miss.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

PRUSSIANISM AND CIVILIZATION

THE GRIM ADVENTURE

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE



HERE was a great stir of feeling throughout Yorkshire when it was known that Nevinson, the hero of many high-way escapades, lay in gaol awaiting the carrying out of the death sentence passed on him at York Assizes. The timid folk, and those who went abroad with swollen purses, were devoutly thankful; but there was grief among the poor; and the gallants, who loved a brave and clean adventurer who was ready every day to play at dice with the fate of the open road, were resolved that if wit of man could help him out of this dire escapade he should be set free to ride the countryside once more.

Six of these gallants were gathered in a snug and pleasant hostelry to-night, discussing the wildest schemes of rescue and finding none that satisfied them. So at last they sent for another dozen of claret, to help their wits; and, while the host was busying herself in the cellars, a dapper, round-faced man stepped in and greeted them with cheery friendship.

"I've had the devil of a day," he said, shaking the wet from him into the big roomy hearth. "All York seems to have ailments of one sort or another—from my lady's megrim to a man I've just attended for hurts taken in a drunken brawl. My throat's as dry as a lime-kiln."

"Oh, be easy, doctor," laughed young Slingsby, his nephew. "We've just ordered up two coopers of claret."

"That would do a lot to slake my thirst, Will; but there are six of you to share it with me. My throat is a bucket longing for the well."

Slingsby, best-loved of the Yorkshire doctors—because he was so human, so full of charity, and skill, and honest sentiment—began to stride up and down the room. "It is not the work that troubles me," he said, halting again to dry his soaked great-coat at the hearth. "All day long this business of Nevinson's has weighed me down like lead."

"We were talking of him, doctor, just as you came in."

"All York is talking of him. The city knows him for—for a gentleman. The word is much mis-used these days. Any pilfering tradesman makes his ill-gotten gains, and purchases his gentility; but Nevinson is a knight of the old, happy breed. He robs fat, greasy purses only. He feeds his poor—my journeys take me into squalid rookeries, friends, and I know how he feeds his poor, with a laugh that is better than his alms-giving. There's talk to-day among them of a riot in the city to rescue Nevinson; but I warned them it would only end in prison for themselves, and no good done to anyone."

"But the man cannot swing at the end of a rope, doctor," broke in a gray elder of the company. "I protest that so good a fellow shall not be put to the indignity of dangling toes."

"Life's a brick wall at times," said Slingsby, taking a leisurely pinch of

snuff. "If it's to be for poor Nevins—well, it must be. But I'm in evil temper, friends, and so I tell you. I knew the man's father, and watched the lad grow up. They tried to force him on to a stool in a merchant's office, thinking he cared for broadcloth and smooth ease. They missed always—his dull parents—the eager light in his eyes, and the dancing blood in his veins. So he took to the fine adventure of the road, and carried it with gallantry. Heigho! I feel like one preaching a funeral oration. He never wronged a woman on the highway, but sped them safe through dangerous ways. The children loved him. Poor Dick!"

The host came bustling in with relays of claret. Slingsby took a brimmer from his nephew's hands and drained it with copious ease and leisure that was gift of his.

"It puzzles me to know who sells good claret, gentlemen," he said, setting down his glass. "If I were a wine-merchant I should keep all my stock for private use. It warms the body; it stirs the pulse; it clears the head and the body. Yet if that poet came, he would rob me of half my practice here in York. They would go to the wine-merchant instead for physic."

They laughed with him, for they knew this staunch, gray-headed man for one who liked to talk at large when the day's work was over, but not a moment sooner.

Again the host bustled in and glanced at Slingsby with quiet dread of the intrusion.

"There's a message from the gaol, sir. The doctor there is ill of fever, so they say, and you're needed to tell them what to do."

"Tell them I'll come when I'm through with your cooper of claret, host," said Slingsby as he passed his glass forward for another measure. "Tell them to whistle for me, in brief, until I've had my share of well-earned ease."

When the host had gone Slingsby's

face lost all its look of old age. He was a boy again, alert, with the sense of adventure that had kept his heart alive for sixty years.

"This gives me entry to the gaol," he said, "and once in, I shall find ways and means to see Will Nevins. Bless the rascal! His head was never near a halter yet but he found help come to him in need."

Slingsby tarried awhile lest he showed too great eagerness on an errand that needed a cool nerve and steady head; but, from the moment that he reached the gaol-doctor's house and was admitted by the servant-maid, his way was made easy for him, as if fate played into his hands.

"I'm glad you've come, Doctor Slingsby," sobbed the maid. "Master's as ill as ill can be, and they say he may be sickening for gaol-fever. Lord help us if it is, for they tell me it kills all and sundry in the house that shares it."

When Slingsby went up to the bed-chamber he found his patient as the maid had pictured him, so far as illness went; but a glance at his face, yellow as guinea, told plainly what the malady was.

"Why, it's jaundice, man," said Slingsby, "and your maid was all for making me believe it gaol-fever."

"She would," assented the other. "If a sheep meets her in the road she thinks it a bull run mad and gets into the nearest hedge to hide. It is jaundice, Slingsby, and I'm treating it as well as my taste for the bottle will allow—but I sent for you to ask if you'd see to my duties in the gaol. Your hands are full enough, I know, but you're a friend of long-standing and I've grown to love my prisoners. There's Nat Waddilove, who cannot for the life of him keep out of prison. The dull routine of life does not suffice, though he's the best-hearted lad I know; and now he's down with some queer nervous ailment that makes him weak as a baby."

"Too little fresh air, and too many rats to keep him company o' night.

For myself, I should go mad if they confined me in one of those damp, pestilential cells."

"That's how it is, Slingsby. I get as fond of these rascals as if they were a family of mine. They need better housing, better food; and I'm up on my hobbyhorse again, in spite of jaundice. Yes, but I read your thoughts."

When Slingsby left his patient he admonished him by all rules of medicine to adjure wine of any sort until the yellow left his face; but he turned at the door to remind him that if the sickness worried him too long, a couple of bottles of port, taken near bedtime, had been known to drive out worse maladies.

Slingsby, once inside the gaol itself, went about his business quietly. He saw to Nat Waddilove and the other invalids who had been recommended to his skill. Then he turned to the gaoler, who had accompanied him through his errands to the different cells.

"You've a prisoner named William Nevinson?" he asked.

"I have, sir; a most distinguished prisoner—the terror of all night-roads for a score of miles round York."

"You're a man of discretion, I take it—can share a confidence, and keep a close tongue about it? Well, then, your doctor here tells me he has seen much of Nevinson these late days."

"May be; may be not, Dr. Slingsby. What of it?"

"Just this, man. Your doctor is ill. I suspect gaol-fever, and I need to see how it fares with Nevinson."

The gaoler took a step backward.

"Good lord, sir, you needn't take the thing so easily. Gaol-fever runs like fire and brimstone through a place. We may be dead of it, we two, before to-morrow."

"Not quite as soon as that," said the other gently. "It is a little more leisurely in its operation, but surer for its slowness."

"Then what are we to do, doctor?"

"Avoid panic, first of all."

"Of course, sir," said the gaoler with tremulous haste.

"Take me to this Nevinson. If there are mulberry spots about his wrists as large as the tip of one's little finger—"

"That will mean death to us all?" broke in the other.

"Oh, you're like the doctor's maid-servant, all a-twitter with your dread of gaol-fever. If Nevinson is stricken, he'll need a bed made up in some dry, convenient out-house, so the contagion shall not spread. I'll see to that, if you're afraid of pestilence."

"My father died of it, sir; and man is only human, after all."

"Then take me to the prisoner's cell and unlock the door and run for your life, gaoler. I take risks of this sort every day that comes."

"It's your trade, doctor—but it was never mine," said the other, as he led Slingsby between two lines of barred cells and unlocked a door on the right hand and departed with great haste.

Slingsby glanced down the corridor to make sure that the gaoler was not loitering in his panic, then he slipped inside and saw a quick smile of welcome greet him from Nevinson, who was killing flies and vermin in his cell for lack of other sport.

"Why, doctor, what brings you here? Oh, not so grave a face, old friend. Time and again I've been within an ace of that wonderful adventure known as the hereafter, but you know how luck runs with me."

"I have reason to be grave, Will. Your pulse a moment—and now your tongue—yes, there is reason to be grave. I want to break the news gently to you, lad."

Nevinson laughed—the old, light-hearted laugh that went with him on all occupations, whether he were robbing the over-wealthy, succouring the poor or contemplating the near arrival of the hangman.

"I should be hardened to all news, sir, at this date. The gaoler was in an hour ago, and he said he was sorry

to be parting with me just so soon—for he liked me—but the affair was fixed for this day week, he understood. He added that the hangman was known to be skilled at his trade, and there would be no bungling, so there was something to be thankful for."

Slingsby was astounded by this man's courage in disaster. It had no taint of the tinsel and the theatre about it, such as attached to Dick Turpin and other frowsy cut-purses who haunted London's outskirts and posed as heroes of romance. Great strength of body and mind, a boy's heart beating always for the night-roads and the clean adventure, a poet's faith in the luck of this world and the next—these, it seemed to Slingsby, made Will Nevinson a man well worth the saving.

"All your symptoms point to gaol-fever," he said with the same grave, professional calm. "Your body is weak, so that you tremble and totter as you pace your cell. Your head is ice one moment, and on fire the next. You have delusions, sudden fears that start out at you from hidden corners."

"To be exact, sir, I give the lie to all your symptoms. The rats bother me, and lack of fresh air."

"Be quiet, Will. If you haven't this mixed bag of symptoms you must learn them all by rote."

"I have no notion of your meaning, sir—but I'll learn them all, if you'll promise me the right prescription."

"Oh, that's granted, lad. What do you need?"

Will Nevinson made a quiet reckoning of the weeks he had spent in prison, and the dumb, unsufficing taste of cold water to wash down his meals. "Three coopers of claret for a beginning; and then a dozen or so of port; and, after that, if the fever settles in and nothing else will daunt it, you will order brandy, sir. Abstinence is not good for me."

"It never was good for any hale, full-blooded man, Will. You shall have your liquor in three days, if you

will be obedient and keep quiet."

As Nevinson listened to instructions and realized the whole grim flavour of the jest, a smile that was good to see broke and rippled round his big charitable mouth.

"I always had the luck, sir," he said. "The scheme would be perfect but for one particular."

"And what may that be, Will?"

"Three days are long in passing when one is thirsty, and from my knowledge of gaol-fever, it is essential that the patient has good liquor to give his strength a fair chance of recovery."

"Out on you for a rascal," laughed Slingsby; "but I'll see to your physie, as to other matters. D'ye remember that port I have in my cellar—the stuff we drank just before you rode out on the confounded adventure that brought you here?"

"Remember it? As one remembers the eyes of one's lady or the fragrance of a herb-garden. It made poetry of this dull world."

"It shall make poetry again to-night, lad. Just borrow my snuff-box and take a pinch when you're impatient. To be sure, you've had a long captivity."

Slingsby, when he had said farewell and reached the end of the long corridor, encountered the gaoler, fingering a bunch of keys with nervous trepidation.

"Well, doctor, is it the fever?"

"It is—and virulent. Get a warm bed ready in some convenient out-house, as I warned you. I go to see the governor of the gaol."

He found the governor at home in the snug house that seemed remote from the broken lives and the damp, rat-ridden cells so near at hand, and he found his welcome chilled when he explained his errand.

"You would like to see the prisoner, no doubt?" said Slingsby suavely, as if he invited him to a supper-party or some other pleasantry.

"It is not necessary—not necessary at all, sir."

"But prudent, from my point of view. The doctor of the gaol is ill, as you know, and his deputy must needs be circumspect. The prisoner will die, in all likelihood, before three days are out. He may last for a week, and by one chance in a thousand may recover. I would prefer that you come with me to see him now, before the risk of infection grows—grows with the spread of the mulberry spots on wrists and arms."

"I like you as a friend, Slingsby," said the governor drily, "and all York admires your skill in physic. You shall have my full sanction to deal with the patient on your own responsibility."

"Very well. And in case the worst happens, the body will be my perquisite, of course, to take away for dissection at my leisure?"

"How cold-blooded you men of science are," said the governor, with a laugh that broke through all his impending fear of gaol-fever. "Here's Nevinson, a gay, romantic figure in York's life—a lad I had a fondness for since I used to sup with his father and young Will was brought in to entertain us—and you think no more of him than of a body to eut about with knives."

"In the interest of humanity, believe me."

"Oh, to be sure! My own humanity led me to move heaven and earth in high quarters to obtain a reprieve for him. And now I'm glad poor Will is dying in the course of nature; it's a death more merciful than the other, because there's no shame attaching to it."

"Why do you grudge me his body afterwards?" asked Slingsby, dry and debonair. "There is urgent need that those in my profession should learn more of the workings of this fever, and I cheerfully take all risk of handling the body."

"Because I like him—because I would have saved him, if I could—because there's a heart in my body, Slingsby."

"Of all the body's organs, the heart hinders progress most. It is always beating too fast or too slowly. Its impulses shorten life, because they go from heat to cold with vehemence and speed. Give me a cool dissecting-room and the quiet mind of science and knowledge of the human frame work."

"Each to his trade, Slingsby," said the governor as they parted at the door. "I thought you human once, but now I doubt it."

That evening Slingsby came to the gaol with a bag, which he unpacked as soon as he was alone with Nevinson in the out-house shunned by all and sundry. He painted the highwayman's wrists and arm-pits a rich mulberry colour—in case there were folk about the gaol, he explained, who were not cowards and who came prying. And then he brought out two bottles of port, with the cobwebs clinging to them.

"You're a dying man, remember, if any random fool comes in to rouse you, Will."

"I begin to live, sir," said Nevinson, with the random laugh that never would be daunted in this world or the next. "Open both bottles, by your leave, and I'll find the drowsiness that is the worst symptom of my case."

They opened both bottles and drank together in great security, because they had the finest sentry at the out-house door—fear of contagion, that stills the weaklings' hearts. And three days later Slingsby claimed his perquisite, the body of Will Nevinson, and had it carried to the building in his own garden which he used as laboratory and dissecting-room.

And all the decent folk of York were sorry, because Will Nevinson—they knew it now that they thought him dead—had been a beacon for them, lighting the drab routine of everyday life.

In the mean streets that Nevinson had dowered with his bounty there was sorrow for his passing; and there was grief, too, in the big houses where men gathered after the day's hunting

to praise the laughter, the courage and quick wit of this outlaw who, to his finger-tips, was knightly and a cavalier.

As for Nevinson himself, he suffered some inconvenience during the short journey between the gaol and Doctor Slingsby's garden; for the burly rascals who had been willing, at a price, to shoulder a coffin with gaol-fever inside it had primed themselves so well for the ordeal that they stumbled at every other step. Once housed in the laboratory, however, and the door locked against intrusion, hardship was ended.

"Did I drive holes enough in the coffin to give you air, Will?" laughed Slingsby, when he had released the prisoner.

"Too many, sir. I feared the bearers would hear me choke with laughter as I lay inside it. Of all the droll things that ever happened to me, this is the oddest."

"It is true what they say of you in York," said Slingsby, with a glance that was paternal in its tenderness. "If an earthquake opened under your feet, you'd make a jest of it."

"That is the right way to meet peril of all kinds, surely. One would be afraid if no jest came."

"Sound wisdom, lad—sound wisdom. And now we'll get to supper."

A pleasant meal was set on a table given over in working hours to more serious pursuits; and when it neared its end Nevinson glanced curiously about him and saw a great cupboard standing near the door.

"What d'ye keep in there, sir?" he asked with lazy curiosity.

Slingsby crossed to the cupboard and opened the wide doors. Six skeletons, nicely poised, grinned their welcome to the lamplight.

"That's as you might have been by-and-by, Will, if I'd not been fond of you."

"The thing is outrageous, sir," protested Nevinson. "There's a skeleton in the cupboard of every house, one knows—but six is a large allowance for a man of such excellent repute."

"Oh, I shall never bring you into the quiet fold of respectability. Between ourselves, I shall never bring myself. When you ride out to-night, Will—there's a trim mare of my own waiting for you at the gate—put this box of mulberry paint into the skirt of your riding-coat."

"But why, sir, now the danger's past?"

"Because you'll go forever running your neck into the noose. If in danger, lad, paint your whole face a ripe purple colour, and say it's gaol-fever. It never shows in the face, but only my profession knows as much—and you've learned already that the fever is like a company of horse about a man, to guard him. And, Will," he added, laying a quiet hand on his shoulder, "through all the devilments to come, remember one old man who loves you like the son I never had."

Within the week news spread that Nevinson's ghost had been encountered at lonely cross-roads, mounted on a horse as slight and filmy as himself. In the after-life, as in this, he showed himself never at all to the poor and derelict, except to help them forward on their journey; but to the rich he was a spectre that menaced them with a fury not of this world. My lord—who yesterday was a yokel, as York counts yesterdays—was robbed of everything he had, except his chaise-and-two. Fat aldermen, sleek with good-feeding and time-serving, would yield purse and all to this phantom highwayman whom they knew for dead, and dissected, and safely buried in the doctor's garden—what was left of him. And none questioned, in the midst of panic, what need a ghost had for this world's guineas.

THE AGONY OF FRANCE

BY THE REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



OUR hundred years ago the Duke of Alva carried the Spanish Inquisition into northern France and southern Belgium. In the hope of breaking the spirit of these conquered people, this monster invoked the aid of mechanics for devising instruments of torture. One of those instruments was called the Painted Lady, who opened her arms to embrace the victim, but upon her lips was a secret poison that turned the boy in his strength and the girl in her beauty into victims smitten with a horrible death. In the hall of the Inquisition the Duke of Alva installed iron boots, the thumb-screw, the rack, instruments for blinding the eyes and tearing the tongue and closing the breath, while the fiery oven waited the man of conviction who refused to recant. Nearly four centuries have passed since the Spanish Inquisitors were expelled from Arras and Ypres. Cruel men who fled, leaving the instruments of torture behind them. It is said by the fugitives who escaped upon the approach of the Germans that the rulers of these cities upon the approach of the invading army, carried from the museum these devilish instruments, lest their presence suggest some form of torture to the German soldiers. This forethought, alas, alas, was all in vain. The inquisitors were children in the art of cruelty. The history of pain holds no agony like the agony of France—unless it be Belgium. To find any adequate sym-

bol of the anguish of the people of the devastated regions we must go back to the Man of Calvary. By way of Gethsemane, the bitter cup, the bloody sweat, Jesus came to His cross, leaving two miles of stones reddened with His own blood. But beautiful France walked like a tortured angel of beauty along a Via Dolorosa that stretched from Switzerland and Verdun to Rheims and Lens and Arras, even to the English sea. "Into the woods the Master went, and He was clean forespent; forespent with grief and pain." Unprepared for attack, having no plan of hate in her heart, asking only to be let alone, her peasants, her painters, her poets and her philosophers, her merchants and her bankers, were startled out of their peaceful industry by the growl of enemy cannon, thundering upon the horizon, and by the spectacle of a cruel and merciless beast that, like a vampire, leaped upon the white flesh of her women and her little children. All men love their native land, but the Frenchman's love has a unique quality. The patriotism of the Englishman is undemonstrative. The Britisher surrounds his home and his garden with a high brick wall, conceals his finer feelings from his closest friends, and when he enters his club on Pall Mall and disappears beyond the threshold the door is closed upon a tomb. The American's patriotism is largely academic; national safety through isolation breeds contempt for danger. The time was when his love of country was vociferous on

the Fourth of July, but the enthusiasm has died down, until he is now ready to extinguish even a firecracker. The occasional speaker deals in historical statements about the four wars fought by our country. But the Frenchman's love of country has a tender, gentle, wooing note. He speaks of La Belle France as Dante spoke of Beatrice, as Petrarch spoke of Laura, and the name of France lingers upon his lips as music trembles in the air after the song is sung. The reason, doubtless, is found in the fact that the French people have carved the hillsides and smoothed the valleys and adorned the ridges and mountains with vineyards, until the whole land is a thing of radiant beauty. It is love that has made France beautiful just as the lark, after completing the nest, makes it soft and warm by pulling the down out of her own bosom. The French people love France as an artist loves his own canvas, as Bellini loved the missal he had illuminated, and as that young architect loved the little Roslyn chapel, upon whose delicate capitals he had lavished his very soul. Would you have an emblem of France in the month of June, with her wide, fat valleys, her green pastures, and the hillsides up which the pines climbed in serried regiments? If so, take a great robe of green velvet, lying loosely on the floor, the creases and velvet ridges answering to the rivers and the valleys and the hills, and then fling a handful of rubies, pearls and sapphires down, so that these gems will lie within the creases as the lovely French cities at the foot of the hills, and beside the rivers, and you have France, the beautiful; France, the mother of the modern arts and sciences; France, full of sweetness and light; that France concerning which Heinrich Heine exclaimed, "Oh, France, thou daughter of beauty! Thy name is culture!"

For forty years the two great enemies of farms and towns and cities have been fire, flood and earthquake. Witness the city of St. Pierre. An interior explosion blew off the cap of

the mountain, and a flood of gas poured down upon the lovely city, asphyxiated the citizens and left not one house standing. Witness that mighty convulsion in San Francisco that brought thousands of bricks crashing down in ruins. Witness the fire in Chicago that turned the great city into twisted iron and ashes. In New Zealand there is a lake called Avernus, the birdless lake. Poisonous gases rise from the black flood of water, and soon the lark with its song, and the eagle with its flight, fall into the poisonous flood. But all these images are quite inadequate to explain the desolation, the devastation of France upon the retreat of the Germans. About forty miles north of Paris, one strikes the ruined region. Then hour after hour passes, while with slow movement and breaking heart one journeys 100 miles to the north and zigzags 125 miles south again, through that black region. The time was when it was a wild land, rough, with forests filled with wolves. Then the Frenchman entered the scene. He subdued all the wild grasses to which Julius Caesar referred in his story of his war in France; he drained the valleys, and widened the streams into canals. He enriched the fields, and made them wave with gold. He surrounded the meadows with odorous hedges, and banked where there had been a swamp with perfumed shrubs. Slowly he threw arches of stone across the streams and carved the bridges until they were rich in art, while everything made for use was carried up to outbreking beauty. The roof of the barn had lovely lines, the approach to the house was upon a curved road, the highways were shaded by two rows of noble trees. The stony hillside was terraced, and there the vines grew purple in the sun. How simple was his life! What a sanctuary his little home! With what rich embroidery of wheat and corn he covered all the hills! He was prudent without being stingy, thrifty without being mean. He saves with one hand and distributes with the other.

And having lavished all their love upon the little farmhouse, the granary and the barn; having pruned these grapevines with their clusters of white and purple, until each seemed like a friend, dear as that miraculous picture was to Baneis and Philemon, having at last made every tree to be shapely, their little world was invested with affection and beauty. Do you remember how that Florentine artist after his day's work was done, toiled upon his studio, slowly carving the capitals, collecting a little terra cotta from Cyprus, an old manuscript from Athens, a lovely head of Apollo from Ephesus, and iridescent glass from Persia, with a bit of old Tyrian purple lending a spot of flame in one corner, and a little mosaic from Thebes coloured another, when he saw the end was approaching, while on a visit to Egypt, asked that he might be carried home to die in the studio, which he had made rich with his soul. In some such way as that the French peasants loved their land, and then lost it. One morning the enemy stood at the gate. The farmer with his pruning-knife was no match for a German with a machine gun, and down he went under the plum-tree he was pruning. The devastated regions of France are like unto a devil world. All the pears and plum-trees have fallen over under the stroke of a German axe, and are dead and dry. Here and there one sees an occasional tree where a half-inch of bark remains, and sympathizing with the peasant's sorrow, the roots have sent a flood of sympathetic tears and sap out into one little branch, amidst the death of a hundred other boughs that flamed in May its rose and pink of bloom, then in August gave its red glow of clustered food. But as for the rest, it is desolation. Gone all the beautiful bridges—they have been dynamited. Gone all the lovely and majestic thirteenth century churches. Gone all the galleries, for every city of 5,000 people in France has its quarterly exhibition of paintings sent out from Paris, and some of the finest art treasures in the

world have perished. The land has been put back to where it was when Julius Caesar described it 2,000 years ago—a wild land, and waste, growing up with thorns and thistles. That proclamation on a wall tells the whole story. "Let no building stand, no vine or tree. Before retreating let each well be plentifully polluted with corpses and with creasote." The spirit was this, "Since we Germans cannot have this land, no one else shall". Your eyes never saw a more exquisite bit of carving for the corner of a roof than this spray of myrtle I found, carved in stone, after the Germans had destroyed the Cathedral of Arras. But that is not all. Every German company of soldiers carried one automobile lorry filled with fire-brands, with a tank of gasoline hanging beneath the axles. One of the historic châteaux is that of Avricourt, rich in noble associations of history. It was one of the buildings specially covered by a clause in the international agreement between England, Germany, France, the United States, and all the civilized nations, safeguarding historic buildings. For many months it was the home of Prince Eitel, the Kaiser's second son.

Forced to retreat, the aged French servants, who understood the electric lighting and the gas plant, and served Eitel during his occupancy, when the judge and jury held the trial at the ruins of the château, stated that they heard the German officers telling Eitel that he would disgrace the German name if he destroyed a building that had no relation to war, and could be of practically no aid or comfort to the French army, and he would make his own name a name of shame and contempt, of obloquy and scorn. But the man would not yield. He brought in great wagons and moved to the freight cars at the station absolutely every object that was in the splendid chateau. And, having promised to leave the building uninjured, he stopped his car at the entrance and exit gates of the ground, ran back to the historic building with a can of oil that

he had secreted, filled the asbestos in this ball of perforated iron, ran through the halls and waited until the flames were well in progress, and then ordered his men to light the fuse of a dynamite bomb. All the testimony was taken immediately afterward from aged servants and from the little children, and the degeneracy revealed has not been surpassed since the first chapter of Romans was written on the unnatural crimes of the ancient world. There are the copies of the affidavits. In the ruins, hard beside the black marble steps, I picked up the firebrand with which Prince Eitel assassinated a building that belonged to the civilized world. I hope to live long enough to see Germany forced to repay at least one debt, in addition to ten thousand others. Conceived by the Gothic architects after four hundred years of neglect, the Germans, about 1875, completed the Cathedral of Cologne. When this war is over every stone in that cathedral should be marked, German prisoners should be made to pull these stones apart, German cars be made to transport every stone to Louvain and German hands made to set up the Cathedral of Cologne in Louvain or Arras. For a judgment day is coming to Germany, and though dull and heavy minds doubt it, men of vision perceive its incidents and outlines already taking shape.

But the ruin of his bridges, his school-houses, his churches, his farm buildings, his vineyards and orchards, is the least of his sorrows. In a little village near Ham, there dwelt a man who had saved a fortune for his old age, 100,000 francs. When the invading army, like a black wave, was approaching, he buried his treasure beneath the large, flat stones that made the walk from the road up to the front step of his house. Then, with the other villagers, the old man fled. Many months passed by, while the Germans bombarded the village. At last the German wave retreated, and once more the old man drew near to his little village. There was nothing,

nothing left. After a long time he located the street, which was on the very edge of the town, but could not find the cellar of his own house. Great shells had fallen. Exploding in the cellar, they had blown the bricks away. Other shells had fallen hard by and blown dirt to fill what once had been a cellar. The small trees in front of his house had been blown away and replaced by shellpits. In Paris Ambassador Sharp told me that the aged man had up to that time failed to locate his house, much less his treasure. But what trifles light as air are houses!

At the officers' château, late one night after returning from the Front, a general and a captain were recounting their experiences. Among other incidents was this one. During the winter of 1915, months after the Germans had occupied that territory, several English officers and a young French captain were recounting their experiences. In saying the farewells before each man went out to his place in the trenches to look after his men, the English boy exclaimed, "Next week at this time I will be home. Five more days and my week's leave of absence comes." Then suddenly remembering that the French captain had been there a long time, he asked when he was going home. To which came this low answer, "I have no home. You men do not understand. Your English village has never been invaded. When the Germans left my little town they destroyed every building. My wife and my little daughter are both expecting babies within a few weeks. I—I—I—" and the storm broke. The two Englishmen fled into the dark and night, knowing that there was a night that was blacker, that rain was nothing against those tears, for all his hopes of the future were dead. His only task was to recover France and transfer all his ambitions to God in heaven. That is why there will be no inconclusive peace. Do not delude yourselves. Whether this war goes on one year or five years or ten years, it will go on until these

Frenchmen are on German soil. Nor will the German ever learn the wickedness of his own atrocities and the crime of militarism until his own land is laid waste, until he sees the horrors of war with his own eyes, and hears the groans of his own family with his own ears, and sees his own land laid desolate. We may believe that vengeance belongs to God, and we may argue and plead for forgiveness, but it will not avail. You remember that passage in Proverbs, in which the penalties of nature become automatic, and where an outraged brain and nerve and digestion are personified and speak to the transgressor. "I warned you, but ye would none of my reproof. I stretched out my hand and pleaded, but we would not listen. Now I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock at your desolation. When desolation comes as a whirlwind, and fear and destruction are upon you." The dam that held back the black waters has broken and it was the German who dynamited the dam and released the flood of destruction upon his own people and his own land. Whether it takes another summer or many, there is no British nor Canadian officer, no French nor Italian whose face does not turn to granite and steel whenever you suggest that he will not walk down the streets of Berlin and institute a military court, and try a Kaiser and his staff for murder. That is one of the things that is settled, and about which discussion is not permitted by soldier regiments.

One of the things that has horrified the civilized world has been the ruin of Rheims Cathedral. Germany, of course, was denied the gift of imagination. It belongs to France, to Italy and to Athens. Heinrich Heine, her own poet, says that Germany appreciates architecture so little that it is only a question of time when "with his giant hammer Thor will at last spring up again and shatter to bits all Gothic cathedrals". This gifted Hebrew had the vision that literally

saw the Germans pounding to pieces the cathedral at Louvain and Ypres, in Arras, in Bapaume, in St. Quentin and Rheims. The German mind is a hardy, mediocre mind, that can multiply and exploit the inventions and discoveries of the other races. The Germans contributed practically nothing to the invention of the locomotive, the steamboat, the Marconigram, the automobile, the airplane, the photograph, the sewing machine, the reaper, the electric light. Americans invented for Germany her revolver, her machine gun, her turreted ship and her torpedo submarine. In retrospect it seems absolutely incredible that Germany could have been so helplessly and hopelessly unequal to the invention of the tools that have made her rich. But that is not her gift. If Sheffield can give her a model knife, Germany can reproduce that knife in quantities and undersell Sheffield. The German people keep step in a regiment, in a factory and on a ship, and therefore are wholesalers. The French mind is creative, stands for individual excellence, and is at the other extreme from the German temperament. The emblem of the German intellect is beer; the emblem of the English intellect is port wine; the emblem of the French mind is champagne; the emblem of an American intellect like Emerson's, is a beaker filled with sunshine—my knowledge of these liquors is based on hearsay. It is this lack of imagination that explains Nietzsche's statement that for two hundred years Germany has been the enemy of culture, while Heinrich Heine declared that the name of culture was France. Are you thinking of painting?

Germany has no art, no painting. Find one German artist to whom dealers will pay \$100 for a canvas, and you will find a score of French or Italian artists for whose work they will pay thousands. Is it sculpture? The whole world ranks Rodin with Michael Angelo and Phidias. But

there is no German sculptor. Is it music? Poetry, or philosophy? Schumann was a Hebrew, as were Schubert and Rubinstein. Beethoven was a Hebrew, Wagner was a Bavarian Jew, Haydn a Viennese Jew, Chopin a Polish Jew, Handel an English Jew, Dvorak a Russian Jew. The Hebrews claimed Goethe, Des Cartes, Zeller, Heine and even Kant's mother was a Jewess. Because the German loves detail work, and excels therein, he is great as a conductor of an orchestra, but some other race must write the music. Unable to verify one or two of these claims made by the Hebrew historians as to music, let us confess that we must not expect a race that excels in the factory and the wholesale store to exhibit the imaginative gifts that belonged to Athens, Florence and Paris. It is this lack of imagination that explains the blunders of her diplomats, in every city like Washington, Buenos Aires, Stockholm and Buda Pesth. Germany spent millions of dollars here in her spy system, worked in the dark. The Kaiser tells us that he selected his brightest minds for the diplomatic work. Well, if Bernstorff, von Papen, Boy-Ed, von Bopp—still the German Consul at San Francisco, with his two years' sentence in the penitentiary—represent her brightest minds, what shall be said of her stupid ones! Everything that the German diplomat did in darkness has been spread out before the whole world by the American Secret Service, which has shown us their plots, seditions and bribes. Two-talent diplomats ought to keep out of ten-talent capitals. For mindless, muddled thinking, for crass, vulgar blundering, commend me to the diplomatic representatives of Germany in every known capital. If our great cities ever run out of pine wood for paving the streets, there are enough German blockheads around to replace all the decaying pavements.

It is this total lack of mental capacity to appreciate architecture that explains Germany's destruction of

some of the noblest buildings of the world. She cannot by any chance conceive how the other races look upon her vandalism. Her own foreign government expressed it publicly in one of her state papers, "let the neutrals cease chattering about cathedrals. Germany does not care one straw if all the galleries and churches in the world were destroyed, providing we gain our ends."

Now apply those tests to the Kaiser and his war staff, and you understand why Rheims Cathedral is a ruin. No building since the Parthenon was more precious to the world's culture. What majesty and dignity in the lines! What a wealth of statuary! How wonderful the twelfth century glass! With what lightness did these arches leap into the air! Now, the great bombs have torn holes through the roof; only little bits of glass remain. Broken are the arches, ruined some of the flying buttresses, the altar where Jeanne d'Arc stood at the crowning of Charles is quite gone. The great library, the bishop's palace, all the art treasures are in ruins. Ancient and noble buildings do not belong to a race, they belong to the world. Sacred forever the threshold of the Parthenon, once pressed by the feet of Socrates and Plato; thrice sacred that aisle of Santa Croce in Florence. In front of the wreck of the Cathedral of Rheims, all blackened with German fire, broken with the German hammer, is the statue of Jeanne d'Arc. There she stands, immortal forever, guiding the steed of the sun with the left hand, lifting the banners of peace and liberty with the right. By some strange chance, no bomb injured that bronze. Oh, beautiful emblem of the day when the spirit of liberty, riding in a chariot of the sun, shall guide a greater host made up of all the peoples who revere the treasures of art and architecture, and law and liberty, and Christ's poor, and will ride on to a victory that will be the sublimest conquest in the annals of time.

CANADIAN LABOUR AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR

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SOME few thousand years ago Aristotle observed that in order to live nobly one must first have the means to live. This aphorism is as fresh and pregnant with meaning for our civilization as it was the day it fell from the lips of the great philosopher.

Simple as is this fact, it seems to have been but slightly apprehended by many of the leaders of modern democratic states. Only the impact of war itself made clear the truth that the fundamental factor in life is economic in nature. Wars and preparations for wars, international bickerings over the division of unexploited and backward territories, philosophizings on the nature of government, the hectic pursuit of pleasure, the piling up of fortunes through the formation of trusts and combines—these and a hundred and one other pursuits dimmed the understanding of statesmen and leaders to the imperatively important fact that the getting of a living was all-essential for the living of a life.

And it was too often forgotten, also, that the state is merely the outward expression of the life of millions of personalities—human beings engaged in the stern process of wresting a living from nature. Well-being was confused with wealth, and it was commonly thought that the creation of

economic values was tantamount to providing the people with the material means of existence. The common man, the average citizen, was overlooked in the savage struggle for economic power even within the state itself. Production, so called, consisted as often in limiting the supply of want-satisfying goods, in order that prices might be enhanced, as in making the necessities and comforts of life abundant and cheap. All this made for the wealth of the few, and the misery of the many. The war has profoundly altered the thinking of the masses on these economic facts as well as upon political theories.

Great and significant changes are bound to follow the close of the present struggle, and in no direction more so than in the field of economics—or, simply stated, in the production and distribution of wealth. It is foreign to our present purpose to inquire into the nature of this change, except in so far as the working classes will be directly affected thereby. Just in what particular labour will benefit, or lose, as a result of this world-shaking war is foreshadowed in the changes that have already come about during the course of the struggle. These will now be briefly considered.

At the outbreak of hostilities Sir George Newman was appointed chairman of a special committee, under the direction of the Ministry of Muni-

tions, to investigate the whole of labour as affected by the war. This committee has issued somewhat more than ten reports dealing with such questions as Sunday labour, industrial canteens, the employment of women, industrial fatigue and its causes, proper ventilation and lighting and many other subjects. What is of most significance in these reports is the fact that Sir George Newman and his committee, after exhaustive investigation, unqualifiedly approve the principles of scientific management as applied to industry. They conclude that the ten and twelve-hour working day is an anomaly; and that the longer the day, and the more intensely labour is worked, the smaller the proportional output. This is a remarkable finding, so remarkable that it may be called epoch-making in British industry. It breaks down the wall of English conservatism. It gives the *coup de grace* to the outworn theory, so long cherished by British and many Canadian industrial leaders, that the only way in which a larger output can be secured is to work labour for longer hours, and work it more intensely.

It will be recalled how feverishly England set to work at the outbreak of hostilities to mobilize its industrial forces. This task proved even more difficult of accomplishment than the creation of a vast army for service on the continent. In their eagerness to provide munitions, cannon, and other war material to the Government, the leaders of British industry relentlessly worked the entire labour force at their command for long hours, and at a greatly accelerated rate of speed. Trades union officials who protested were branded as traitors, and their "ea' canny" policy held up to ridicule and scorn. Nevertheless, the event more than justified their predictions. Long hours, intensive work, the restriction of the use of beer and other intoxicating beverages—the chief weapons in the arsenal of the manufacturers—led to irritation, fatigue, and inevitably, to strikes. On more than

one occasion these strikes assumed such alarming proportions—as in the Welsh coalfields—as to threaten with paralysis the industrial life of the nation. Only after the acid test of hard experience were the industrial leaders and the Government taught that there is a limit to human endurance, a limit based upon certain unalterable physiological facts. War or no war, facts cannot be ignored. And it was proved to be an indubitable fact that reasonable hours of work, right conditions of ventilation, heating and lighting, proper canteen provisions and so forth, resulted in an increase, rather than in a diminution, of the industrial output.

The same lesson was learned in Canada, but learned more slowly and less thoroughly. While a considerable improvement has taken place in point of view of hours of work in the field of Canadian labour, much remains to be accomplished. On the whole, working men labour longer hours in this country since the outbreak of war than formerly. In some quarters voices are raised in advocacy of the return, at the close of the struggle, to long working hours and a lower level of wages. It is contended that this course is imperative in view of the competition that may be expected from Germany and other European countries when peace shall have been concluded.

And yet there was good reason to believe that the battle for the ten-hour working day had been won on this continent. The Bunting decision of April 9, 1917, and the upholding of the constitutionality by the United States Supreme Court of the Oregon ten-hour law seemed, in the United States at least, to have settled the question of the economic validity and legality of the short working-day. Indeed, before the Republic entered the war, public opinion had practically decided in its favour. Be it recalled, in this connection, that in the United States 350,000 workers won the battle for the eight-hour day in 1916. But the declaration of war put the short

day in peril in the Republic. American manufacturers have demanded that labour shall expect no greater favours than those shown the army in the field; and that the industrial army must be mobilized and take its chances in the factory and mine, in like degree, if not to the same extent, as the forces that will battle in Europe.

The reasoning seems convincing, but it is altogether specious. No one doubts that the American troops will acquit themselves nobly in France. They, like the Canadians, will perform feats of valour. And yet no one expects them to be always in the heroic mood—to be ever and always keyed up to the highest pitch of fighting form. And the same holds true of the industrial army. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and if the war should prove to last two or three years longer—as it certainly may do—the experience of the United Kingdom should sufficiently demonstrate that American industry will gain less than nothing by overworking the available labour force.

It may be objected, however, that generalizations prove nothing. To this we may offer concrete evidence of the efficiency and value of the eight-hour day, admitting that available data on the subject are difficult to procure—at least evidence of accurate and scientific value. The McElwain experiment in the United States, undertaken in December, 1916, has more than measured up to expected results. At the time it was inaugurated the 7,000 employees of the seven plants under the control of the company were working under normal conditions—that is to say, 9.5 per cent. of the productive pay-roll was on standardized piece-work; a definite transmission system for the routing of work was mapped out, and delays therefrom reduced to zero, and the full standard production of each plant was being maintained. With no changes introduced, either of men or of machines, after the beginning of the experiment in

the eight-hour day, it was found that in four months' time there was an increase of .09 per cent. in the production unit of output, and in the next two months an additional increase of .02, or .11 per cent. in all. In other words, the output of each man during eight hours was actually greater than the output during the ten-hour period. This demonstration of the value of the eight-hour day has already become a standard; and ranks along with that undertaken at the Zeiss Optical Works, and of that of M. Fromont, of the Engis Chemical Works, in Belgium.

It is certain, therefore, that in view of the experience of the war, labour will insist upon the general adoption of the eight-hour day at the conclusion of the struggle. In the meantime, whatever the situation may be with respect to hours of work, labour finds its position vastly improved since the outbreak of hostilities. And although much advice is being given to the labouring class to-day concerning the virtues of thrift and application to work, and although many homilies are being delivered against greed, it is safe to say that labour for once pursues its way quite indifferent to the attitude of other interests and classes.

Wages have increased considerably since the outbreak of war, on the average probably twenty-five per cent.—although in some instances the increases are much greater. And still labour is dissatisfied and demands more. How much can it get?

The answer is difficult. Many economic theories have been thrown on the scrap-heap during the course of the present struggle, and others are due to follow—including the so-called laws of supply and demand. Workmen regard with a somewhat ironic interest the argument that wages, at the close of the struggle, must fall because of supply and demand; while at the same time trusts, mergers and combines are permitted to control the supply, in the public interest, so that there shall not be a glut in the market.

Bacon, for instance. In any event, workmen who find that their wages are only now slowly closing the gap hitherto existing between the purchasing power of their money income and commodity prices, do not propose to give serious consideration to the contention that, because war orders have ceased, wages generally must inevitably fall.

As society is at present constituted, class interests predominate, each group striving to secure the largest income possible. The rate of interest upon capital has gone up very considerably since the outbreak of war; industrial profits have also increased, and commodity prices have reached hitherto unheard of figures. In this time of brisk trade, of flush business and easy money, labour is determined to get its share. And it is getting it, or beginning to get it. Labour believes that the patriotic appeal applies equally to profits and interest, as well as to wages; and sees no reason for denying itself on these grounds alone. In truth, the only limit to the height to which wages may go during this period of war work is the ability of the industry in each particular case to pay them. This is hard, no doubt, upon those industries to which the war has brought no increase in commodity prices; but it is no harder upon them than the conditions imposed upon labour when immigration is in full swing, and industry is being operated below normal.

The simple fact is that even present wages are inadequate, and represent a belated effort, in their increase, to overtake advancing prices. Many

Canadian workmen still receive much less than a living wage, if that term be properly interpreted. It is of imperative importance that a high standard of living be maintained in this country, to the end that workmen may have better health, increased efficiency and a juster share of the national income. And it is of equal importance that the standard of living be maintained because of its effect upon the stability of Canadian industry. It is self-evident that greater purchasing power in the hands of the people will do more to strengthen and sustain the industries of the nation than any one other single factor, inasmuch as seventy-five per cent. of the products of our factories and mines is ordinarily marketed at home.

In conclusion, we may say that the wages of American workmen are more seriously threatened by post-bellum conditions than are those of Canadian labour. This is due to the fact that a great influx of immigrants from Europe during the decade following the war will be bound to increase the labour supply, and thus reduce wages, unless a new outlet is found for the newcomers. In Canada that outlet will be on the fertile lands of the West. A growing agricultural population will bring with it an increased demand for the products of Canadian factories, and it may be said, therefore, that only during the period of readjustment are Canadian workmen likely to suffer economic loss. Not only in the sphere of politics, but of industrial democracy as well, would it appear that labour has at length come into its own.





A SUMMER BREEZE

From the Painting
by H. Ivan Neilson,
exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

XI.—AFTER THREE YEARS

SINCE this series of articles began so much has happened within their scope that anything approaching a complete examination of the measures taken in the British Isles to cope with war conditions must include those adopted after the trying experiences of three years of war. It would be reasonable to expect that in such a period of unprecedented struggle for existence the problem of the nation would be solved in so far as organization and experience could solve them, that the difficulties still remaining would be not in effective planning or decision but solely in the strain and deprivations rendered necessary by a powerful foe. Yet only the blindest fatuity could assert that England has solved the simplest of her war problems, only the most superficial student would declare that even the obviously wise and fair measures have been taken.

The status of the women has been growing stronger every day. More and more they have been offering themselves for the needs of the war, and more and more they have proved themselves the real backbone of production. It is only due their earnest participation in munition making to admit that they perform their work more carefully and quickly than the same number of men. They have been set by the thousand at tasks hitherto

considered beyond their capacity, in strength and brains, and in not one case that has come within my knowledge have they failed to exceed the production of the men in a very few weeks. The reason is not that they are more able, but that they throw more vim and enthusiasm into it. They are not too busy haggling over privileges to remember that the soldiers at the Front are looking to them for the shells and the guns. The women have saved the Empire, though there are hundreds of thousands of the better classes doing their utmost, by idling and extravagance, to depreciate the sum total. More than a million and a quarter women were engaged on the first of September, 1917, on work formerly done by men. In government factories and in the Civil Service they have released a quarter of a million men. In Government controlled factories half a million of them have found employment, and in commerce generally more than three hundred thousand more. In these two branches of service they have released three-quarters of a million men.

All told, there are more than four and a half million women and girls in classified employment, not including domestic servants, hospital workers, and those employed in small shops.

Their interests have been studied by the Ministry of Munitions, and after tests the standard number of

hours of employment has been reduced to forty-eight a week with increase of output; and during the year two raises in wages have been officially declared. So important a part do they play in the necessary war production that a special committee has been appointed to deal with their wages, hours of labour, and conditions of employment.

The latest call for their services has come from the military organization in France. The first lot of ten thousand, for office and mess duties hitherto performed by men, was overwhelmingly supplied, and during the latter half of 1917 the demand was continuous. So insatiable was it, and so eager were girls to undertake this new work, that the drain on the munition factories in England was seriously felt, the type of worker finding favour in France being the same as that sought for the factories. Now the Admiralty has appealed for women to relieve naval ratings on shore duty. Were all England imbued with the spirit of its average woman the war would be further advanced towards victory than it is to-day.

The problem in the case of female labour is the after-war results. Certainly thousands of women, having tasted the pleasures of earning and of steady employment, will be unwilling to return to idleness. It is the knowledge of this that has interfered with their acceptance in the councils of labour. From the first, labour unions demanded that pre-war conditions be restored immediately with peace, and as a further block to the ingress of women into industrial competition, the same wage was demanded for both sexes. The women accepted the wage at first with eagerness, but a few of the leaders quickly discovered the reason and are now insisting on an equality that is not absolute but based on the differences in strength, sex, and the requirements of physical well-being. For, while the women have a better record of production than the men, it is telling on their health and nerves, and without the incentive of

war it is certain that their production will decrease.

The position of the farmer has steadily improved. But it cannot be said, unfortunately, that he has done much to warrant it. While the farmer in England was, for many years before the war, in the lowest plane of society and the least profitable, his rise to a deserved recognition as the solution of the food problem of an island kingdom has had a natural result. Filled with the idea of his unwonted importance to the country and to victory, and thrilled with his new power, he has ignored the demand for a common sacrifice and refuses to direct his efforts to production that does not bring him returns consistent with the level established by the needs of a country short of all food stuffs. He insists that his every acre be guaranteed by a Government driven to extremity for supplies, otherwise he reserves the right to confine his crops to the profitable grains and roots, or to leave it idle. If he is asked to grow potatoes he must be protected in a profit beyond his wildest dreams of former years. If the profits of barley, for instance, are eliminated by decreased liquor production, he must see the loss made up from another source or threats of lessened production are issued.

And therein the farmer is but quitting for the hardship of his lot before the war. Yet, great as are his profits to-day, he resists the extension of the higher returns to his workmen. Three dollars a week was the offer of a farmer for a man to work from 5.30 a.m., to 9.00 p.m., and from that the man must board and lodge himself. Even the Government established a rate of \$1.50 a week above their billets for girl plum pickers on the farms, railway fares to be paid by the workers. Girls on the land were paid three dollars a week, supplying their own food.

The Education Bill, introduced by the President of the Board of Education as a remedy for the glaring evils in the education system of Great Brit-

ain, has been received by the people with the loudest acclaim—and quietly shelved by the authorities. There was too much innovation in it for those with power to accept it without serious misgivings. Oxford University has led the fight against it, not openly but none the less effectively. For Oxford University represents education as it has been for centuries in England. It cathechs science, clings to classics as the soul of England, and resents the claim of anyone else to criticize or advise on education.

The result is that the Bill, to the middle of December, 1917, has not even been considered in the House. Public bodies have protested. The newspapers have made demands. But those subtle muscles which wield the power of Great Britain from behind the scenes have intervened. The Bill was at first refused consideration in the last session of 1917. It was soberly contended by Bonar Law three months before the end of the session, that there would be no time for discussing the Bill, although time was always found readily enough for inconsequential subjects, and hours every day were wasted on questions and answers which should have been deleted for the good of the country. It was obvious that the majority of the Government were against the Bill of the Minister. But the demand grew so insistent that finally the hope was expressed of completing one reading, leaving the final stages to another session. At the time of writing, there it stands, the end depending upon whether the balance of power rests with the people or with the forces for conservatism. It takes more than three years of war to break the grip of tradition in England.

The liquor question has resolved itself into a typical capitulation on the part of the Government. That started as an apparent effort to conserve food stuffs for a more or less suffering country by directing grains from beer to bread, has become merely another official failure to live up to promises—or threats. After announcing drastic

curtailment of the consumption of food stuffs in the manufacture of beer, the Government yielded to pressure, largely artificial and concentrated, and increased the quantity one-third at the middle of 1917. During the year ending September, 1916, there were 65,000,000 bushels of grain and 160,000 tons of sugar used for the manufacture of liquor. During 1917 the quantity permitted was more than half that amount. When it is considered that sugar is absolutely unobtainable by a great part of the people of England, and the ration is set at half a pound a week, this amount assumes considerable importance. The Government's excuse that the sugar thus consumed is largely unfit for human consumption is misleading, for not only is much of it exactly what is used on the table, but its importation into England takes the same space in the limited shipping as the same quantity of edible sugar for general distribution.

The cause of the Government's surrender was a well-organized campaign by the newspapers and brewers. One or two of the largest London papers published each day reports of serious disturbances throughout the country through the shortage of beer, and although some of these were entirely without foundation, the workers of England were convinced that beer was a vital necessity and that strikes were expected of them.

To meet the demand with the least expenditure of foodstuffs the Government authorized a weaker quality, termed government beer, and to it thereafter was accredited by every "drunk" the cause of his downfall. Being a government brand, the magistrates could scarcely convict. But the main result of the new liquor restrictions was an increased profit for brewer and retailer. The annual returns of the breweries show that they never made such profits; and the retailer, working less than half the pre-war hours, asked what he wished for his stock. So independent did he become that there were saloons in London showing signs prohibiting the en-

trance of women, an unusual sex distinction. At last the Government was forced to intervene and establish prices. But the Government scale of prices, in the experience of this war, protects the merchants in a percentage of profit on which he can afford to smile benevolently.

In the meantime government purchase has advanced no further. The report of the Commission appointed to investigate is against purchase, and everyone seems content to leave it at that as a plan too radical to adopt without several years of deliberation.

The fondest admirers of the war government of Great Britain must admit that the methods of handling labour, man-power, food, and the enemy alien have savored little of real war. Great Britain labours under a number of special disqualifications. These might be summed up as excessive deliberation and delay, class distinctions, unpardonable tolerance, and conventionalism. And the last includes all the others. Somewhere in this short list might be found the foundation of every obstacle to victory. Lack of decision and firmness, of organizing ability, and excess of pride are other descriptions of the country's deficiencies.

Inexperience in organization, where a country has succeeded fairly well on the plan laid down by former generations, has exhibited itself in almost every move since the war began. To-day it is evident in the interneine strife among the Government departments. It is plain in the food muddle, which is to-day in a more chaotic state than ever. It is to be seen in the labour troubles, the record of the navy, the shortage of man-power at the Front, and of production in England.

The position of labour offers the most serious trouble. Asquith's foolish promise of exemption to twenty-nine unions is an instance of the weakness of a war government in the national extremity. Irrespective of any crisis, these unions insist on adherence to the promise, and the blame is not so much with them as with the Cabinet

that had a country on its shoulders. Union labour has not changed its opinion noticeably since it lent itself to conscription under certain conditions, but union labour, as governed by its main executives, is almost a negligible power now, partly from its own thoughtlessness, partly from governmental weakness. The Engineers' disloyal strike in May, 1917, brought to the fore a power that has been robbing the executives of their authority. The Engineers struck for nothing but fear of being taken into the army. Whatever other excuse may have been given, determination not to serve with the colours was the real one. They had no complaint, but new orders for obtaining the necessary additional soldiers by extending the dilution of labour gave them a pretext for calling a strike. And they won. The Government rescinded everything, although it had the country behind it and could have taught a much needed lesson in patriotism that would have solved for the duration of the war every difficulty of man-power. Were the workers convinced that the penalty of loafing was fighting in France two-thirds their number would produce what they are now producing, and there would be no thought of strikes.

Having obtained almost all they wished, the engineers resumed work; and for a time there was comparative peace. But during the last two months of 1917 the labour situation was a boiling disturbance. The South Wales miners frankly took a vote to decide whether they would resist the Government in combing out the new men introduced into the mines since the war began. The Coventry aeroplane makers, engaged in the most vital of munition production, walked out and remained idle a week until they, too, won all they asked. All over England were demands for higher wages, shorter hours, greater privileges, and the reinstatement of employees dismissed for the most outrageous offences.

The reason for the ferment was easy to find. The Government lacked backbone—simply that. The submission to

the engineers, although the whole country was so strong against them that at the end they were but looking for an excuse to return to the shops and feared to wear their union badges, paved the way to every strike that has occurred since. Winston Churchill, already convicted of incapacity by an official commission, was appointed Minister of Munitions purely as a political expedient. And Churchill's first few months in office seemed to justify his selection. Never had there been so few strikes. But suddenly they blazed forth all over the country, so seriously as to jeopardize the war in 1918. And the secret was out when, without consulting those directly affected, he declared a general increase of pay for the engineers. Immediately other unions struck for increases and other advantages. It was found that railwaymen had long suffered from a ridiculous discrepancy between their wages and those of even the unskilled in other trades which had ignored the war and thought only of self. It was found, too, that the increase so lightly granted affected a score of trades not contemplated.

The temporary immunity from strikes had been because every demand had been met. The unpardonable extent to which this weakness went may be illustrated by one example. When a shop steward was caught making tools for himself from Government material (it was a government controlled factory) in government time and promptly dismissed, a strike was declared for his reinstatement. And the Government forced the firm to submit. Besides the principle involved, it is natural that ever since then the reinstated employee has been a cause of constant trouble and agitation. Such folly was rampant all over England. The natural result was that strikes were called on the flimsiest pretexts. The men jeeringly declaring that the Government was afraid of them.

But this was not union labour as constituted before the war. Every strike has been engineered by the shop-stewards, a new force that has crept in

since the factories were filled with able-bodied young men whose only concern is to escape service in France. The regular union executives and power of unionism to-day is in the hands of those young shirkers who do not hesitate to declare their reasons for working on munitions. Unionism thought to protect itself by forcing all workers to join. In reality it lost every shred of power by the act. To-day every local union is a law unto itself. The Coventry strike was called by the shop stewards against the union leaders' instructions, just as the engineers' had been. And the only bone of contention was the recognition of the shop stewards.

Wrapped in this question of labour is the other of obtaining men for the trenches. Anyone who knows conditions in the factories of England is aware that hundreds of thousands of fit young men could be cleared out with profit to production, even though they were not put in khaki. The majority of these are doing as little as possible, they are always on the watch for grounds for striking, they interfere with those who would produce to their utmost, they refuse to permit the women to be taught certain operations well within their capacity, and they are almost all recruits to this kind of work since 1914. Yet the only apparent concern of the Government seems to be to assure them of exemption. And since more soldiers are an absolute essential, raising the age to 45 is being seriously considered while these young slackers loaf in security. It is a fact that experienced factory hands discharged from the army have been called up again from the munition factories while these young fellows look on from the next benches and laugh. It is also a fact that married men with large families, men too old for the hard life of the Front, others whose businesses will close with their conscription, are relentlessly put into khaki to fight for these strong youths without dependants or extra bills of expense to present to the Government.

Every government department

seems to delight in refusing to release its youthful clerks for service. Each being king in its own realm and jealously guarding its power, there is none with authority to comb them out, although battalions could be replaced by girls and older men. It continues, too, to be a department habit to order tribunals to exempt applicants for no reasonable excuse. And England is teeming with non-combatant young men wearing the red tab of headquarters or the khaki of soft jobs far from the sound of war. It is not lack of men that keeps the army in want.

The food problem is too wide to be more than touched here. There is no daylight showing, even after almost a year of submarine war. Hundreds of orders have been issued by the Food Controller, thousands of appeals. But they have affected little save to establish prices at an unjustifiable level, force the poor to stand in queues hours of every day, and reserve to the merchant an exorbitant profit. The House of Commons is made up of men interested in trade—one would know it without acquaintance with the members. It may safely be said that not a single law observes the good of the people at the expense to the merchant. Merchants are making more money than they ever dreamed of. The country is bringing in the food stuffs and handing them over to the stores for extreme profits. And when a law threatens to interfere, the merchants ignore it with impunity. Laws that appear every few days in public print are openly flouted, and to protest is to be denied supplies. Every time a maximum price is established by regulation it instantly becomes the minimum price as well. Now and then a merchant in some distant village or in the East End of London is proceeded against, and the papers are so filled with threats that few read them.

The attempt to regulate prices and supplies have demonstrated the inability of the authorities to organize and devise reasonable methods. Only those of the lower classes who have

time to stand in queues can obtain supplies. Thus the hard-working munition makers find themselves short half the week. England's short stocks seem to be reserved for the idle, and no attempt has yet been made to change it. Take sugar as an example of muddling. Although the rationing of sugar was determined on more than six months before it was put into force, the plan had to be completely altered during that six months, after the first scheme had been issued and everyone had done his part in the registration, and for reasons that were obviously insuperable defects from the start. It is also an instance of the wasted and misdirected zeal of officialdom that the postal customs filched two pounds of sugar from a small gift sent from Canada to a Canadian war worker in England, and at the same time, on the Government's own figures, 8,000 tons a week were being issued above the rations without any effort to trace them.

A half dozen food commodities have been short, not so much because they were not in the stores but from unfair and unequal distribution. In every commodity in which the demand seems to exceed the supply there has been a riot of mismanagement and unfairness. The last month of 1917 saw an insistent demand for rationing all round, to prevent queues and to ensure something resembling even distribution. If there was one thing in the situation that was threatening unrest it was the manner in which the food question was handled.

The shortage of other commodities has been equally mismanaged. Petrol affords an illuminating example. Given over finally into the hands of a pool formed of the importers themselves, it travelled upwards in price until a government investigation was demanded, when it immediately dropped several cents a gallon. The Government's later efforts to control its use have driven many cars from the streets, but more by threat than by force. Petrol may still be used for domestic business, for business purposes, for going to and from the sta-

tion, and for everything connected with war work. The loopholes were innumerable. So long as a man is in khaki no questions are asked. Business men have their ears for running to the office, actors have licences at their pleasure, but, worst of all, the taxi is practically unrestricted. For the Lord Mayor's banquet orders were given that anyone might use his car.

Now and then the law bestirs itself in a characteristic manner. A taxi driver was fined \$250 for carrying a government official and his wife many miles into the country to bury their pet dog in a dog cemetery—but nothing was done to the official. A poor street match vendor was fined for overcharging for a box of matches—but a hundred stores were at the same time openly doing the same, and other laws were being broken. A Canadian General's mother was summoned for using petrol to attend church—but she might have hired a taxi to take her to a restaurant and have kept its engine running during the meal. Two women were fined for engaging a car that was not a taxi to take them to the theatre—but had the garage keeper sent a taxi nothing could have been done to them.

It is such inconsistencies that bring the authorities and their methods into disrepute, until one wonders how much it takes at home to discount the country's best efforts in the field.

A similar indecision and fatuousness exists in the treatment of alien enemies. There is no reason why Germany should not be kept informed of all that England contemplates, if freedom of German-born means espionage—and all the world knows by this time that it does. Scores of influential Germans continue to be granted freedom

and other favours, each backed by prominent politicians or titled people. When Laszlo, a popular Austrian painter, proved by a letter three years ago to be an Austrian at heart—when he was brought before a court of inquiry for internment, several of England's most prominent men protested against locking him away; and because they were of the upper classes the Government refused to divulge their names. There is a large fund collected in England for the dependants of interned Germans, Cadburys, of cocoa fame, being the main supporters. And the wives of these interned Germans are already granted an allowance higher than the wives of the British soldiers used to get. The interned ones, too, were given more liberal allowances of food than are prescribed for the British people. The brother of the German Governor who murdered Nurse Cavell, interned in England, was allowed to enter a nursing home on the plea of ill-health. An army officer, once Krupp's agent in London, ordered out of France as a suspicious person, although with the British forces, was immediately taken on the British Intelligence Department where military secrets are the only commodity dealt in. These instances of extreme tolerance and folly might be multiplied over and over again.

For almost two years I have studied Britain's methods at home for making war. I have made every allowance for tradition, for excusable conditions. I have looked through the eyes of an Imperialist. But in the end I can see an early end to the war only by more aggressive and sensible methods. England does not make war with both fists—that is the trouble.



THE RIDER OF THE VELD

BY J. W. WILLIAMS

A STORY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN HIGHLANDS



SILENCE lay over the great veld. The solitary rider was not hurrying, but rather jogging along, keeping his eyes and ears open. A flock of

birds flew overhead and cast a quick shadow in front of him, at which he started and grasped his carbine; but seeing the cause swung it back again.

Away to the west, where the kopjes broke the clean sweep of the veld to the skyline, a faint thin mist rose that would never have been noticed by any but a trained eye, but the rider detected it and reined in. With puckered brows and shaded eyes he sat motionless for a few minutes, watching it in the wonderfully clear atmosphere for which South Africa is justly noted, and then there broke from his lips the one word, quick as though it had been shot out:

"Smoke!"

With that he turned his horse into a spruit that came from the north. In this direction he rode for an hour, the horse swaying around the great boulders against which the waters dashed themselves white in floodtime, emerging at length in some low bushes that broke into a rougher country beyond.

Again the horseman shaded his eyes and looked at the line of kopjes. No word fell from his lips this time, but he spurred his horse and went toward them through the scrub. Reaching the hills he dismounted and

tethered the beast, which started at once to crop the nutritious grass with which the rains had so abundantly clothed the earth. Hastily undoing a roll that had been strapped to the saddle, he began eating a meal of dried beef and bread, helping it down with a mouthful of water now and then. Meanwhile he kept peering anxiously in the direction in which, nearly four hours previously, he had seen the thin haze of smoke.

The long African day was dying in peace, and its mellow light flooded all the veld and rough country. When the rim of the red sun touched the skyline the man mounted again and rode southward, following the line of kopjes.

For some miles he travelled, scarcely ever lifting his eyes off a flat hill that rose against the darkening sky. When near it he jumped from his horse, tethered it with care, and crept up to a little hill. Sounds fell on his ears as he crawled round to a ledge that overlooked a dip in the kopje. Cautiously he advanced, every once in a while raising his head and quickly lowering it again.

The ledge reached, he looked beneath and saw a herd of cattle in a wide area which was hemmed in by precipitous walls of rock; while a wagon was outspanned right below him, at the only entrance to the natural corral, in which the shadowy figures of men moved to and fro.

The man's face would have been a

puzzle if there had been anyone to see it. Now it was drawn as if in pain, and now relaxed as if made happy by what he saw.

"They are all there," he whispered to himself, "six of them, and I'm alone."

He shrugged his shoulders at the thought.

For some time he lay, and then crawled slowly back to where his horse was tethered.

"Potchers is over a hundred miles away," he mused. "Phil, you can't do it in two days," he added, turning to his already tired horse. "Three days to go, a good two to get back—five. They will be in Portuguese territory then. No! I've got to stay, that's all. But how—how?" he pondered.

"I could see Schweeps's ugly face in the light of the fire."

He shrugged his shoulders again as he thought of all the crimes with which this name had been linked, and then he smiled as he recalled the last thing he had noticed when he rode out of Potchers six days before, a bill on a telegraph pole, offering a reward of three hundred pounds for the capture of Schweeps, and detailing his numerous crimes, from cattle lifting to murder.

"Three hundred pounds," he smiled, and the smile broadened into a grin.

And then seriousness returned, as he thought of his perilous position and the desperate men at hand, who were more likely to get him than he to get them.

"If they get me, a corporal in the Mounted Constabulary, I won't get time to say my prayers," he said to himself.

Taking his horse, he went south a few hundred yards and tied the animal near the mouth of the gorge, where forage was good and it could not be seen. He stood in a position himself from which he was able to see, though dimly, a little of what was going on in the camp.

Evening had become night and after the hot day the thirsty cattle lowed for water. There was none nearer than a mile and a half, and to get to it they would need to be driven out. The watcher concluded that Schweeps was not yet ready to break camp, that he would not dare show up on the veld in daylight with the animals, and that he must soon drive them out to drink.

Below dim forms moved, and then some of them dashed on horseback. He could see the cattle being rounded up, and in a little while they began to stream through the defile into the open beyond. Two men rode in front and two behind. There was no shouting, and in a few minutes the party had passed out of sound. He could still see the two men who had been left, and occasionally the sound of their voices floated up to him.

The corporal knew that those who had gone would be absent at least an hour, and he knew, too, that he must act now, while the outlaws were divided. So he stole down the side of the kopje, and into the narrow path that led inward. The shadows lay deep there, and he made rapid progress. Near the end he waited until the men had gone some distance away, and then he crawled quickly to the wagon, behind which he stood up motionless, and not daring to shoot, grasped his rifle by the barrel and waited.

A minute or two passed and the figure of a man glided out of the shadows toward the wagon. The corporal raised himself upon his tiptoes and brought down the butt-end of his rifle upon the head of the gliding form, which fell without a groan.

A minute or two more passed and a voice called:

"Jan, where are you?"

No answer came.

"Hello! Jan, where are you?" A low earnestness was in the voice this time.

A figure moved out of the shadow of the great looming rocks.

Again the butt-end of the rifle descended; but the blow missed its mark this time and crushed on the bones of a man's shoulder.

There was a sharp cry of rage and pain, and a tall Kaffir sprang at his assailant. The corporal flung down his rifle and grappled with him. Both were powerful men, and in the darkness they swayed to and fro, panting like wild animals. No word was spoken, but the Kaffir's smashed shoulder proved the deciding factor, and he fell with a crash and lay stunned upon a big flat stone. In a short while he was gagged and bound.

The corporal lay breathing heavily after the exertion in which he had put forth every ounce of strength, but quickly recovering himself crept again into the shadows of the narrow defile. Reaching the edge of the open he found cover behind a big boulder and lay down to wait. He had been a crack shot in the Boer war and had a plentiful supply of ammunition.

In the lucid night sky of the African highlands the stars shone like the diamonds that had made the country famous, and the Southern Cross, the nestor of star clusters in that clime, was hung with rare gems. The cattle lowed in the distance, but no human voice or sound could be heard.

"Schweeps!" The name always brought a tremour to the corporal. This Ishmael of the veld had held a posse of burghers at bay for forty hours, killing four and escaping from the clutches of the other six. Many a child on the far veld went to sleep with a fear in its breast that froze all activity when the mother said: "Schweeps will get you!"

He was an irreconcilable who had fought throughout the Boer War, and had cursed his brethren since for the peace of Vereeniging. He was a desperate man, lacking in that high chivalry which marks the Psalm-singing Boer, whom he now hated equally with the rooinek Englishman.

In a nation of sharpshooters he was a crack shot, and during the war confined his efforts largely to officers; scorning to touch the common soldier, except when his own safety called for it, declaring that they were as easily picked off as cattle. He was credited with two colonels, a captain and numerous lieutenants.

The mobility of the gang outrivalled that of the famous De Wet. Since they got their horses for the lifting, they kept the best in the country, and following the plan by which De Wet so successfully evaded capture, each man had two horses, and in a three-days' chase could almost double the distance on any pursuer with one horse. This, with the desperate character of the man, accounted for the widespread terror in which the name of Schweeps was held, and for his depredations in all parts of the country.

The corporal nerved himself and moved to look at the line of veld against the sky. Nothing showed, but a sound from below told him that the drive back had started. The sounds came nearer and then he heard the noise of horses galloping. No word was spoken. After some delay the cattle began to surge through into the corrall. When the main body had passed a few stragglers came, followed by the horsemen. A voice said:

"Curse that lazy Jan, why wasn't he there to turn them? I'll put lead in his bones yet."

A shot rang out, and the speaker fell dead from his horse.

Two of the other horsemen, surprised by the suddenness of the attack, and thinking that numbers were in ambush, turned and fled in the direction of the waterhole. A deep gruff voice called upon them to stop, threatening to shoot, in words checked with oaths. It was Schweeps.

A bullet just missed his body and tore through his horse's flank, and with that the animal, frantic beyond control, started off across the veld. With a few bounds and a leap into

the saddle the corporal was following. Twenty minutes passed and he did not seem to have gained much upon the outlaw. Once in a while he could see the slouched hat of the man in front. In twenty minutes more he seemed to have gained considerable and was surprised, when the horse ahead plunged over a slight rise and stood for a moment clear against the sky, to notice that there was no rider in the saddle.

In an instant the corporal drew up his horse and wheeled round. At once he grasped the situation. By the actions of the horse he concluded that he had struck it, and that when Schweeps felt the animal weakening he had quietly dropped out of the saddle. The desperado was somewhere not very far back, but how could he be found on the veld at night?

With such thoughts the corporal made his way back, zigzagging and straining his eyes to catch sight of something that looked like a man. A strip of scattered bushes crossed the veld here and beyond which it ran clear for miles. This was the place where Schweeps would most likely find shelter. For over an hour he looked closely, but found not a trace of his man, and at length he came to the edge of the open country.

Having decided to ride back to the kopje, he stooped to have a last look and sat motionless for a minute, when suddenly there was a sharp pain along the top of his head; he threw up his hands and simultaneously with the report of a Mauser rifle dropped to the ground. The bullet had torn through his hat and had burned a thin furrow along the top of his scalp, lifting the hair in a straight line, but leaving him uninjured.

"That was closer than Potgeiter's Drift," he whispered to himself, referring to a wound, the marks of which he carried on his chest.

For a while the corporal lay on the ground, feeling a little dazed and not knowing what to do. A noise near at

hand made him life his ear, and there was the outlaw, who, thinking he had killed his man, was coming for the horse.

Schweeps's outline was clearly visible, but the corporal could not be so easily seen as he swung round his rifle and fired. A yell of rage followed, and the outlaw lay kicking on the grass, a bullet having smashed his thigh. The corporal sprang upon him and pinned him down, before he could grasp the rifle which had fallen from his hand. Taking this and a large hunting-knife, he did his best to bind the wound, which was evidently a bad fracture.

"Does it hurt?" asked the corporal.

But the outlaw ignored the question.

"I suppose you think you've got me," he grunted.

"I stopped thinking a while ago," was the answer. "I suppose you thought you had me?"

But the man was in no mood to follow any trend of conversation save his own.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"Take you with me," was the reply.

"You can't," was the rejoinder.

"Can't, eh! We'll see," was the laconic reply. "I'll let you have your choice. Do you want to be left here all day, or shall I take you to the kopje?"

The latter was the preferable place in the heat of the day, but the journey thither, strapped on a moving horse's back, meant torture to a wounded man, so Schweeps sullenly chose to stay where he had fallen. The corporal gave him some of the water in his bottle and a few dried provisions, enough for two meals, and rode off to reach the kopje before day gleamed from the east.

In the corral things were much the same as he had left them, only the big Kafir had managed to free himself and was nursing his sore shoulder. He made no effort to rise as the corporal came forward. He knew very

little English, and much of what he did know was not dictionary English, and it was with a stream of such language that he greeted the corporal, who replied:

"You are able to swear yet, are you? Schweeps would see to that, I suppose."

"Ya, ya, curse Schweeps," was the rejoinder.

"You don't like Schweeps?"

The Kaffir shrugged and grunted as he showed the red marks of a jam-bok across his cheek.

"Schweeps kill me for last night," said he, lapsing into Dutch, into which the corporal followed him.

"Schweeps won't kill anybody for a while," was the answer.

"No," said the Kaffir eagerly, "he's dead?"

"Oh, no," said the corporal lightly, adding "where were you going with the cattle?"

"Sun country," was the answer, with a nod to the east where the sun stood well up in the sky.

"How many cattle?"

"Oh, maybe two hundred."

"Where did you get them?"

But the Kaffir could only answer, "Far away, come two weeks to this place."

With that the corporal went over to where the cattle were standing. As they moved he saw many of them branded "DR". His grin passed into a smile as broad as the new day.

He was thinking of his visit to a certain ranch ten days ago. He had been there on previous occasions, but as his visits had always been of purely personal concern, he contrived never to enter them in his reports. He had never told the rancher's daughter just what he thought of her, nor had he allowed it to himself, but suffice it to say that he was most happy when, on his patrol, the white buildings of the Roon ranch loomed up over the veld, and although that was always the signal for faster travelling the miles always seemed longer.

Alice Roon had met him on that

particular day, and the greetings on both sides were more than what is ordinarily called hearty. It was when the corporal was drinking some milk she had brought him that her father came in.

Drag Roon was the son of one of the earliest voortrekkers, or Boer pioneers, but his father had died when he was a boy, and his mother, an Englishwoman called Dragson, after whom he was named, had so shaped his national sympathies that he did not join the burghers during the war. He had led a stirring life, and, like all men of the frontier, lacked the formalities of social usage.

"You heard I've lost some cattle?" he asked.

"I've been away on a long patrol, but Miss Roon is just telling me," was the answer.

"Miss Roon," said the rancher, emphasizing the miss. "You'll likely mean Alice," adding, "well, can you get the cattle?"

"We'll try," was the answer.

"Try won't get them?"

"I can't be just sure," ventured the corporal.

"Just be sure," was the reply. "We ranchers pay a mighty sight for the police, and if they can't keep a few cattle from being stolen what good are they? If I hadn't been in Potchers myself that night they'd never have got a hoof. If I were young, it's not Schweeps and his gang that would be loose in this country. I'd run my ranch and get him, too, but you fellows don't get him, and you've no ranch to run."

The corporal's visit was cut rather short, and his last words were:

"If possible, we'll get the cattle."

"Yes, get them," shouted the rancher as the horse sped out at the gate. "But you'll not," he added to Alice at the door.

Having thought over the scene at the ranch, and surveyed the cattle with unfeigned pleasure, the corporal came over to the Kaffir.

"You know Potchers?" he asked.

A smile radiated the black man's face.

"Can you go to Potchers?"

A frown took the place of the smile as he thought that his acquaintance with it was limited to two months spent in the prison there.

"Nobody will touch you," said the corporal, noticing the frown. "Your part in this affair won't hurt you, and I'll see that you get ten pounds if you drive the cattle there."

The eyes of the black man fairly sparkled. He knew the mounted police well enough to know, that for good or ill, they usually kept their word.

"How long will it take you to go?"

"A week," was the reply, to which was added quickly, "You say ten pounds?"

"Yes, ten pounds."

"But Schweeps," said the Kaffir.

"Schweeps won't get you."

The Kaffir's terror of Schweeps was so great that he trembled when ever he thought of him, and several times during the day he went back on his bargain, and it took all the corporal's words to encourage him again.

Towards evening they inspanned, the corporal taking everything belonging to the Kaffir out of the wagon and getting him to help lift the Boer who had been the first to fall, and whose skull was fractured. A comfortable place was found for him in the wagon, and the corporal started off with it, telling the Kaffir he was going to spend the night on the veld just outside, and would be waiting for him to drive the cattle out in the morning.

Two hours later the span was stopped and the corporal began his search for Schweeps. He had evidently been trying to escape, and had managed to crawl nearly half a mile from where he was left. But he was too pained to say anything and was hoisted into the wagon without protest.

Ere long the wagon was back near the corral, and, having snatched a few

hours' rest, the corporal was awaiting the cattle in the morning. In due time they appeared, the Kaffir howling behind them. They were started off to a spruit in the north, and, driven by thirst, ran most of the way.

On the third day the corporal was so pleased with the progress being made that he offered the Kaffir an extra two pounds if he got the cattle safely to Potchers. The grin, by which the black man made reply, was limited only by the size of his face, for he had never even dreamed of possessing such a sum of money.

During all this time the Kaffir had not been near the wagon, which was covered with canvas. and did not know that Schweeps lay there wounded. It was the careful policy of the corporal to tell him that Jan's condition demanded his being entirely undisturbed.

Several times the Kaffir was overtaken by the fear of what would happen to him if Schweeps got hold of him, and he was calmed only with difficulty.

It was towards evening of the day on which the Kaffir had been promised an extra two pounds, when riding not far from the wagon, that he caught sight of Schweeps's face looking out at the front. A loud howl went up, and he fled like a madman. The corporal turned and saw the horse galloping off. Spurring up, he followed, and the chase lasted for half an hour, when the Kaffir's horse stumbled and flung him. In a moment the corporal was at his side.

The black man's face was horror-stricken. His eyes bulged out of his head, as he screamed:

"Schweeps! Schweeps!"

To all the entreaties of the corporal, and to the offer of twenty pounds, the Kaffir had but one answer:

"Schweeps! Schweeps!"

It was a waste of time to stay longer, and taking the Kaffir's horse the corporal turned to go back, the black man continuing his flight on foot.

Before he had gone far the cor-

poral could see the wagon going off in one direction and the cattle in another. His first thought was of Schweeps, who had been tied midway down the wagon, and who had evidently got loose and was driving the span. The wagon sped on ahead at a great pace. The corporal urged his horse to the utmost, and the wagon drew near. With a dash he rushed forward and seized the horses by the head.

A string of oaths came from the wagon, where the outlaw lay urging the horses with a long pole.

"Curse you rooinek, if I had a rifle it's not you nor your kind that would get me."

The corporal merely smiled as he turned the span round and started back. After having gone some miles he outspanned for the night and prepared a hasty meal. This finished, he attended to Schweeps's wound, which he dressed every day. Jan, who had lain in a state of semi-consciousness all the time, and with difficulty could be got to take any nourishment, was getting a little better. Leaving them, the corporal set off to find the cattle. The fewness of his words might have been taken as the measure of his determination. On an ordinary occasion it would have been enough to have taken Schweeps to Potchers, but this was no ordinary occasion and he wanted the cattle as badly as he wanted the thief himself, being determined to lose neither. To round up a couple of hundred cattle at night and have charge of two prisoners was a task to which only a few would have applied themselves. But the corporal did not think twice about it.

He had ridden many hours in the starlight and was probably short about thirty head in the bunch of cattle he was bringing up to the wagon, when he noticed a light over in the direction in which it sat. At once it seemed to flare up, and urging his tired horse he could soon see that the wagon was on fire. In a moment he knew what had happened. Schweeps

had taken a sinister revenge, unmindful of how it affected himself. Dashing up, he was able to save Jan from the flames, and some provisions; but in a few minutes all was over, save for a little smoke that swung round and coiled upwards.

Then the corporal looked hastily for Schweeps; but neither he nor the span of horses could be found. He judged, however, that he had made off in the direction of Portuguese territory. Early daylight justified this surmise, for the grass in that direction was bruised as though something heavy and flat had been dragged over it.

"Just as I thought," mused the corporal, "he made a cariole out of the loose side of the wagon and lay on it, but how did he get the harness which I carried and laid fifty yards away? He planned some, and suffered some in carrying out his plans. I'll get him, though," he added with determination.

Leaving Jan with a blanket, he struck off, trailing his man. The desperate venture had over-reached itself, and the horses were found quietly grazing; while Schweeps was near at hand, evidently not able to stand the rough trip for the next eight miles that would have seen him into other territory, although he had liberally supplied himself with blankets to ease the roughness of the journey.

Once back where Jan lay by the ashes of the wagon, the corporal made a short speech to the two of them, although he looked at Schweeps only. He said:

"We're going to Potchers—all of us—and the cattle. I'll get you there if I have to drag you by the heels; don't forget it. If you behave, we'll be there in something over two days, and if you don't, it may take longer. Thanks to your foolishness, we haven't quite as much to eat as we had, and we haven't a wagon. Of course, that doesn't make so much difference to me as it does to you; but you're going to Potchers, if only to be buried there. Do you understand?"

This was a long speech for the corporal, and he had so over-reached himself that he was practically silent for the rest of the trip.

He began to fit up the cariole, and pulled some grass to make it as easy to lie on as possible, after which he tied the two men thereon and proceeded.

Three days later a band of tired and thirsty cattle broke down the one street that is Potchers and bellowed round the pump.

From the verandah of the police headquarters, from which he had just emerged after giving vent to a most emphatic complaint about the slackness of the police, and about it being no more use any more to raise cattle no how when any man could come and take them, Drag Roon gazed out over the street.

He straightened himself up and opened his mouth as he looked.

"Shakes me if them's not my cattle," he cried, and with a few strides he was amongst them, his smile broadening all the while as he saw animal after animal with his brand upon its flank.

"Hey there, how did this happen?" he asked some men near.

The corporal rode down, leading the team and its load.

"You do this?" asked the rancher.

"I had a little hand in it," was the reply.

"Who helped you?"

"Some fellows I've got here."

Drag went forward and lifted the light blanket that had shaded the prisoners from the sun. A black-bearded face with sinister eyes looked up at him.

The rancher caught his breath and reeled back, a look of amazement on his face. Then his cry rose above the bellowing of the cattle:

"Schweeps! Schweeps!"

The crowd that had gathered looked up the street and started to run. Women screamed and children cried in terror.

The colonel of the mounted police

came through the now terrified mob.

"What did you say?" he asked.

The rancher pointed to the sled.

The colonel walked over and gingerly lifted the blanket.

He gasped.

The corporal saluted, "He's wounded, sir."

The colonel ordered two of the policemen to run the team into the barrack yard, shut the gate, and call every available man to get the prisoners safe inside.

"How did you do it?" he said, turning to the corporal.

But the latter merely smiled. He might have answered if a single word could have sufficed; as it was he was dumb.

Overcome with the strain of the past week, and with lack of sleep, the corporal fell rather than jumped off his horse.

The colonel came to give him his arm, but Drag was there, too.

"He must come to the barracks and report," said the former.

"Well, if he must, he's going to have the best in Potchers, and Drag Roon is going to see that he gets it, too. Here, you," turning to a storekeeper, "bring up the best you have, enough to keep one man a week."

Drag would let nobody help the tired rider in but himself, not that he was any help, although he went home and told how he carried the corporal in alone.

The corporal spent a delicious week resting up at the Roon ranch. One day Drag took him to look round the place.

"You see," he explained as they neared home, "I'm not so young as I was, and I think us old fellows should give way to you young chaps, and I have been wondering how you would like to come and take hold of the place."

The corporal looked away out over the veld, and smiled his pleasure at the idea. He did not mention what Alice and he had planned the night before, and he was wrong when he

thought that Drag Roon had not guessed.

Drag Roon lives in Potchers now, next to the police barracks. He says it's the right sort of place to live in; if his cat strayed to the Cape those chaps would be sure to get it sooner or later.

But he often goes out to the ranch, where there is always a welcome, and when he came back last time he confided thus to the colonel:

"It's wonderful how them young folks manage. Shakes me, they are doing better than I did, although it wouldn't do to tell them that."

THE POET

To A. H.

By ALFRED GORDON

THE poet stands apart—
As the world thinks—
And from springs at the earth's heart,
Alone, he drinks.

Madness divine, men say,
Misreading him, is his,
And, nodding, turn away
From too deep mysteries.

But, ah, too well he knows,
Himself, his circling fate;
Too human, all men's throes
Depress him or elate.

Communion too intense
Divides him who would be
One with their every sense
Of joy or agony.

In youth, from youth estranged,
Thought clogs his running feet;
While some boy's glee unchanged
Pulls age down from his seat.

So, when a boy, boys say,
If he but one hour dream,
"Come out! You never play
By field or wood or stream!"

Now, when a man, and men
Would make him as themselves,
Down, down he throws his pen,
And laughs with fays and elves.

Thus is he out of time,
Eve misunderstood,
Made by the gift of rhyme
Old only as his mood.

THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR

BY HAROLD SANDS



WHEN King George threw overboard all "German degrees, styles, dignities, titles and honours," and changed the name of the royal family from Wettin to Windsor, he performed an act of relinquishment that won the instant approval of the British Empire. Wettin is a name "made in Germany"; Windsor is inseparably connected with England.

The English people never took very kindly to the Saxe-Coburg connection and they are not sorry to see it discarded by the king, "for ourselves and for and on behalf of our descendants". They know that George V. has no sympathy with the baby-killers who in their raids above the unfortified City of London have sought out, but so far fortunately have missed, Buckingham Palace.

With a misdirected energy some genealogists have tried to trace the dynasty of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha back to the early Saxon kings of England. More recently, too, others have tried to show that Windsor is a name of German origin. It is good old English and dates back to the days of Edward the Confessor. At that time it was known as Wyndleshore, because of the windings of the River Thames, which flows past the royal estate which the world now knows as "proud Windsor".

Some people were surprised to learn that the surname of King George's family was Wettin. They thought it was Guelph, the family

name of the House of Brunswick. Queen Victoria was a Guelph, but when a woman, be she queen or kitchen-maid, marries, she takes the name of her husband. "Albert the Good," husband of Queen Victoria, was a Wettin. In the earlier years of his family's history the heads of the house were best known as Counts of Wettin, a title which King Edward VII. liked to use when he travelled incognito on the continent.

Guelph goes back to the days of Charlemagne, whose sister was the mother of the first Guelph, or Welf. Her husband was Isenbard of Altdorf in Swabia. He was attending the Emperor one day when a messenger came riding in haste to convey the news that a son was born to him.

Isenberg, anxious to see his first-born, asked the Emperor for leave of absence, whereupon Charlemagne, so runs the story, exclaimed: "There is no need of haste to go and see this Whelp." The Emperor was so pleased with his description of his sister's boy that he again called him a whelp when he took part in the baptismal ceremony. The Isenbard family adopted the name, which ultimately became changed to Guelph.

Now the British people are done with Guelph and Wettin and in their stead have Windsor. The great castle which thus supplies a name for the royal family is in some respects the most remarkable residence in the world. It has been in its time palace, prison and tomb.

The pious Edward the Confessor, its first royal owner, presented the property to the Abbot and Monks of St. Peter of Westminster. Trading in real estate was as much in evidence in the early days as now, comparatively speaking, and a later abbot exchanged the property when William the Conqueror offered him a good bargain in land closer in to Westminster. The Norman king erected the first castle of which there is any accurate knowledge, and from that day to this Windsor has been a favourite royal residence.

Windsor is connected with some of the most memorable British events. It was from the castle that King John went to Runnymede, where he signed Magna Charta, and he returned to it in a great rage after having been forced to divest himself of much power.

Ancient chronicles report how King John walked about in the castle, white as death and biting now on one staff and another, and cursing the hour in which he was born, as many another autocrat has done since. It is not without interest to recall that his excessive claims on the barons for military service led to the combination against him. This should not be without significance to the Hohenzollern family.

King John's dismal thoughts made Windsor somewhat of a dark place for him, but to the monarchs who took the name of Henry the property was a source of pleasure. Henry I. rebuilt the none too pretentious castle which his father, William the Conqueror, had erected. Henry III. spent a small fortune in additions, repairs and works within the old fortress. Henry VIII., too, though he found other uses for his money, delighted in Windsor, where he carried on several of his flirtations.

The first English sovereign to be born at Windsor was Edward III. He was called Edward of Windsor and not unnaturally spent much money on his birthplace. At the castle he instituted the Most Noble Order of the Garter, the chief English knighthood.

Many legends have been told concerning the origin of this order, and the one which most people prefer to believe relates to the garter of that most beautiful dame, Joan, Countess of Salisbury, of whom King Edward was enamoured. It is related that while dancing at a high festival the countess accidentally slipped her garter, of blue embroidered velvet, from her slender, well-formed leg. It was picked up by her royal partner who, noticing the significant looks of his courtiers, used words to them which afterwards became the motto of the order—"Honi soit qui mal y pense," evil be to him who evil thinks. The monarch added that "in a short time they should see that garter advanced to so high honour and estimation as to account themselves happy to wear it".

The institution of the order was arranged on St. George's day, 1345, but the first installation did not take place until the anniversary of St. George in 1349. Nine German emperors have been invested with the order. The Emperor Sigismund bestowed upon the chapter the heart of St. George, the patron saint of the order.

This temple of chivalry and birthplace of royal babes is also the burial place of kings. Among the bodies buried there was that of the much-married Henry VIII. It was at Windsor, also, that Cromwell's officers first decided on the death of Charles I., who was as staunch a believer in the divine right of kings as William II. of Germany.

Charles held court at Windsor just before the Civil War broke out. The Parliamentarians captured the castle from the Cavaliers in October, 1642. It is recorded that "several valiant religious commanders" made off with the plate of St. George's Chapel, stripped Cardinal Wolsey's tomb of its costly bronze-gold work, and some of them divided among them the velvet surcoat of Edward IV., wrought with gold and pearls and decorated with rubies, which hung over the tomb of the sovereign.

At the end of the Civil War some

officers of the Parliamentary Army spent two days together in prayer at the castle, "inquiring of the Lord" what they should do with the king. They decided that the word of the Lord was "to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for that blood and the mischief he had done".

A few months afterwards the king was captured and taken to Windsor. From there he was conveyed to London, tried, condemned and executed. His body was buried at Windsor, in the vault which contained the remains of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. Friends who accompanied the body to the castle asked that it might be buried according to the common prayer book, but the Roundhead Governor "expressly, positively, and roughly refused consent to it, and said it was not lawful".

Pleasure-loving Charles II. made Windsor a summer residence and his fair but frail Nell Gwynn had a lodging close to the castle, near the Henry VIII. gateway. By this time the castle, "the most romantique castle that is in the world," as Pepys said, had become "exceedingly ragged and ruinous". Prince Rupert, who besides being Governor of the Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay, was constable of the castle after the restoration, started to "trim it up". Sir Christopher Wren did his bit of trimming, too, but Windsor fell on comparatively evil days during the last years of the Stuart dynasty. At the downfall of James II. the revolutionary crowd ruined the interior of St. George's Chapel, giving as an excuse that it was there that James received the Papal Nuncio.

William of Orange didn't "cotton to" Windsor, but Queen Anne liked it as a royal residence and was particularly fond of the park, to which she did considerable improvement work. George I. and George II. who spent much time in Germany, neglected Windsor, but the third George was more partial to it and spent some money in repairing buildings.

The great rebuilder of Windsor Castle, however, was George IV. He devoted more than \$3,500,000 to its restoration. William IV. continued the good work and Queen Victoria, urged on by the Prince Consort, carried it on still further. Among them the last three sovereigns of the Hanoverian dynasty spent not less than \$7,500,000 on the castle. It is small wonder, therefore, that a distinguished French statesman who visited Windsor during the reign of Queen Victoria, described it as one of the most delightful and picturesque castles in the world. "Its exterior is a Gothic fortress of the Middle Ages; its interior is a very elegant and comfortable modern palace," said Guizot. That is hardly "elegant" language, but it serves to describe the ancient castle from which the British royal family takes its new name.

Some notable honeymoons have been spent at Windsor, but the most delightful, undoubtedly, was that of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who repaired there within a few days of their marriage in London in February, 1840. The Prince of Wales, their second child, afterwards Edward VII., was christened there. In view of the fact that among the titles and honours which the House of Windsor has specially relinquished are those pertaining to the dukes and duchesses of Saxony, it is interesting to recall that the title of Duke of Saxony was conferred on the heir-apparent of that time at his christening.

Even in those days there was objection to this German title. The conferring of the title, although it was hereditary, was much criticized. Objection was also taken to the quartering of his father's hereditary arms of Saxony on the prince's shield, with those of England. An examination of newspapers and pamphlets of the time would disclose that the Germans were little less popular in England in 1842, the year of King Edward's birth, than they are now.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

A Retrospect

BY THE EDITOR



HIS is the 301st number of *The Canadian Magazine*. That means that for a quarter of a century this magazine has been issued twelve times a year, making it much the oldest monthly in Canada and one of the oldest on this continent. Age in magazines, as well as in wine, furniture or people, generally is a guarantee of goodness, and therefore one might quite rightly conclude that there has been some peculiar virtue in *The Canadian Magazine* that has caused it to last when all other standard magazines in Canada have failed.

Twenty-five years in the life of a country is not a long time, and yet what a great change there has been in Canada, especially in the realms of literature and art, realms that *The Canadian Magazine* has striven against great odds to extend and improve. At the time the magazine was established (in 1893) Canada had scarcely any history of literature or art. The country was on the verge, nevertheless, of a great revival. The revival was not so apparent then as it is now. If we look back to the magazine's beginning we shall see in that very year the first publication of Bliss Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré", the kind of poem that helps to give foundation to a country's claim to literary distinction. In that very year also first appeared Charles G. D.

Roberts's "Songs of the Common Day", which, according to Mrs. Humphrey Ward, never have been surpassed by anything of their kind.

The nineties was an unusually dominant period in literature and art, not only in Canada, but as well abroad. The decade closed the nineteenth century with a renaissance quite as remarkable as the ten years which in England closed the eighteenth century, ten years which Mr. Watts-Dunton has described as the Renaissance of Wonder, ten years made glorious by Constable and Morland, Raeburn and Crome, Shelley and Keats, Wordsworth and Byron, Coleridge and Burns, Scott and De Quincey.

Great names are these. And yet if we look at the men who made illustrious the decade that has been named the Renaissance of the Nineties we find names equally as important if not equally as great—Conder and Beardsley, Guthrie and Steer, Synge and Moore, Wilde and Dawson, Carman and Yeats, Morrice and Sickert, Ferguson and Whistler. These names have scarcely as yet passed into history, so that they do not appear, like the other group, with the halo of a century upon them. They were, nevertheless, and some of them are still, great men; and it is noteworthy that they were at the height of their powers during the nineties, which was in most instances during young manhood. Of the Canadians who here ap-

pear prominently Charles G. D. Roberts was thirty-four years of age, Bliss Carman thirty-three, and James Wilson Morrice thirty. Of the old countrymen of that time—most of whom had work appear in *The Yellow Book*, an artistic and literary quarterly which was established a year later than *The Canadian Magazine*, but which survived only to its thirteenth volume—Conder was twenty-six, Housman twenty-seven, Dowson twenty-seven, and Beardsley, at twenty-one, was tasting the sweets of early fame.

In the first number of *The Canadian Magazine* appears this announcement of conduct:

“While the pages of the magazine will be open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinions, and opinions with which the magazine does not agree, the policy will be steadily pursued of cultivating Canadian patriotism and Canadian interests, and of endeavouring to aid in the consolidating of the Dominion on a basis of national self-respect and a mutual regard for the rights of the great elements which make up the population of Canada.”

From that policy the magazine never has departed, and while opinions have been expressed and statements made that have wounded individuals and classes, the expressions have been permitted without malice and for a high purpose, and opportunity to present the “other side” of the case never has been refused.

In *The Canadian Magazine* first appeared the work of many writers who are now famous. There also have appeared writings of some of the most eminent men of letters of its time. Perhaps the most erudite and refined contributor to its pages was Professor Goldwin Smith, who, although he had sad memories of his own experiences as a publisher of periodical literature in Canada, was albeit a sincere sympathizer with any worthy effort being made to promote the interests of literature and art in a country that had been concerned mostly, and naturally,

with the common amenities of life.

The first article in the first number was contributed by Dalton McCarthy, M.P., and the subject, “The Manitoba Public School Law”, was destined to become, a few years later, the issue on which a great political party met defeat at the polls.

In the same number we find the names of Principal Grant, of Queen’s University; the Reverend W. S. Blackstock, Professor William Clark, Hector W. Charlesworth and E. Pauline Johnson. In successive numbers the names appear of almost all the well-known Canadian poets, essayists, novelists and short-story writers of the time. Among these are Goldwin Smith, Sir Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Arthur Stringer, Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Wilfred Campbell, Harvey O’Higgins, Sir John Bourinot, Jean Blewett, Norman Duncan, Louis Fréchette, Edward Farrer, J. W. Longley, Sir James Le Moine, the Honourable David Mills, L. M. Montgomery, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Lord Stratheona, Stephen Leacock, Sir Clifford Sifton, Sir John Willison, Erastus Wiman, Sir Charles Tupper, Professor Adam Shortt, A. H. U. Colquhoun, Grant Allen, George Tate Blackstock, “Kit”, A. D. De Celles, Sir Louis H. Davies, the Honourable George W. Ross, Theodore Roberts, John Reade, W. A. Fraser, Franklin Gadsby, James Hannay, J. Castell Hopkins, Z. A. Lash, W. D. Lighthall, Agnes Maule Macfar, W. Sandford Evans, John Ewan.

Some of these names still appear from time to time in the magazine, but almost every issue contains the name of a new writer who therein makes his first venture in literature. Twenty-five years from now names that are obscure to-day will have become household words. So that in our praise of the older writers we should keep in mind the newer ones, the ones who, though not less gifted than the others, need our encouragement and support.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

PRESS, POLITICS AND THE PEACE RIVER

MRS CHARLES THOMPSON, who did considerable campaign work in Calgary before the Alberta elections last June, was formerly Miss Alice Elliott, women's editor of *The News-Telegram*, Calgary. Her parents live in Galt, Ontario, and she lived there until marriage—and Captain Thompson—took her to the West.

Mrs. Thompson has always been interested in the progressive movement amongst women, but it was only this past spring when she seconded W. M. Davidson's nomination that she came especially into prominence. She is the first woman on record to approve in this way of a man's candidature.

The election being over in Calgary, Mrs. Thompson, whose speaking had been pretty constant, was asked to go to the Peace River in the interests of the Liberal candidate, and again she can claim the distinction of being a pioneer—for no other woman had ever spoken along political lines in this district.

Starting out from Edmonton, she made the trip to Spirit River without adventure, unless the small matter of a dining-car be counted as such. On

asking the porter where it was, the reply was distinctly discouraging, and, the question being pressed, the porter admitted that he didn't know where it was, that the last lady who saw it "threw a fit". The reason for this extreme emotional abandon was soon explained; the dining-car proved to be a coach which had been turned upside-down in some wreck, possibly, and which had been converted into a *cafeteria* without having its position altered in the least!

Arrived at Peace River, Mrs. Thompson was delighted to find so high a degree of mentality in the women so far removed from what we are accustomed to think of as civilization. They showed themselves to be able conversationalists on all the live topics of the day and discussed political issues after the manner of seasoned campaigners. True, they had recently enjoyed unusual opportunities for hearing all sides of many questions, for the country had been flooded with speakers *pro* and *con*, but a point worth remarking is that they were sufficiently interested to make great efforts to hear these speakers, travelling miles and then more miles in order to learn something of the subjects agitating the Province.

At all Mrs. Thompson's meetings women were as much in evidence as

men. She tells of motoring to one particularly lonely home. From the doorway she looked over a great stretch of uninhabited country; she was unable to see a house or even any smoke rising anywhere to denote human habitation. And yet nearly one hundred enthusiastic seekers after political truth were gathered inside to hear her view of the situation. Another meeting-place was an old mill, denuded of its bags of grain, but boasting of a fine player-piano. Oh, the West is full of surprises!

On election-day there were but few women who did not poll their votes, and it would hardly be fair to Mrs. Thompson to slip over the that fact without giving her credit for having stirred many of them to a sense of their civic responsibilities.

*

BY TRAIL AND WATERWAY

THIS is a chapter from the life and work of Bishop Roper, of Ottawa, who for three years laboured throughout the Diocese of Columbia. Nowhere is the Bishop more dearly loved than in the settlements in the northern parts of Vancouver Island and the islands adjacent, where he travelled extensively, visiting the various little communities, carrying to those who are shut away from the railroad and the facilities of telephone and telegraph all the news of the outside world, his breezy cheeriness of manner, his frank cordiality, his unfailing kindness and sympathy conveying to the people of these isolated places a practical demonstration of that Christianity of which he is such an active example.

One who is unfamiliar with the country in this farthest west of Canada has no conception of the difficulties which attend travel when one has left the railway lines, the high roads and the well-beaten trails, old as some of the giant fir-trees, trails that have felt the feet of many passing genera-



Mrs. Charles Thompson,
A campaigner in the Peace River District

tions of Indians, and has gone out into the pathless wilderness, where to cross swamps, to ford streams, to pick one's way through a forest broken by windstorms, or to cross the rocky shoulder of some great foot-hill is all part of the day's routine.

One feels a little thrill of pity, mistaken perhaps, for the families who live miles from even the little villages. They are so pathetically glad to see visitors. It was to these isolated folk that Bishop Roper loved to wend his way. In his modest diary he makes no complaint of the inclemency of the weather, speaking cheerfully of fashioning leggings out of potato sacks, of sleeping in shacks "not quite weatherproof", on beds of calf-skin "not quite dry", while he was going to visit a family of German Lutherans who had a baby to be baptized.

"I had all my episcopal habit with me, just as I should have had it in the Cathedral," he writes, and one can imagine what that must have meant to the parents of the baby, and how the precious memory of that baptismal service must have hallowed the little shack to them for all time.



Bishop Roper, as he appeared "on the road"
in British Columbia

Of course, not all the villages are only in the beginning stage. Some of them have been growing for a score of years more or less, and are now thriving little communities, with schools and churches and sidewalks, the latter not the least important of the three from a layman's point of view. Then there are the Indian vil-

lages, older still, which are always built along the coast, or on the shores of some lagoon or lake. To be near the water is indispensable to the fish-loving Siwash. Wierdly uninviting are the most of the Indian settlements. The natives' primitive love of the really picturesque seems to have vanished with what they have learned of civilization. Their houses, built as they are almost on the beaches, just above high water, look as though a slight wind would shatter them to kindling. In front of some of the more pretentious buildings, the chiefs' houses or halls, they set up their totem-poles, grotesque looking things enough, but interesting in that they tell the history of the family or the tribe. It is in these villages which have felt the influence of the church's teachings where one finds by far the best conditions, social, moral and sanitary. The missionaries are responsible for the establishment of the schools and clubs and musical organizations, which latter have done more than words can express to help the Indian and give him some of the real delights of civilization.

It is astonishing the number of little churches that are built or in the course of construction along the east and west coasts of Vancouver Island and the smaller islands of the Gulf of Georgia. The completion of the various railways will do an incalculable amount of good towards facilitating the carrying of the Gospel and other good cheer to the white settlers and the Indians, but the pioneers of the church's teaching, like Bishop Roper and others before him, have laid a foundation very strong and sure upon which may be built that which shall stand unshaken through the storm and stress of time.

Westerners always will cherish many pleasant pictures of Bishop Roper and among the most pleasant will be that of him as a traveller upon the trail, in his practical walking costume, his pack on his back, his kindly face looking out from under his cler-

ical hat, and vividly suggesting in its benign cordiality, those delightful eures of Sir Gilbert Parker's stories.

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NURSING SISTER READ

MISS HELENA L. READ, who has recently been appointed matron of the Soldiers' Infirmary, at the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, on the outskirts of London, Ontario, has already had a varied experience of work as a nursing sister. Born and educated in Stratford, Miss Read went over the line for her professional training and is a graduate of the New York Polyclinic Hospital. She engaged in private nursing until the outbreak of the war led to her enlistment for service with the Canadian Army Medical Corps. In April, 1915, she sailed for England on the hospital ship *Letitia*, which, by the way, was wrecked on its next voyage. Miss Read served first in the Moore Barracks Hospital, at Shornecliffe, then at Brighton, and thirdly in the No. 2 Canadian Stationary Hospital at Boulogne, in France. Among the patients under her care in the "Port Hope" ward of this hospital was Private McDonald, the man whose patriotic zeal inspired him to walk to Winnipeg—350 miles—to enlist. Miss Read returned to Canada in July last, having had over two years' experience of military nursing overseas. The work for tuberculous soldiers at the Queen Alexandra, or, as it was called formerly, the Byron, Sanatorium is yet in its infancy. The Military Hospitals Commission has erected its own



NURSING SISTER READ

buildings in the grounds of the Sanatorium, which is finely situated on a height overlooking the Thames valley. Four pavilions, each containing fifteen beds, have been opened, and the new main building will soon be ready for occupation. In fact, the kitchen and dining-room are already in use, the first meal having been served in the latter on November 24th, when Sir Adam Beek, ex-President of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and Lady Beek were guests of honour. Miss Read is assisted by Nursing Sisters Bodkin and MacCormaek, both of London.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

AMERICA AT WAR

BY PROFESSOR W. F. OSBORNE. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.



HIS is a good, sprightly, readable book. Professor Osborne's style is already known to quite a number of Canadians. These sketches of the doings at Washington when the United States entered the war make no pretension to literary merit. The author is very humble about them on this score in his preface. But they achieve a certain literary merit nevertheless. They have the literary merit of vivacity and movement in description. They give the picture they set out to give inevitably, with possibly one somewhat obvious flaw. The author was not quite sufficiently the disinterested artist depicting the humanity of a great nation going into action in connection with its first great war. He has his prejudices and reveals them. Sometimes he quite obviously grinds his axe, and the note sounded is an unpleasant one. Barring this, the book is clever writing, good depiction of its picture, and for anybody who is interested, and that should be everybody, very pleasant reading. *The Winnipeg Free Press* for getting a man to do it, and Professor Osborne for doing it, should be complimented.

*

THE FORFEIT

BY RIDGWELL CULLUM. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

HERE is a typical western novel in which figure the "Lightfoot Rustlers", a notorious band of cattle

thieves. It has just enough melodrama to make it enthralling. The leader of the "Rustlers" is the devil-me-care twin brother of Jeff Masters, who discovers this fact through the agency of a woman who gets a huge reward for her information. Ronny, the brother, is hanged, and years afterwards, and herein rests the romance, Jeff and the woman marry, and afterwards Jeff discovers that she is the woman who betrayed his brother. The complications that follow are sufficient to absorb the average reader's attention.

*

A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

BY HAMLIN GARLAND. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ONE of the best American writers here gives us in reminiscent form a searching picture, even a revelation of pioneer life in the middle Western States. And how different a picture it is from the pictures drawn in the ordinary novel! It depicts the struggles of the settler, the privations of border life, the perpetual romance always confronting the family of a man like Richard Garland, father of the author, a man who always was giving way to the lure of the hinterland. From one place to another the Garlands repeatedly moved, and through these pages one catches wonderfully illuminating glimpses of the life and the times. Here is one of the Dakotas:

There on a low mound of the prairie, in the shadow of the house we had built, beneath the slender trees we had planted, we were bidding farewell to one cycle of emigration and entering upon another. The

THE author of this vivid description of the front line as it was when the battle of the Somme began is better known as a poet, the author of "The Widow in the Bye Street"; but that fact need not detract from the importance or the interest of the volume. Mr. Masfield writes about the events and conditions which made victory possible for the Allies in the biggest battle in which Great Britain ever was engaged. He claims that this battle first gave the enemy the knowledge that he was beaten. There are many unusually interesting photographs taken on the spot.

REED VOICES

By JAMES B. KENYON. New York:
James T. White and Company.

MELODY is one attribute that distinguishes Dr. Kenyon's verse from the work of many present-day American poets. It is commendable also for its rejection of brazenness, for not attempting to shock, and for its appeal to the average reader, who can understand it and like it. The present collection is a result of the publishers' determination to give the reading public American poetry that has sufficient merit to justify its perpetuation. Dr. Kenyon, however, is not a new poet, but this volume should serve to make him much more widely read. We quote "The Transformation":

Along the hills the winds are mute;
The yellow sunlight falls
On streams by which the birds still flute
Their evening malrigals.

I tread the old familiar path,
Among the peaceful sheep,
Nor dream that e'er war's vengeful wrath
Could o'er this landscape sweep.

And yet far hence o'er other fields,
By such a quiet stream,
The shuddering heaven rocks and reels,
And wounded horses scream:

And men, with hate and fury blind,
And bayonets dripping red,
Go charging down the poisoned wind,
Across the mangled dead.

Yet mayhap there, mid daisies sweet,
When summer airs blew free,
Some loiterer fared with aimless feet,
Nor dreamed that this could be.

*

COLLECTED POEMS, 1904-1917

By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of this large collection of poems, all of his writings, it is announced, that he wishes to preserve, is a poet whose writings will be found refreshing to many who regard poetry as something that treats only of roses and lilies, perfumes and fairies, love and laughter. For in this book will be found poetry, real poetry, that con-

siders the everyday affairs of everyday people. There will be found "Daily Bread", "Womenkind", "Borderlands and Thoroughfares", "Akra: The Slave", "The Dancing Seal" and many other well-known Gibson poems. We quote the first part of "The Wife":

That night she dreamt that he had died,
As they were sleeping, side by side;
And she awakened in affright,
To think of him, so cold and white;
And, when she turned her eyes to him,
The tears of dream had made them dim;
And, for a while, she could not see
That he was sleeping quietly.
But, as she saw him lying there,
The moonlight on his curly hair,
With happy face and even breath,
Although she thought no more of death;
And it was very good to rest
Her trembling hand on his calm breast,
And feel the warm and breathing life;
And know that she was still his wife;
Yet, in his bosom's least stir,
She felt a something trouble her;
And wept again, she knew not why;
And thought it would be good to die—
To sink into the deep, sweet rest,
Her hand upon his quiet breast.

*

A HEAP O' LIVIN'

By EDGAR A. GUEST. Toronto: The
Copp, Clark Company.

OF a different style from most of to-day's output is this volume of homely, uplifting verse. It may be called commonplace, but at any rate it is wholesome. Here is an example:

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

I do not think all failure's undeserved,
And all success is merely someone's luck;
Some men are down because they were un-
nerved,
And some are up because they kept their
pluck.
Some men are down because they chose to
shirk;
Some men are high because they did their
work.

I do not think that all the poor are good,
That riches are the uniform of shame;
The beggar might have conquered if he
would,
And that he begs, the world is not to
blame.
Misfortune is not all that comes to mar;
Most men, themselves, have shaped the
things they are.

A THEOLOGY FOR THE SOCIAL GOSPEL

BY WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHEN George Eliot accused the professing Christians of her time of "other worldliness" she criticized a bias which was quite obvious in the religious emphasis of the day. Many will be ready to accuse Dr. Rauschenbusch of "this worldliness". If his book has any failure it lies in this, that it leaves one with a slightly provincial feeling, as if one's significant connections were severed or threatened with severance. Dr. Rauschenbusch is distinctly interested in the "local situation". He is obviously dissatisfied with the present capitalistic system which dominates the life of the earth. He does not like the Imperialism and commercial rivalries which lead to disruptions of international harmony. To his eyes the existing social order is very selfish and brutal. He would emphasize those elements in the Christian religion which he thinks have the impact for change upon all this badness of the modern world. He takes the Bible as his incisive text-book and uses it zealously in a free and easy style which tosses about brilliant applications as freely as a Sunday school superintendent tosses oranges at a picnic. His whole contention is that much, very much, of the church's theology has an abstract reference and that it is without the precise and immediate indicativeness of Jesus and the prophets. In setting out to remedy this defect and in offering a theology for the social gospel he is performing a welcome service. The treatment from this standpoint of sin and salvation, of the Kingdom of Evil and the Kingdom of God becomes in his hands attractive and suggestive. One humble instance will suffice to show the nature of his contention. He cites the case of a Mennonite brother who sent dirty

milk to the city, and was excluded from the brotherhood of his sect because he swore when he was punished for it. Rauschenbusch does not imply that the blasphemy was not sin, a matter "to be settled alone with God", but he urges on our notice the fact of the sin against society for which the man by his religious sect was not even reprimanded. Instances in kind similar to this are multiplied to build up a case against social sin, the sin of here and now, and the whole argument of the book becomes therefore a plea for a new orientation of our thought about the things of this present world order. It is all, of course, blatantly Western, as opposed to Oriental, and practical. In Dr. Rauschenbusch's hands the significance of the Gospel comes to lie in its social outworkings. This idea is developed in the treatment and restatement of all the great doctrines of the church.

Now the point at which the reader pauses is where he asks from Dr. Rauschenbusch a connotation for the word social. Does it refer simply to the relations of this present and immediate earth realm? Or do its outworkings "carry over"? Does immortality come into Dr. Rauschenbusch's scheme in any modifying fashion, and what are his ideas about a personal God and the whole possible realm of reality that conception may imply? The careful reader will admit that the book does not evade these questions, but the careful reader will also be forced by the treatment they receive to an inquiry after further inquiry. It is, of course, the old question, loved of the theologians, that is raised, the question of the mandate or sanction for social effort. Some materialist, some cynic, some fatalist, some pessimist, so the lover of God will urge, will be sure to ask: "Yes, and when you have redeemed your social order according to your beautiful specifications what are you going to do with it? It will all run amuck at last somewhere among the stars."

TWICE-TOLD TALES

TWO OF 'EM

"Once," said the truthful citizen, "I was in the Klondike when it was so cold that my breath froze, and I broke it off and threw it away."

"Yes, you scoundrel," broke in the deacon, "and I've been looking for you these twenty years! You threw that chunk into my eye, and it melted, and I've had a cataract ever since!"—*Richmond Times-Despatch.*

*

A CANNY SCOT

A canny Scot was travelling from London to Birmingham one day in a smoking compartment. Turning to the man opposite, he asked if he could let him have a match.

"Certainly," replied the man. But a search in his pockets revealed the fact that he had left them at home. The Scotsman then turned to the other two male passengers, but they both expressed their regret that they had come without any.

"Ah, well," said the Scotsman with a sigh, as he put his hand into his pocket, "I'll hae to use one o' my ain."

*

LITERARY CRITICISM

Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As ill-luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence, "why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, you chump, it's a cheese."—*The Globe, New York.*

*

WISER THAN SOLOMON

He was a typical Scotsman, and when he was asked his opinion of the troubles which had arisen between a couple who began to find the yoke of Hymen a burden, he was not slow in giving it. "It's all along o' these hasty marriages. They didna understand one anither, they'd only knowed each ither a matter o' seven years."

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested listener.

"Long eno'? Bah, ye're wrong! When a body's coortin' he canna be too careful. Why, my courtship lasted nineteen years!"

"You certainly were careful. And did you find your plan successful when you married?"

"Ye jump to conclusion," said the old man impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna marry her."—*The Argonaut.*

*

STRATEGIC MOVE

Blanche: "Captain Dasher proposed to me after lunch to-day."

Barbara: "Good gracious, you only met him this morning."

Blanche: "I know, but you see he goes back to-night."—*To-Day.*

AND THE BOY GOT IT

A hungry traveller put his head out of a car-window as his train pulled up at a small station, and said to a boy:

"Here, boy, take this dime and get me a sandwich, will you? And, by the way, here's another dime. Get a sandwich for yourself, too."

The boy started away and returned, munching a sandwich, just as the train was starting off. He ran to the traveller, handed him a dime, and said:

"Here yer dime back, boss. They only had one sandwich left."—*Washington Star*.

*

HE DIDN'T MIND

"How's your brother Bill getting on?" asked a neighbour of a small boy.

"Oh! he's gone to the Front," was the answer.

"And your brother Bert?"

"He's gone to Africa."

"And what about Jack?"

"They've sent him to Egypt."

"And what are you going to do, my little man?"

"Well, I've written to ask if they'll let me mind India."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

BY GUM!

A certain lady who was travelling in Canada, collecting data for her next book, stayed with a farmer's wife. When the farmer came in from the fields he stopped some time to rub his gumboots on the door-mat.

"Where is your husband?" asked the visitor. "I thought I heard him at the door."

"He's cleanin' his 'gums' on the mat, ma'am," said the farmer's wife.

When the book was sent to the publisher this passage caught his attention:

"Canadian settlers in the out-of-the-way districts can't get tooth-brushes, so they use the door-mat."—*Exchange*.

CHANGED HER MIND

A young woman called at the Boston post-office and inquired if there was a letter for her.

"Business or love letter?" jokingly inquired the clerk.

"Business," was the hesitating reply. As there was no such letter to be found, the young woman took her departure. She came back, however, after a little while, and said, in faltering tones: "Please, would you mind looking among the love letters?"—*Woman's Journal*.

*

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

A certain employer of labour had received many complaints from his foreman as to one of the hands, who, though an excellent workman, and one whom it was undesirable to dismiss altogether, could never be induced to arrive at the proper time in the morning.

So the employer, determining to expostulate with the offender personally, arrived early one morning and lay in wait for him.

"In due time the dilatory one strolled in, and was accosted wrathfully.

"Do you know what time we begin work here in the morning?"

"No, sir," was the calm reply. "I know they're always at it when I get here."—*Exchange*.

*

POOR PATRICK!

An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang boss, was given a job with a railway construction company at Port-au-Prince, Haiti. One day when the sun was hotter than usual his gang of black Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse the Irishman was heard to shout:

"Allez—you sons of guns—allez!" Then, turning to the engineer, he said: "I curse the day I ever learned their language."—*Harper's Magazine*.

HE GOT IT

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him, she said:

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

*

IT ALL DEPENDS

Among the members of a work gang on a certain railway was an Irishman who claimed to be very good at figures. The boss, thinking that he would get ahead of Pat, said:

"Say, Pat, how many shirts can you get out of a yard?"

"That depends," answered Pat, "on whose yard you get into."—*The Tatler*.

*

THE DOWN-TRODDEN SEX.

"By gorry, I'm tired!"

"There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day an' you wurkin' in a nice cool sewer!"

*

HEN PECKED

Sam had worked on the farm for nine years, and until his master took to poultry farming he was quite satisfied with life. But this poultry business was a bit too much. He had to take the eggs as they were laid and write the date on them with an indelible pencil. And worse than that, he had also to write on the eggs the breed of the hen that laid them.

So one day he marched up to the farmer.

"I'm about fed up," said he, "and I'm going to leave!"

"Surely, Sam," said he, "you're not going to leave me after all these years?"

"Yes, but I am," retorted Sam. "I've done every kind of rotten job on this here farm, but I'd rather starve than go on being secretary to your old hens!"—*London Answer*.

BILL KNEW.

An officer lately returned from Alexandria carried home a story of the British soldier's humour. A curio-collecting captain had prevailed upon two privates to move his effects. They managed everything except a weighty packing-case, which defied their united efforts. As they paused to wipe the sweat from their brows one asked: "What the deuce is in it, Bill?" "T'Pyramids," answered Bill promptly.

*

BEATING THE BAND

The Paris *Liberté* has discovered the most "nervy" of English tourists—always a self-confident race. This man entered a well-known restaurant, accompanied by two little girls, ordered a bottle of mineral water and three plates, and began to eat sandwiches, which he had brought with him in his pockets.

The manager, overcome by this outrage, approached him, and said, "I should like to inform you that this is not a—"

"Who are you?" interrupted the Englishman.

"I am the manager," was the reply.

"Oh, you are the manager, are you? That is good. I was just going to send for you. Why isn't the band playing?"—*Youth's Companion*.

*

SMALL PROFITS, QUICK RETURNS

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time, and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" shouted Pat.

"The Germans," replied Mick.

"How many are there?"

"About fifty thousand."

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"—*London Opinion*.





LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.



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DAHABEAH DAYS

BY HELEN M. EDGAR



HE conjunction of a happy chance and a bad cold converted our plan of wintering in Rome to a flight, instead, into Egypt.

The bad cold needs no explanation, but the happy chance consisted of meeting in Rome our friends the "C's". Professor C, who is the curator of a well-known Canadian museum, had combined a prolonged honeymoon with a roving commission to add to his collections. Being the possessor of great resourcefulness of mind and an abundance of hope, he cheerfully suggested that we two professorial couples, with professorial incomes, should journey to the land of the Pharaohs. The solemn warnings of Baedeker on the need of unlimited time and gold, and the solid facts in Cook's lists of expenses for sojournings on the Nile, all melted before the eloquence and enthusiasm of our guide, philosopher and friend. Knowing his Egypt like a book, C. prom-

ised us a dahabeah and a crew that could be obtained by direct dealings with a certain Ali Bey, of Cairo.

We were to provision our own craft and lead the simple life, gaining wisdom and experience by friendly intercourse with the dwellers on the Nile. Some of these experiences I jotted down and now proffer them with only one guarantee, their truthfulness.

On a sunny afternoon of January 4th, we embarked at Naples and awoke next morning to find ourselves at anchor opposite the ruins of Mes-sina. When we landed the listless crowds clad in their mourning garments still seemed paralyzed from the horrors of the earthquake of the previous year. The work of rescue seemed scarcely begun. One could gaze into rooms high up where clothes still hung and fluttered in the wind. Papers with seals attached protruded from the hastily-closed drawer in a lawyer's office, with up-turned table and pictures askew. A bright spot of colour amidst the tot-

tering walls was made by the paper flowers in the broken vases of a private oratory. The only thing that cheered our sight was the gay donkeys, with their tasselled harness and glittering bells, drawing their quaint two-wheeled carts, whose panelled sides were painted with the care of a predella.

Four days later, having been tumbled in the cross seas of the Mediterranean, we reached Alexandria. Our first impression was of a swarm—an indescribable swarm—of green, blue, mauve and yellow fluttering garments, turbaned heads and black faces, with palm trees acting as sentinels somewhere in the distance. In one moment C. produced order out of chaos and repelled like a rock the onslaughts of shrieking Arabs wanting our patronage. We recognized with pride

and confidence that our leader was on a known if not upon his native heath.

After some "magic intervals, we found ourselves passed by the customs and seated in a Victoria driving at breakneck speed to the railway station. Each corner turned revealed a new picture—veiled women, the hoo-kah and its smoker, or tired musicians, resting with their odd instruments beside them, were part of the kaleidoscope. We had a threatened breakdown on the way, and during the pause were nearly smothered by the kind attention of Egyptian sympathizers. We reached the station to find C. once more directing affairs. A carriage reserved (the harem division), a breakfast ordered and despatched, and we were off.

Egypt ancient and modern lay around us—a level stretch of green



Courtyard of Mosque Mohammed Ali, Cairo



A Street Scene in Cairo

country dotted with working peasants supervised generally by a superior camel. Civilization has made but little impression on the camel; alike for Arab and Englishman he has the same contemptuous look. The whirling train that almost hits his flanks causes not even a tremor of the eyelid, much less the turn of a head. Sublime, indifferent, sneering at everything, they passed us by the score journeying along the high road that ran parallel to our train. The Bedouin tents, pitched low to screen them from the wind and dust, Arabs seated astride the haunches of their donkeys, children fishing in muddy pools that looked most unlikely haunts, water-wheels half buried in the sand and turning slowly at the rate of one hand-power, cemeteries with maybe a special tomb erected over a saintly man where prayers would be doubly effective, formed

links in the chain of interest about us.

The express rushed through stations where native crowds sat cross-legged waiting for their special. Cairo came upon us all too soon. We found ourselves once more a tempting sugar loaf for the Egyptian flies! *Ku imshi* were our first Arabic words, and the timid use of them was so successful that we soon acquired a fiercer note. *Balash* was also serviceable. Mrs. C. was horrified to hear her temperate husband shout in stentorian tones for "hot water toddy". It really was a "pick me up" he wanted, but in the form of a second porter. However, we had learned our lesson, and by uttering these words in a guttural tone we found we could always obtain a duplicate. C. again waved his wand, and, our besiegers being scattered, we emerged into the bustle of the capital.



The Bab-el-Mitweli, a famous spot in Cairo

Cairo looked very modern in spite of the robes and veils and tarboosh of its inhabitants. The air was cold as we drove through the wide well-paved streets to our hotel. We stood on our balcony for a long time gazing at the *va et vient* of the streets. A building in course of erection opposite afforded much interest as the workmen in their blue "skirts" strode up and down the inclined planks or climbed ladders, managing their flowing robes and baskets of bricks or sand with perfect ease. On the pavement beneath sat a seller of dates. She had flung her veil aside, showing an old and tired face. As the noonhour drew near the workmen assembled around her in little groups to eat their modest luncheon of bread and dates. As they chattered together a superb figure swept down the street, albeit she was but another date-seller. Such arro-

gance could only belong to youth and beauty, hidden though it was beneath a dense black veil. Her approach was evidently expected, for, long before the clank of her anklets could be heard, a little space was made for her beside the elder woman. Trade now became brisk indeed, and the slim hands delved deep into the basket, gathering the dates together in a compact bundle, which she weighed in scales she held aloft. Wit flowed as fast and free as the purchases. Her last customer, in an ecstasy of enjoyment at some repartee, went back to his work dancing like a dervish.

The streets of Cairo have a fascination all their own. East and West meet there, but do not mingle, even in the cosmopolitan Shepherd's or Semiramis, where the Egyptian, clad in his robes of costly silk, which look as if a rainbow had been dissolved to



The same gateway, seen from a greater distance

give them colour, sits apart and eyes with seeming distrust the frills and fashions of another world.

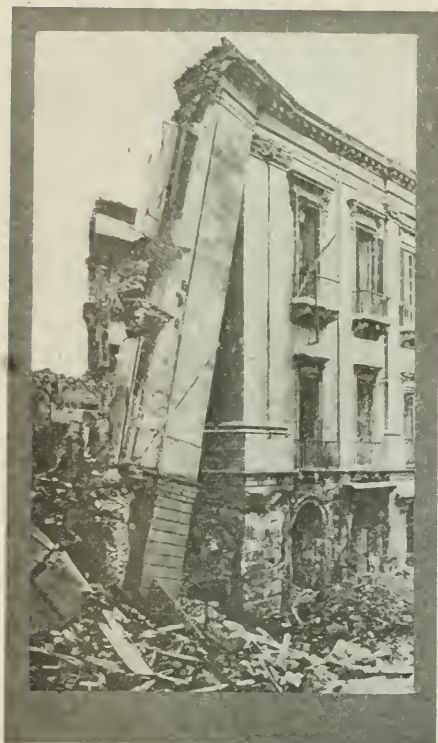
On the afternoon of our arrival, longing for a sight of the Nile, we walked towards the Pont des Anglais. The view seemed wonderful in the light of the setting sun. Feluccas with folded sails were drifting with the current, but against the wind, to rest for the night beside the shore. Gradually the light faded, the palm trees in the distance lost their contour, the misty pyramids sank back into the night, and all was still but for the faint motion of the slanting masts.

Next morning we submitted ourselves to the merey of Allah and the reckless driving of the H's' chauffeur, who whirled and swirled us in magic curves to the entrance of the "Muski". Here we adopted a safer mode of travel by hiring a Victoria to drive

slowly through the narrow crowded streets and deposit us at intervals before the doorways of inviting shops.

Shopping and bazaaring are not interchangeable terms; a gulf as wide apart as is an Arabian Night's entertainment from a Sunday school picnic separates the two. We sat on soft divans while black "slaves" unrolled carpets and embroideries of great age and richness. In shadowy corners the glint of silver and the glow of brass and copper bowls gave a setting to our purchases that no mere shopping would afford.

It was open sesame to C. in this weird world, and as we sipped our coffee and nibbled "Turkish delight" the depths of the bazaar were searched and its treasures disclosed. After we left Cohen's shop, which is the Mecca of all European visitors, we wandered on foot through the narrow roadway



Ruins at Messina

lined on each side by tiny shops hung round with merchandise. the owners crouching on a raised platform, ready as it were to spring at their customers. I sat on the edge of one dais and tried on red morocco shoes, and purchased several pairs, in spite of the vehement protests of surrounding merchants, who asserted that their superfine leather was alone worthy of the "Sitt's" (lady's) consideration.

We continued our ramble, C. marching ahead and raising the expectation of many an eager seller. Some silver cups were our only catch before we reached a most imposing court, one of the few really old-time trading-posts. Under the Moorish arch, made high enough to let the burdened camels enter, we passed and came into a courtyard screened lightly from the sun. Here the camels stand while their precious loads are safely stored in tiny vaults opening into the court.

A jar of huge dimensions was standing in one corner, and we were told that buried somewhere in its interior was an ounce of attar of roses. C. being in high favour with the stately owner, we were given, as a special mark of respect, Persian tea with ambergris. This last ingredient is very costly, but I fear the honour scarcely compensated us for the queer flavour.

Being in a land of wonders we were not at all astonished when we heard that Abdullah Kohal, our host, had once been appointed King of Syria. The manner of his appointment was as follows: Travelling with merchandise in the Soudan, he was taken prisoner by the Mahdi at the same time as Slatin Pasha. While being haled by the beard before his captor, Abdullah Kohal, with native ingenuity, invented this plausible tale: "O, High and Mighty One! I am a Syrian sent by my nation to find if in very truth you are the Mahdi, and I have been intrusted with this message should I find, as in very truth I do, that you are the great and only Mahdi. I was to tell you that when you had conquered this land and fattened your soldiers on the Egyptian crops, you must come to Syria and we, too, would accept your lordship over us." The Mahdi, flattered by this tale, caused great honour to be given to his diplomatic guest, no longer prisoner, and anticipating his Syrian triumph, appointed Abdullah king of that land.

After this interview we bazaar-hunted in another direction. Into the heart of things we went, through close-packed, evil-smelling spots with faint light filtering through the mattings of the covered roadway. We passed by weavers bending over their creaking looms, half-buried in the rich cloths that were slowly growing beneath their fingers. Little children were sewing Egyptian legends and figures into Egyptian hangings, and small heads with twinkling eyes shot out from every cranny. One ebony worker used his prehensile toes with all the suppleness of fingers to turn



A Sicilian Cart



The Sphinx and Pyramid of Cheops



Feluccas with Folded Sails

his frame. Great Ali Baba jars, brimming with spices ready to be ground, encroached upon the narrow way. We ended our walk beneath the arch of a huge gateway, Bâb el Mitwelli, whose rusty nails were twisted round with fragments of cloth, the owners thus placing themselves under the protection of the Afreet supposed to dwell behind the open doors. Some believers in excess of ardour had buried teeth in the crevices of the wood, and these we saw in hundreds. We finished our day's prowling in a light and airy room hung with silk and wool embroideries of every lovely shade.

We spent the evening with the H's, or rather part of it, for an hour or more was taken up in finding their hospitable mansion.

To start out with an Egyptian driver, you knowing no Arabic and he no English, your destination becomes an entire speculation. We crossed the Pont Des Anglais at a spanking rate, the driver shouting at short intervals, "*Rig lac, rig lac*", which, translated, is, "Mind your feet". Whether it was addressed to his horses or the perilously-placed foot passengers we could not tell. Our Jehu drew up before a tightly-barred gate that led nowhere. We remonstrated in unintelligible terms and then resumed our mad career. We reached within the next half-hour a gateway, the twin of the one we had first stopped at. After many shouts and shakings a turbaned villain appeared and led us to the third storey of a Mr. T.B.'s house, where we found a native interpreter,



Feluccas on the Nile

who showed our benighted driver the right direction. We spent what remained of our evening with the H.'s, discussing the possibilities of obtaining a dehabeah without the comfortable but costly assistance of Cook. Our prospects seemed fairly bright, for we heard that Ali Bey had a new one fitted with every luxury that the heart of a Nile dweller could desire.

Our third day in Cairo was memorable for our first visit to the pyramids. We lunched with the H.'s, whose pretty bungalow stands almost at the dividing of the ways. We motored along the five-mile, acacia-shaded road, level as a billiard-table, and seeing always in the distance the great silent, imposing pyramids. As we neared them a camel caravan passed across the sandy desert foreground, skirting on its journey the golf links where Europeans "played the game" under the very eye of the unseeing Sphinx. Surely it must depress the most ardent player when his finest

drive stirs no emotion in that mighty form. We left the motor and journeyed on foot to have a nearer view of the Great Inscrutable, passing on our way the Pyramid of Cheops, whose shadow seemed to blot out half the world. An Arab guide perched on the apex looked no larger than a sparrow on a house-top.

The Pyramid of Khafri is smaller and the working of the stone not so perfect. On the east side of it the remains can be seen of the Pyramid Temple, and the causeway that led to the plateau level can still be traced.

The sand ebbs and flows from year to year, covering, baring and re-covering in endless rotation of time. The paws of the Sphinx were partly buried when we saw "him" first, but he reared his head with majesty, daring wind, weather or the ages to do him harm.

After an hour or two of exploration we succumbed to camels and were rocked in the cradle of the desert ship

as far as Mena House, where tea was waiting to refresh our dusty throats. We motored home in darkness. The new moon and Venus hung over Cheops and, as a parting shot, a meteor blazed across the sky.

In spite of our delight and wonder at the multifarious sights we daily saw, our negotiations for the dahabeah were by no means ended. A business contract with an eastern Bey is almost as complicated as a cuneiform inscription. However, matters progressed by slow if not always sure methods. Ali Bey, the owner, grandly "presented" us with his craft and crew. Though we knew the presentation did not lessen by a piastre the monthly rental he would receive in return, yet to our western minds it seemed difficult to ask such crude questions as, "Is the noble gift in a seaworthy state?", "Were the sails sailable?", "What about linen or china?". What, we hinted, "about dirt?"

Apparently the *Dodo* was a craft of exceeding beauty and delight, and it seemed brutal to insist on definite answers when the Bey had employed an interpreter to expatiate on the extreme perfection with which the dahabeah was equipped. When we heard that a porcelain bath and hot and cold water in all our cabins was on the list we felt the acme of comfort had been reached, and were inclined to rush on board at once, accepting blindly the word of honour of the Bey. C., more knowing as to Egyptian character, refrained from exuberant thanks till he had thoroughly examined our prospective property; and well it was we did refrain.

The day before we planned to set sail we drove to the picturesque spot where the *Dodo* lay: we found her brooding calmly by the shore, while her crew reclined beneath the shadow of the palm trees that topped the bank. Our 150-foot mast was also reclining on the shore, while the material that was to clothe it was still in bales, and no attempt was made

by our cigarette-smoking men to mend matters, or rather, make the sail. No linen on board had been washed since the summer before, when Ali Bey had entertained a numerous company. Evidently prepared for this emergency, two washerwomen arose from the mud bank and offered their services, which were accepted. Ali Bey also miraculously appeared and loudly rated the *rais* (captain) for his neglect. Having prepared one cabin for habitation, P. and I decided to sleep on board, as nothing but personal supervision would put us in commission for at least a month. We dined with the H.'s and on returning to the dahabeah found our crew slumbering peacefully in tightly-rolled-up bundles, and the two women, by the light of the silvery moon, scrubbing hard at the household linen. They apparently scrubbed all night, for in the morning the *Dodo's* upper deck was a bewildering mass of sun-dried sheets and tablecloths.

Fortunately for the crew no wind availed us, so they had a tranquil day of sail-sewing, broken at frequent intervals by a smoke, a dish of lentil soup and constant coffee. Our *rais* sat in an elevated position surrounded by his harem, who subsisted apparently on admiration, for none of the refreshment he partook of was offered to them.

The 20th to the 22nd of January was passed very busily by us in arranging the stores and getting everything shipshape. I had a rapid motor trip to old Cairo to get water *kulee* (filters), which are a very necessary part of dahabeah comfort. Nile water being sometimes of pea-soup consistency, our drinking-water was of the bottled variety and formed by far the largest part of our cargo.

On the 23rd, as there seemed no prospect of a favourable wind, we left our languid crew putting the last stitches in the sail, and went to the museum, the treasures of which are wonderful. We pored over papyrus rolls illustrating most exquisitely the

perilous road the spirits of the dead had to journey before they were acceptable to the gods. The mighty statues of the Pharaohs and the exquisite delicacy of the jewel-work stand in amazing contrast of boldness and fineness of touch. The Hathor Cow stood lowing in her shrine with nostrils distended as if she sniffed the ripened grain of the Elysian fields. Later we were to see her native spot at Der-el-Bahri, where C. had assisted in her excavation. It must have been a most dramatic moment when the cloud of dust and sand subsiding, this wonderful figure was revealed guarding the little Pharaoh. The leaves and blossoms of the lotus form a flowing veil from the head of this most divine of cows.

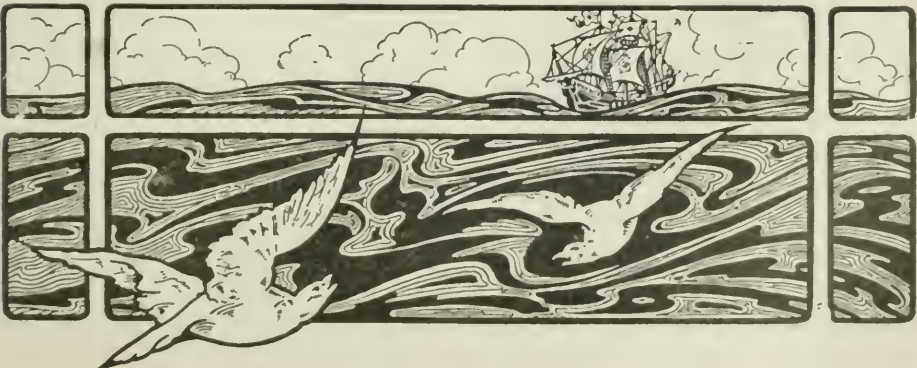
On leaving the museum we noticed that the wind had changed and as we drew up beneath our palm trees the *Dodo*, to our delight, was in mid-stream. Two of the crew came in the felucca for us, and we boarded our craft and had the gayest of luncheons. We had hoped that afternoon to get through the second bridge, which opens only from 10 to 11 in the morning and 3.30 to 4.30 in the afternoon. Our brand new sail had not been hoisted for this first move. The *Dodo* submitted to a warping process, which was picturesque as well as novel to our eyes. Two men rowed about one hundred yards ahead

and dropped anchor. The rest of the crew left on board hauled on the rope, marching in a circle, their bare feet beating time while they chanted a melodious song—"Allah, illi Allah" seemed to be the refrain. We were all so sure that we were really off that P. retired to his cabin and emerged shortly clad in regulation khaki and sun helmet; at that dramatic moment we realized that all our crew were sitting round the *rais* taking coffee. C. held a colloquy, which the *rais* skilfully prolonged till it was impossible to reach the bridge that day.

The weather was simply perfect. Sitting on deck in our luxurious chairs we feasted on the view. Some of the few remaining old palaces lined the shore opposite, and palm trees reared their heads against a cloudless sky. To our right the pyramids stood out against the horizon, the moon doing her best to show them off.

Two days were spent at our new landing-stage, which was opposite our starting-point. The harem journeyed by land, and the *rais* and crew resumed their cigarettes and coffee and waited for the wind. We employed our time in visiting the Coptic churches of old Cairo, dirty, evil-smelling, but picturesque. I think I would be a Moslem in the East. The open air and colonnades of the Mosque appeal much more to my religious sense.

(To be continued).



SIR LOMER GOUIN: A NATIONAL FIGURE

AN APPRECIATION OF THE CAREER AND CHARACTER OF THE PRIME MINISTER
OF QUEBEC

BY JOHN BOYD

Author of "The Life and Times of Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart."



IN the critical times through which the Dominion is passing the Province of Quebec, the oldest and one of the most important Provinces of the Canadian Confederation, is fortunate indeed in having at its head a man of the character and calibre of Sir Lomer Gouin.

The memorable speech which the Quebec Premier made at the recent session of the Provincial Legislature on Quebec's position in Confederation, as has been well said, not only gave renewed proof of his statesmanlike qualities, but revealed him in stronger light than ever as a national as well as a provincial asset of the greatest value. The Francoeur motion, which called forth that speech, was regarded by many at the time of its introduction as both injudicious and inopportune, a view that was largely due to a misconception of the real purport of the motion, which did not, as many supposed, favour the separation of Quebec from the rest of Confederation, but simply declared that the Province was ready to agree to the breaking of the federal pact of 1867 "if the other Provinces consider that Quebec is an obstacle to the unity,

progress and development of Canada". As Sir Lomer Gouin pointed out when he came to deal with the question, the motion had been submitted by Mr. Francoeur—one of the ablest of the younger members of the Legislature—in no spirit of disloyalty or anger, but simply with a view of clarifying the situation and removing all stumbling blocks to a better feeling between the various Provinces.

The calm, dignified and impressive discussion to which the motion gave rise was worthy of the best traditions of the historic Legislature of Quebec, and the climax of that discussion was reached in Sir Lomer Gouin's masterly address which was generally acknowledged to be one of the greatest speeches ever delivered before a Canadian legislative body. The Quebec Premier rose to the height of the great occasion. In a calm, dispassioned, judicial manner, but at times with an eloquence which evoked rapturous applause from the crowded chamber and galleries, he put the whole question in its proper historical perspective, effectively defended his Province from the unjust attacks of which it had been made the target, eulogized and justified the work of the Fathers of Confederation, expressed the belief



The Honourable Sir Lomer Gouin

that the language and other questions in Ontario and elsewhere would be settled in the course of time, and closed with an eloquent appeal for peace and union between all Canadians in the interest of the Dominion.

Sir Lomer Gouin's views on Confederation are of special interest to all Canadians. As he pointedly declared, Confederation was not the result of a whim, but of a necessity, and the federal system, the adoption of which was due to that great French Canadian statesman and patriot,

George Etienne Cartier, was the only government possible for Canada. "For fifty years we have lived under the federal system," added the Quebec Premier. "We have had difficulties, we have had troubles, and perhaps because of this it is said by some that the system of the Canadian Confederation has failed. I think the contrary. When I think of what we have gained, when I think of the development of this country, of the progress of all kinds, I cannot help saying with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, 'The hopes of

the Fathers of Confederation have been surpassed". When we stop to deplore the divisions that separate us we may console ourselves when we think of the progress we have made." The Province of Quebec, Sir Lomer Gouin added, had no good reason to complain of the federal system, and any idea of the separation of Quebec from Confederation was absurd.

"We complain of insults, of appeals to prejudice, but our fathers always suffered from such things," said Sir Lomer Gouin in a passage of moving eloquence in closing his address. "For sixty years they have constantly been used for party ends. Such appeals pander to the appetite for power and the lust for patronage. But in spite of the quarrels of the politicians, our fathers, those sturdy colonists and builders, had strength. They accomplished their mission. We have been insulted, it is true, but I persist in believing that it is not by the majority, but, on the contrary, by a small minority of the people of Canada. I believe that the majority of the people of this country are good and fair people. An English lord has said that the liberty of a country is to be measured by the liberty of the minority living therein. That means that if the minority is not well treated, the majority suffers as well.

"We must not forget the qualities of others. We must remember that it is owing to the united qualities of all groups and all races, thanks to the faith, intelligence and great vision of the founders of this country and the Fathers of Confederation that we live happily. Their efforts and their sacrifices will do more than repay, and that not extravagantly, for the birth of a nation that the twentieth century will reckon amongst the great nations of the world.

"When I look upon our country, when I admire our old Provinces with their rich lands and virgin forests, I am proud of the name of Canadian, proud of my country—Canada. I thank God that he allowed me to be

born in this new and fertile land which is sheltered from the bloody carnage that is devastating Europe—a land of liberty and equality, which will never know castes, a land of equality, where talent, effort and rectitude alone count, a land where fruitful peace will bring union and concord and inspire more progress and prosperity than in any other corner of the globe.

"It is to preserve to my country her greatness, to guard in the hearts of our children all their hopes, to hand down to our descendants the great inheritance we received from our fathers that we should fight fearlessly against the passing storm, work ceaselessly for the maintenance and development of the Canadian Confederation."

What followed these words of wisdom and patriotism was timely and appropriate—the Francoeur motion was, with the consent of the whole House, withdrawn by its proposer and one of the most memorable episodes in the annals of the Quebec Legislature brought to a fitting end. But the echoes of Sir Lomer Gouin's historic speech have since been heard from one end of the Dominion to the other, and it is everywhere admitted that the Quebec Premier rendered a signal service at a most critical time to the cause of racial concord and national unity.

The Quebec Premier's speech on that occasion was only in keeping with the whole of his career. In dealing briefly with that career, as I have been requested to do for *The Canadian Magazine*, fulsome eulogy would not only be unseemly on my part, but assuredly most objectionable to one who is always content to allow his actions to speak for themselves. A reference to the record of those actions will be the best indication of Sir Lomer Gouin's merits.

Sprung from real *habitant* stock, than which there is none sturdier in the world. Lomer Gouin typifies in his person the strength and virtues

of the French Canadian people. To a rugged and robust physical equipment are added the mental vigour, the strength of character, the steadfastness of purpose, the determination of will, the sound practical common-sense and the breadth of vision and toleration of view which, all combined, constitute true greatness.

The Quebec Premier's career is a record of achievement rather than of pretence. Without ostentation he is a true democrat who proves his democracy not by talk but by action. When at the early age of forty-four years he assumed the helm of the provincial ship of state the position of affairs was far from promising. Twelve years have passed, and to-day it is universally acknowledged that the Province of Quebec is one of the best, if not the best governed, of all the Canadian Provinces. What a striking proof in itself of the slanderers of Quebec!

Since he has had the direction of Quebec's affairs Sir Lomer Gouin has shown his true liberalism and his ardent democracy by his support and encouragement of all progressive measures for the welfare and advancement of the masses. Under his administration not only have the Provincial finances, now under the able direction of the Honourable Walter Mitchell, the worthy English-speaking representative in the Cabinet, been brought to a higher position than ever before, but the Provincial territory has been extended, agriculture has been fostered, highways have been built and improved and the utmost encouragement has been given to education, and especially to technical education, the importance of which in the advancement of the people the Quebec Premier fully recognizes. Education, in fact, always finds in Sir Lomer Gouin an earnest champion and zealous supporter, as he fully realizes that it is a prime essential for the realization of true democracy. What words of wisdom were those he uttered at a gathering at Pont Rouge, in Portneuf county, the country which

he personally represents in the Legislature: "The best investment that the head of a family can make is to give all his savings for the education of his children. We (the French Canadians) are a minority in this country, and we are not the richest. We should therefore work to supplement by intelligence what we lack on the material side. That is why I always am happy to aid those who are striving to increase our intellectual patrimony." The policy of prohibition for the whole Province which was announced at the last session of the Legislature is another evidence of progressive legislation.

Sir Lomer Gouin's rise to his present commanding position has been an evolution—an evolution through persistent effort with the constant aim in view—good government for his native Province. There was a time in his career when he was regarded by some who did not know him as being rather inclined to be lakadaisical, as too prone, perhaps, to pursue a *laissez-faire* policy. It required opposition to bring out the real qualities of the man, and when that opposition was encountered—an opposition of no mean character—his innate ability and force of character were displayed to a marked degree and he emerged from the struggle with increased power and an enhanced prestige. Since then he has been easily the dominating figure in the public life of Quebec, standing head and shoulders over all others.

The most ardent supporters of Canada's participation in the great war cannot but admit that the Quebec Premier was not slow in showing his sympathy with the cause of the Allies. His actions in that connection were characteristic of the man, as well as typical of the loyalty and staunchness of the race to which he belongs. At the very outset of the conflict the Premier, on behalf of the Province, forwarded six million pounds of good Canadian cheese, representing an outlay of over six hundred thousand dollars, to the Allies, a most timely and

serviceable gift. The Quebec Government on his initiative subsequently contributed one million dollars to the Patriotic Fund. It may incidentally be mentioned that the total contributions from the Province of Quebec to the Red Cross and Patriotic Funds amount to over six million dollars, and that there is hardly a single family in the whole of the Province that at one time or another since the beginning of the war has not made material donations such as clothes and comforts of various kinds for the soldiers and refugees, an action that has evoked the warmest praise from France, Belgium, and, in fact, from all the Allied countries. The Province, too, has subscribed for large amounts of the various Canadian war loans. In addition to this material aid, in itself of no mean value, thousands of gallant young French Canadians voluntarily joined the colours, and many of them have shed their blood and laid down their lives for the sacred cause of the Allies. The heroism displayed by the famous 22nd Battalion, composed exclusively of French Canadians, has furnished one of the most glorious chapters of the whole history of the war. Through that battalion alone, which has been maintained as a unit since the beginning of the war, nearly ten thousand French Canadians have passed, not one of the original complement remains and hundreds of those who belonged to the regiment have made the supreme sacrifice.

And whilst all this was being done quietly and unostentatiously, strange to say, a systematic campaign of misrepresentation and slander was being waged in certain quarters against the Province of Quebec and its people, who were represented as disloyal, recreant and unpatriotic. Through it all the head of the Province maintained his perfect poise. He did not even deign to notice the traducers of his people and his Province. Not that he was not deeply moved by the injustice of the attacks and the baseness of the motives which prompted

them, but he was content to allow time to vindicate his people and himself.

A time of stress showed the inherent strength of the man. While others were giving way to excitement and invective, and thus only adding fuel to the flames, he retained his calmness and serenity. The turbulence of popular clamour found him cool and unmoved at the helm of the grand old Province of Quebec. And that there is nothing provincial or sectional in his outlook, but that it is as broad as the Dominion itself, was shown by the notable speech which he made at the great *Bonne Entente* banquet in the city of Toronto. As one listened to that speech the thought asserted itself, "Surely after hearing such a discourse the extremists and fanatics who have been traducing the French Canadians will have a more exalted opinion of their fellow countrymen of French origin". It would be well indeed for the Dominion if all Canadians would take to heart the wise words uttered on that occasion by Sir Lomer Gouin and strive to understand and appreciate each other better than they do.

Without any pretensions to oratory Sir Lomer Gouin is a forceful and finished speaker. In debate on the floor of the Legislature he is particularly effective. With a full array of facts, or *bien documenté*, as it is expressively said in French, he is always master of his subject and rarely fails to convince his auditors. On notable or state occasions which demand more than a plain business discourse he is dignified with an eloquence that is a mark of his sincerity, and whatever the demand may be he is always equal to the occasion.

One of Sir Lomer Gouin's most notable characteristics is his staunch Canadianism. Like Cartier and Macdonald and other great Canadians of the past he has unbounded faith in the Dominion and in the great destiny that awaits it, and he believes that Canadians should be true to their country and firm in maintaining their

autonomy against all attempts to interfere with it. English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, it is his firm conviction, which he always emphasizes, should, whilst retaining their distinctive racial qualities, strive to work together harmoniously for the welfare of their common country and the advancement of the Dominion in whose future they are both equally interested.

Of course, no human being is perfect, but whatever defects Sir Lomer Gouin may have they are of a minor character and simply the natural compliments of his great qualities. By some he is regarded as somewhat reserved. But that reserve, which is an evidence of his sincerity is, as his intimate friends know, only on the surface. Beneath is to be found a warm and sympathetic nature, a temperament which while it is inclined to weigh men and events well before coming to a conclusion, is sure to be swayed by considerations of justice, fairness and equity. It is not always the popular politician, the good mixer, the hail-fellow-well-met individual, who has the true interests of the people most at heart. Too often superficial in his convictions, and insincere in his pretensions, such a one is apt to be lavish of promises but laggard in performances. It is in performances, not in promises, that Sir Lomer Gouin excels. His reserve is conducive to confidence, one of the greatest assets a public man can possess, for one instinctively feels in his presence that here is one who can be trusted to the utmost. As a result Sir Lomer Gouin enjoys the unquestioned confidence of both English and French-speaking Canadians and the warm regard and loyal co-operation of all his colleagues in the Government of the Province. His administrative capacity is best proved by the high position the Province has attained under his Premiership. And the Province which he has served so well and represented so worthily has good reason to be proud of him.

The Quebec Premier, in short, is one of those rare men who uniting to force of character and robustness of intellect an executive ability of high order, coupled with sound practical common-sense and good judgment, are best qualified to be at the head of a people in a time of crisis, who never losing their heads amidst the storms and passions of the hour, maintain their perfect calmness and serenity and guide the people to the haven of national honour and safety. It is such men who are more than ever required in Canada to-day. With such a man at its head, the idea of the Province of Quebec being isolated from the rest of the Dominion is as futile as it is foolish.

Quebec, it must always be remembered, is the pivotal Province of Confederation. It was made so by the founders of the Dominion, and as Lord Shaughnessy, whose eminent services entitle his utterances to special weight, has well observed, "The good old Province of Quebec will always remain the bulwark and strongest support of the Canadian Confederation notwithstanding the irritation and resentment sometimes displayed when the Province is criticized—and it must be said often mischievously—by a number of people whose efforts as citizens of the country should be directed towards a good understand and conciliation." Two million people with a leader of the calibre of Sir Lomer Gouin cannot be isolated, and if there are any who dream of such a thing they are likely to have an awakening.

In his private relations the Quebec Premier is particularly happy, being the head of an ideal household and enjoying the warm friendship of a large circle of staunch friends who know and appreciate his fine personal qualities. Lady Gouin, a lady of culture and great social charm, is a worthy helpmate to her distinguished husband. Of the Premier's sons one has distinguished himself by his brilliant scholarship and another is serving with the colours.

THE ESSENTIAL CONDITION OF PEACE

BY JOHN R. BONE



HE war will come to an end in one of two ways, first by negotiation, or second by the destruction of the enemy's armed forces, either by revolution at home or by defeat in the field.

It will help us to an appreciation of the task that still lies ahead if we consider the consequences of a peace by negotiation, either now or at any time in the future, and secondly, the probabilities of a German revolution coming to our assistance.

Peace by negotiation is regarded tolerantly by individual members of three or four widely divergent elements which have, however, one distinguishing feature in common. There are "international" financiers who see their private interests jeopardized by a prolongation of the war; there are at the other extreme, "international" Socialists to whom any international war is but as a curtain-raiser to the war against capital that is to come; there are dynastists, including possibly Lord Lansdowne, who since the Russian Revolution are in greater dread of social upheaval than they are of German militarism; and there may be other international organizations which see in any human discord, no matter how much to be deplored, nothing that is by comparison of vital importance to human welfare. The characteristic that is common to each of these groups is that they have an in-

ternational affection that is more important to them than their affection for the State in which they live. The fate of any nation, even their own, is not to them a matter of supreme consideration.

In this they differ from the great majority of their fellow men. Nevertheless the idea that peace is possible by negotiation has been and continues in a vague form widely prevalent. The numerous and continuous predictions that the war will be all over at some near date are evidences of the fact. And the idea that peace by negotiation is possible is based to some extent on the erroneous conception that the war is only or largely a struggle for territory, a conception which no doubt endures because of the insistence of the statement in early days that the British Empire entered the conflict primarily for the restoration of Belgium. While the restoration of Belgium remains an important issue, it is far from being the supreme issue.

If the possession of territory was the only issue involved then peace by negotiation is conceivable. The "war aims" announcements of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George and Von Hertling assume a real meaning. On the one hand we have the Allies asking for a list of things summarized like this: Evacuation of Russia; Belgium evacuated and restored; French territory freed; Alsace-Lorraine wrong righted; readjustment of

Italy's frontiers; autonomy in Austria-Hungary; Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro restored; autonomy in Turkey, and Dardanelles free; an independent Poland, with sea outlet.

We have Hertling, on the other hand, declining to acquiesce in any of these things, and making certain demands of his own, such as that Britain shall give up Gibraltar, Aden and Malta. "That's all right," say the peacemakers-by-negotiation, "both sides are bluffing. Let them get together and compromise. Set one item off against another until a balance is struck. Neither side regards all its demands as vital, and they can bargain." The world is full of compromise. A politician's ordinary routine of life is just one compromise after another. So, too, with lawyers. They are continually "settling" cases, reconciling irreconcilable clients. And so the lawyer-politician, who now looms so large among our trusted rulers, becomes the greatest compromiser on earth. Why cannot he compromise this like any other line-fence dispute?

The difficulty in bringing "Armageddon" to a close with a compromise, either now or at any date in the future when the battle-lines may be in an altered position, is that the possession of territory is not the supreme issue. Suppose the Kaiser and his Chancellor, suddenly abandoning their swash-buckling pose, announced to-morrow that they would concede every territorial claim suggested by America, Britain, France and Italy, and suppose that peace thereby ensued. A moment's consideration will demonstrate that such a peace would be no peace. You might call it a truce, but it would be only an armed truce. Germany, as it has been revealed in four trying years, would remain, unpunished, except as we ourselves have been punished, swaggering and impenitent. Her army of at least 5,000,000 men equipped and trained, and her formidable navy, would survive as the greatest menace that ever hung over a civilized world. As a military

force her army would be much more powerful than that which took the field in 1914. In self defence the western Allies would be obliged to maintain their armies at corresponding strength.

For the western Allies to maintain an adequate defence against an unrepentant Germany would involve a strain little less severe than the strain of war. Maintaining a standing army of millions, though a new experience for Anglo-Saxon nations, might not be impossible, but that alone would not be sufficient protection against disaster. This war has revealed the tremendous possibilities of two new weapons unheard of in any previous European war—the submarine and the aeroplane. What could Germany do in the construction of submarines and aeroplanes during say a five-years' "truce"? Unpunished for all her flagrant violations of international law, this time she need not observe the formality of even a declaration of war in the future. What could she do with a five-years' accumulation of aeroplanes and submarines launched on a day of peace without warning against England, and France, and Italy, and even America? Twenty-four hours might tell the tale.

Is it objected that Germany would not do such a thing? Why would she not? How does such a programme differ an iota in morality from that of a nation which in these last four years has without warning torn up treaties, has sunk hospital ships, has carried civilians into slavery, has murdered right and left at sea, has bombed open towns from land, air and sea, has driven women and children as a screen ahead of their advancing armies. Mr. Hilaire Belloc reminds us that the German is the inventor of these things in modern war. There was never much chivalry in war (begging the pardon of some romantic souls), but war as we knew it up to 1914 did *not* include these things. Germany established them as precedents, along with various other horrible concec-

tions, such as poison gas. They and every other conceivable atrocity, or treachery, or violation of law and right, will remain as the regular accompaniments of war in which the Germany we know to-day plays a part.

Would you guard against all these horrible menaces by a treaty? by a League of Nations? A treaty with whom? A League of Nations including whom? The present German dynasty and Government? *Any* German Government with an army of 5,000,000 men and a powerful navy?

The fact is a peace by negotiation is for us but a euphemism for defeat. We cannot compromise issues that are moral as distinguished from those that are merely territorial. How can we negotiate with Hertling's Germany an agreement as to the "sanctity of treaties"? How can we negotiate with Hertling's Germany an agreement as to future peace? Since the beginning there have been scoffers cynical of the idea that this is a war to end war. Would they be so good as to answer this question: Why else are we fighting? Have we adopted the Prussian point of view that war is a good thing in itself, and that in any case the earth's population needs killing off? Or is it that we are engaged in a mere exhibition of national strength or skill, staged like a ten-round bout, for the edification of the multitude? If so, and we are wearied, we had better call a halt at once. We can probably make about as good terms now as we shall be able to make at any time in the future antedating that of the "destruction of the armed forces of the enemy".

That phrase is the soldiers' definition of victory. It is the essential condition of peace. And yet it is curiously absent from the "war aims" speeches of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George. You will find it, however, in the review of last year's operations by the British Commander-in-Chief, wherein he declared that "the ultimate destruction of the enemy field forces has been brought appreciably nearer",

thereby indicating that the army, at least, has not in the haze and fog of "war aims" discussions, lost sight of the one definite objective that will bring peace.

Now, what are the prospects of destroying the enemy's armed forces through a revolution at home? The discussion is forced upon us by the suggestions of Mr. Wilson, who at one time at least was not for making war with the German people, and even of Mr. Lloyd George, who was willing to discuss peace conditions with the German people in a spirit different from that he would adopt with the German Government. The Germans are being urged to revolt by a whole school of writers—in Allied countries. At their head is Mr. H. G. Wells, the most widely-read writer in the English language, who declares that if the Allies only make their war aims clear enough he is sure there will be immediately a revolution in Germany.

It is true that during the past winter, as during that of two years ago, and for the same reason, we heard something of German suffering and riots and mutinies and threatened collapse. On the previous occasion the purpose was to induce relaxation in British preparations; to-day it is to throw the United States off guard. While the German nation may be uncomfortable in spots, the evidence so far as we have it is that they think they are winning the war, that they are just as content with their form of government as we are with ours, probably more so—that Bismarckian government of blood and iron in less than two generations has made modern Germany and promises world-dominion.

Is there any evidence of even the first symptoms of a German revolution? The man on the street has no such evidence, and he will avoid possible disillusionment if he doubts that such evidence exists. Scrutinize for yourself all the despatches bearing on the point, and weigh their value as real evidence. All of it can be at least

offset by evidence directly contradictory, and equally credible.

A German writer in *The Freie Zeitung*, a weekly journal published in Berne, says that the German military leaders exemplify the truth of the French proverb about appetite coming while eating, and that during the present war their lust after more wars is increasing. "It is already an open secret," says *The Freie Zeitung*, "that many of our leaders declare that peace can only be of short duration; that all Germany's aims have not been attained; that certain wrongs must be set right as quickly as possible; that the prestige of German arms must be restored in the sight of the world," etc.

Therefore, according to this German, who writes from Leipsic, the Germans are everywhere beginning rigorously to drill the rising generation of boys, and to drill them both physically and mentally.

Dr. Rosemeier, formerly political editor of *The Berliner Morgenpost*, now a political refugee in Switzerland, is another instance of a man well acquainted with modern Germany who yet holds out not the slightest prospect of her becoming genuinely more democratic, at any rate, not for the present.

The foregoing is gleaned from a despatch by Julian Grande, who concludes thus: "It will be seen, therefore, that the democratization of Germany may as yet be classed with chimeras and 'castles in the air' generally."

Mr. F. W. Wile, an American who for years before the war was Berlin correspondent of a London newspaper, and who since the war has conducted a "Germany Day by Day" column, writes:

"I have unrestricted 'access to German papers'. I read twenty-five or thirty every day. I have done so, with brief interruptions, ever since the beginning of the war. My eyes are growing positively dim from looking for reliable evidence of revolutionary sentiment in Germany. I cannot find it. I have never found anything a tithe

as revolutionary as Mr. Wells's own proposal that 'republican circles' should forthwith be organized in Great Britain. I never see articles one-half as 'up-heavalish' as those published every week in a certain organ in this country. The price of printing 'criticism' of that sort in Germany is suppression and hard labour, as Harden and Liebknecht know."

Hopes of revolution in Germany have in the last year been based on the example of Russia. Putting aside the question of why any other people should as yet desire to follow in the footsteps of Russia, it may be pointed out that even the Russian revolution did not occur as long as Russian arms were victorious. It will be time enough to look for signs of revolution in Germany after German armies have been punished as the Russians were.

So little is the German Government troubled with unrest at home that it has not found it necessary as yet to launch its great "peace offensive". At one time that offensive was expected during the winter season of 1917-1918. But the unparalleled military success in Italy at the close of the 1917 campaign, the peace with Ukrania and with Roumania, the evidences only recently visible of the utter collapse of Russia, and the opportunities thus promised of unlimited exploitation have done much to allay the alarms and sweeten the suffering of the Germanic masses. They are at least reconciled to, if not enthusiastic about, another season of conflict. At what precise moment the great peace offensive will be launched cannot be foretold. Certain it is that before utter collapse is confessed the use of that obvious strategy will not be neglected. Its subtle shock will come upon us at home and we will then need something of the fortitude with which our men at the front have withstood the shocks of armed offensives.

There is only one sure way to destroy the enemy's armed forces and that is on the field. That is the task before us. That was the task before Lincoln in the American Civil War. To revert to the peace-by-negotiation

phase for a moment it may be profitably recalled that Lincoln had no dearth of compromising advisers. How easy it would have been to compromise that dispute; how strong the pressure to put an end to a carnage in some respects as terrible as what has been reproduced in this war, and in some aspects such as the blood ties and sentimental relationship involved even more unnatural! Was there anything so very terrible in the prospect of a Southern Confederacy taking its place among the independent nations of the world? But that was a war to end war (also slavery), and it succeeded as far as this part of the world was concerned. It succeeded, not when the Confederate generals were at or near the crest of their success, not when the South was blockaded, not even when its people were starving, not when its army was in rags and went to battle barefoot. It succeeded when the "destruction of the armed forces of the enemy" was accomplished. Not before. If it was so essential to subdue and break the spirit of the South—the chivalrous, lovable South—how much more is it necessary utterly to subdue the monster that has arisen to dominate the world.

One is asked if one means by the "destruction of the enemy's armed forces" the total destruction of his army and his navy. That is just what one does mean. As forces capable of taking the field or the sea in such strength as to menace their neighbours, they must be killed, dissipated or surrendered. Some one says it can't be done. Obviously if Germany has anything like the spirit of the Southern States it will take a long time. But since when has difficulty frightened our western races from a necessary task? What a confession of incompetence to say it can't be done. It would be confession that all the scorn German autocrats have poured upon the ineffectiveness of democracy was justified. A favourite theme in Germany has been that the pretensions of democracy since the French Revolution

have been hollow and would clatter to the ground at the first touch of reality, as applied by Germany. The test has come. The democracy of the west is on trial. There is no use pleading that the test is unfair, that Germany took forty years to prepare. If conditions are unfair now, they are much less unfair than they were four years ago, and they will never be better, for to-day practically the whole world is arrayed against Germany.

Germany and her three allies do not number one hundred and fifty million people among them. The peoples who have declared war upon Germany number almost one thousand millions, excluding British and French dependencies. More than six to one, and it can't be done! Surely that is bowing the knee to German efficiency and German superiority with a vengeance. Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States alone before the war outnumbered Germany and Austria two to one. And while Russia is now counted out it must not be forgotten that before she stopped she took a notable toll of Teutonic man-power. Despite disappointments and reverses, the fact remains that no competent and resourceful military leader of history ever asked more favourable odds than those we still possess. These odds may be estimated by a study of the following table, which shows the various countries which are or have been at war and their populations:

GERMANY AND HER SUPPORTS.

Germany	66,715,000
Austria-Hungary	50,000,000
Bulgaria	4,755,000
Turkey	21,274,000
	<hr/>
	142,744,000

ARRAYED AGAINST GERMANY.

Australia	4,455,000
Belgium	7,571,000
Brazil	22,992,000
Canada	8,000,000
China	413,000,000
Cuba	2,406,000
France	39,601,000
Great Britain	40,834,000
Greece	5,000,000
Italy	35,598,000
Japan	53,696,000

Liberia	2,060,000
Montenegro	520,000
New Zealand	1,099,000
Panama	386,000
Portugal	5,857,000
Roumania	7,600,000
Russia	175,000,000
San Marino	10,000
Serbia	4,600,000
South Africa	5,973,000
United States	102,826,000
	939,084,000

(In addition there are numerous other British and French possessions, including India and Egypt, whose population and resources are at least to some extent available, and a still growing list of other states, including Bolivia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Peru, Uruguay, who have severed diplomatic relations with Germany).

Obstacles such as length of communication, the U-boat menace, independent councils, are difficulties surely not insuperable. The task is merely a challenge to military genius, to talents for organization and inventiveness, to capacity for endurance, to the efficiency of democracy, and in the last analysis to its ability to protect itself from destruction.

We only delude ourselves by considering peace by negotiation possible or an early revolution in Germany probable. There is no choice but to go to the bitter end, though that bitter end can be reached only by conflict hard and long. In saying this, one does not forget the sacrifices that have been made, the further sacrifices that are involved in going on. Involved are injustices which under war conditions are springing up everywhere, and wrongs crying out for adjustment, but which in some instances at least must wait until the Great Wrong has been righted.

It may be urged that even when the enemy's armed forces are destroyed and peace is thereby achieved, it will

be impossible to prevent Germany immediately starting to build up a fresh armed force. This calamity would at worst be the lesser of the evils confronting us. But there is also to be said that Germany need be left with no rankling grievance except salutary realization of defeat, and the memory of a distorted and therefore justly thwarted ambition. If the German nation has all the good sense we are sometimes told it has, it will accept the chastisement and reform. If it has not, other measures will have to be taken. Mr. Wilson stipulates that there must be "adequate guarantees" for disarmament. With the whole world agreeing, it ought to be possible to find such guarantees, even in the face of German opposition—when Germany herself is disarmed.

There can be no peace with such a foe without victory. And it must be victory that we can recognize when we see it, not one that we shall have to argue about to discover whether it is a victory or not. It must be a victory such as was typified by the rout at Waterloo or by the surrender of Lee to Grant.

In those historic days in August, 1914, when we did not know what was going to happen next minute, but when we were all so sanguine—oh, so sanguine—I found that in the newspaper office where I labour we did not have type that seemed to be large enough to express what our feelings would be if the conflict suddenly reached its grand climax. Accordingly, I borrowed seven poster-type letters from a poster printing office, and had a zinc engraving made of an eight-column heading which I considered would be suitable for the occasion when it came. Those seven letters were V-I-C-T-O-R-Y. For forty-four months that zinc engraving has been lying on my desk. Some day it is going to come in useful.

MY GARDEN

By ANNIE BETHUNE McDUGALD

THE chill of March upon my heart,
And April tears in the eye,
And my wonting steps on the garden path,
Where my friends all sleeping lie;
And in the sedgy hollows,
Where deepest lay the snow,
The faint, first glimmering of the grass
Gives but a greenish glow
To the new-bared earth, all redolent
Of the wonders that lie below;
And the earthy smell of last year's leaves,
Less pungent of regret,
Than of strength to give,
And again to live
In each radiant blossom's debt.

Your forms are hid, yet I feel you near,
'Neath the oozy, wrinkled loam;
But other hands shall tend you,
And greet you when you come.
For I may not turn my garden!
The gate from its latch swings free,
The road winds out like a ribbon,
There's a call on the wind for me.
Oh! rather the ache of a burden
And the gird of tired feet,
The heat, and dust of the highway,
Than dreams, and the garden sweet.
And it's ever the Treasure just over the hill,
And ever the soul-thirst quest,
And the rise and fall, 'till we rise no more,
And the shadows grow in the west.

Soon the daffodils will put to shame the pussy willow's down,
For the gold beneath, and the sun above, have woven for them a gown.
To a waiting world is their promise,
As ever the seasons run,
A cup to catch the rain drops,
A shield to reflect the sun.

Sun and rain! Sun and rain!
Life after death, joy after pain!
In your earthy bed
You were not dead,
And you rise again!

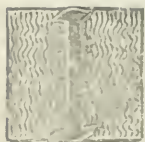
Just here the myriad points of green
 Are pushing through the sod,
 In all their matchless purity, their way is short from God.
 Hiding within each deep green sheaf,
 The waxen chime that rings
 For lambs, and babes, and all young things,
 Fraught with a holy mirth,
 Which cannot reach our older ears
 Now dulled and clogged by earth.
 And the smooth green mast of the rose-bush
 Flings out the flag of green,
 To herald the coming, and deck the bower,
 For they are bringing the Queen.

Oh, wanton, wanton poppies! In ever-widening patch,
 You'll spring again the sun to greet, the butterfly to match
 In colour, passion's orgy, like the dreams thou canst distill,
 Or saddest tints of mauve, or gray, the saintly reverie fill.
 You'll coo and softly murmur with silken swish and nod,
 "Peace! Peace! Come drink the magic nectar of our pod."
 And, whispering low, to hide your foul and fetid breath:
 "We dower the weary heart with sleep,
 The hopeless heart with death."
 As Eve from that First Garden pursued her hurried flight,
 And the flowers all hid their heads and wept the perfumed dew of night.
 The wicked poppy whispered, "I hold within my pod,
 A talisman to charm your grief, a challenge to your God;
 He offers you but pain and work, and weary care and fret.
 I give, at will, earth's only ease,
 To sleep and to forget."
 And to Eve's guilty bosom the temptress flowers she pressed,
 And thus the poppies ever bloom upon the wilderness.
 The noisy, bold nasturtiums, with all their blatant crowd,
 Will riot through the summer with colour bright and loud;
 And still with blossom running o'er,
 Nor choice of soil nor sun
 To cover every ugly spot, their busy race they'll run,
 Till the pale tints die, and the dhalias bud and blow,
 And the windflowers and the asters stand shivering in the snow,
 And every laggard rising sun brings the death of summer nigher,
 And the sumachs and the maples will light the funeral pyre,
 And the wind in the tall, bare tree-tops sing a requiem sad and drear,
 And a pall as white as a new-purged soul will silently cover the bier.

Sun and rain! Sun and rain!
 The shadows grow and the shadows wane!
 Could you struggle so,
 Could you blossom and blow,
 Were it all in vain?

ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT

BY MAY HUTCHINSON



DON'T see your ducks, McCarthy," observed Dr. Drummond.

He looked with a twinkle in his eyes at a man who entered the hotel bar and who, being plentifully besmirched and carrying a shot-gun, had presumably been shooting.

McCarthy deposited the gun in a corner, and held up two fingers to the bar-tender as an indication of the amount of refreshment required. "I haven't seen them, either," he said agreeably.

"There was plenty on the lake Tuesday," said Drummond, between puffs of his worn pipe.

"I don't know what there was Tuesday, but there weren't any today, and what there were were as wild as two legs and two wings apiece could make 'em," said McCarthy, who had been born and bred in the West, but who was still Irish. "There was a durned Indian with a squaw and a tepee at the south end of the lake, and I guess he's shot half of them and skered the other half."

"Likely. Queer place to camp," said the doctor meditatively. "It's not on the straight trail, anywhere."

"You can't account for Indians. Maybe they're on their honeymoon," suggested McCarthy. "Bad luck to them, anyway. Will you come to-morrow, and try the big slough north of the town?"

The doctor declined the invitation, and went home, pondering upon the

migratory red men who interested him more than ducks.

Three nights later he was smoking a last pipe before going to bed, when he heard the soft thudding of a shoeless horse's feet. The sound ceased at his verandah, and he hoisted himself regretfully from his chair and knocked out his pipe-ash against the bar of the stove. He opened the door as the rider mounted the verandah steps.

In the light which streamed out the doctor saw the figure of a tall Indian, and met the gaze of a pair of sombre dark eyes. The man's dress bore no tribal mark, but after one glance, Drummond confidently put a question in the soft, Cree tongue, and was promptly answered. The Indian was camping at the Lake of the Black Water, and his squaw was sick, and he had heard that the medicine-man was wise and of a good heart. Therefore he came to ask help.

The doctor asked one or two questions, which were answered intelligently, and in ten minutes he was riding out into the dark with the Cree at his horse's flank.

It was cold, the gusty wind was bitter with the chill of coming winter, and the loneliness of the prairie night was profound and terrible. Drummond had faced it for twenty years, but he never ceased to recognize it, and now, following the little used trail to the lake, it struck him with fresh force. He imagined the little wind-beaten tent beside the black stretch

of water, and the stranger life suffering in uncomfortable pain; his mind carried him to luxurious sick beds he had once known, to carefully tended weakness, to the alleviations of science and wealth, and though the night was wild and keen, and there was no reward in view beyond a glimpse of a strange and alien life, Drummond quickened his horse's pace, and looked ahead with sympathetic impatience.

The lake lay ten miles south-westward of the town, within sight of the bush which in places forms the frontier line between Manitoba and Dakota, and out of the track of farms. The land round it was waste, and even in summer when the scattered bluffs on the margin were in leaf, and the life of reeds and sedges was awake, it had an aspect of desolation. Drummond had never known it by night, but he had imagined it. He wondered if the Indian riding in silence behind him felt the chill of the waste places of the earth as a white man must always feel them.

The long ride drew to an end, and they came within sound of the sobbing water and the wrenching of the wind-torn trees. The Indian drew ahead, and broke his silence, glancing over his shoulder at the doctor.

"I guide—the trail breaks here. The tepee is to the south," he said; and Drummond recognized tense control in the deep, even tones. It seemed that this squaw must be better loved than is usual with the patient domestic chattel of the red man.

The wash of the water sounded close and presently a horse neighed near by and was answered by the Indian's pony. Then the dimly luminous outline of the tepee showed through the darkness, and Drummond drew up and dismounted. The Indian lifted the tent-flap and let the doctor pass in.

The interior was like all Indian dwelling-places, except that it was unusually clean and orderly. The sick woman was lying on a pile of skins against the canvas wall, one thin arm flung across her eyes. Before the doc-

tor could do more than glance at her, the Indian passed him and dropped on his knee beside his wife, drawing back the sheltering arm to look into the hidden face. Drummond bent forward also, and presently touched the man's shoulder.

"Go out and wait, my friend," he said. "I call if need comes."

The Indian rose and went out, and as far as could be seen in the flickering light his dark face was expressionless.

The wind was rising to a gale, and tore round the little tent in fierce gusts. The deep voice of the lake cried through the darkness and the threshing of the tree-branches answered. In the short pauses between the gusts, Drummond could hear the pacing of the moccasined feet on the shingle before the tent. When he lifted the flap half an hour later the Indian was beside him in a moment.

"I think your wife will live; the child is dead," he said slowly, and he spoke in English.

The man did not answer, but passed quickly inside. When the doctor followed he was kneeling beside the bed, and his head was bent low as he kissed the little brown hands. They moved under his touch, and the girl's eyes opened.

"It's all right, Rupert—don't worry," she whispered.

The wind dropped suddenly, and there was almost silence for a moment. Only the troubled waves broke on the shingle.

The man was to his feet and faced the doctor. His eyes were keen and defiant, but there was almost a humorous twist to the firm mouth.

"I had much feared that you would see through the stain," he said composedly. "A Cree would hardly see anything wrong with me, but she"—he looked down at the slender figure on the skins, at the thin little face with its fine lines, at the soft, tumbled hair so unlike the straight locks of a squaw—"nothing could make her anything but a white girl." He paused a moment, and his mouth hardened

into fighting lines. "My name is Maxwell, of Toronto, and if you have read the papers lately you will probably have seen it. I suppose you can't be expected to see things in the same light as we do—"

The doctor made a movement of interruption.

"As it happens, I've hardly opened the papers for some days. I know your name—you are a Toronto lawyer—but I don't know what you've been doing the last week or two. I don't want to know. I guess every man's conscience is his own affair, and as to that—child"—he looked down at the worn young face at his feet—"if she's sinned, she's paying, with interest. I'll come out again to-morrow, and as far as I am concerned there are only a couple of Indians at the lake.

The stoniness of the dark face broke as Maxwell held out his hand.

"You can take it, there's nothing worse than brown stain on it," he said. "I thought you were a good man. What am I to do until you come back?"

Drummond gave careful directions and some final attention to the girl. She was drowsy with weakness, and only roused a little when Maxwell touched or spoke to her. But when the doctor lifted her hands to feel the faint pulse, she tore it from him with the strength of delirium.

"You drive me mad if you touch me! Oh God! Don't let him touch me!" she gasped, cringing. And as the weakness seized her again—"It makes me mad!" she whispered. "It makes me mad!"

Maxwell's arm slipped beneath the hard pillow, and his other hand pressed the anguished face against his shoulder.

"He shan't touch you beloved—you're safe from him," he said, with an undercurrent of fierce anger in his low tones.

The doctor lifted the swinging tent-flap and faced the darkness. The terror in the girl's voice told him much. The memory of some hated touch was full of horror for her, horror that

haunted her unconsciousness; and case-hardened as Drummond was by the hard schooling of the West, he felt nothing but pity as he rode home.

As often happens in such cases, he found half the tongues of the town ready to elucidate the matter wherein Rupert Maxwell, of Toronto, was involved. He would have preferred to leave the Indians as Indians, and he had resolved to be uninterested in the papers, but after various hotel and side-walk tribunals had asked his opinion on what was evidently a sensational case, he went home and read the fullest account he could find. That was saying a good deal. The columns rioted in detail and conjecture, denunciation, and wonderment. Drummond let the embellishment go and made a summary for his own use.

It seemed that Reginald Burnaby, a man prominent in Toronto social life, had a week before been found in his own dining-room shot through the heart, and that his young wife had disappeared in company with Rupert Maxwell, the well-known lawyer. The servants had seen them leave the house together a few minutes after the shot was fired. Mr. Burnaby had been fond of revolver shooting, and was in the habit of practising in a small gallery opening from the dining-room, which accounted for the fact that the servants were not alarmed by the shot. Beyond these facts the only clear conclusion to be formed from the mass of incoherence was that Reginald Burnaby was not in any sense a great loss to the world. In spite of his wealth and social position, and the merciful glamour cast by death, no voice was so bold as to claim for him the title of "good". And the murderess was a gentle girl of eighteen, married from her convent at Quebec less than a year before.

Drummond thought it all over as he rode out to the lake the next evening. He had known a good many criminals in his varied life, and a fair percentage of them had borne the guise of innocence; and in this case the problem of the woman's soul was not

his point of greatest interest. He had no idea what spirit was held in that frail body, behind that worn, childish face, and he thought it very possible that he would never find out. But the man he understood. He realized that whatever the end might be Maxwell would make a good fight; and Drummond loved a good fighter.

The wind had dropped during the day, but as he neared the lake the lapping of the still restless water drowned the hoof-beats, and there was no movement within the tepee when Drummond dismounted. A corner of the flap hung loose, and he could see the lighted interior, and Maxwell sitting on the ground by the girl's side, busy with the stitching of a beaded moccasin such as the Indians sell as curiosities. His supple brown fingers worked deftly, and his crouching attitude and immobile face were so absolutely true as to rouse the doctor's admiration afresh. He moved away quietly, and approached again with a clatter of pebbles, and the tent was opened to him as he reached it.

The girl had gained strength, and had rallied wonderfully, and though she said nothing beyond a whispered "thank you" when Drummond was leaving, she was fully conscious and comprehending. Her eyes were of great beauty and depth, and they were always his chief memory of her.

When he left the tent Maxwell followed, and the two stood for a minute in silence.

"You're making for the coast?" Drummond suggested presently.

Maxwell nodded and glanced over his shoulder into the tent.

"I must get her out of this before winter sets in," he said. "I know the country, and the Indians will help me. I've done a lot of Government work in the Reserves, and I have friends in most of the tribes." He made no effort to exculpate or explain away the crime, and the doctor appreciated the omission. He had generally found explanations anything rather than enlightening.

"It'll be two weeks at least before

you can move," he said, and suddenly Maxwell broke out with unusual passion.

"It's a refinement of cruelty that we must be stopped by this—the birth of his child."

Drummond shrugged his shoulders. He had seen a great deal of the irony of circumstance.

"Well," he said, as he moved to his horse, "I'll bring word if I hear anything you'd like to know."

For three weeks he went regularly to the lake, generally late in the evening. The Indian summer blazed over the dead prairie and died away.

Aurey Burnaby collected her strength rapidly, which gave a hint of the buoyant youth that had been wrecked. She never spoke of her crime, and rarely of other matters, but once on a quiet night of clear starlight, when she stood with Maxwell and the doctor by the water's edge, she broke her barrier of silence and showed a glimpse of the hungry youth that survived the shocks of disillusioned womanhood.

"There must be places in the world," she said, "where there's no one to judge, no one to hunt poor, hurt creatures. Rupert and I will find one, and colonize it, and I shall learn to love the sun again. Here in the quiet and the dark it seems so simple and so attainable."

Drummond looked at the girl's face, white and wistful in the dim gleam of the stars. The Indian blanket hung loosely on the frail shoulders, and as the low voice ceased he saw her hand go out to cling to Maxwell's broad shoulder. She was a child, and she had killed the man who had broken her as a child flings a stinging insect from its hand—with a gesture and a cry of fear. Drummond shrugged his shoulders again at the law which called her a murderess.

The day after, violent winds lashed the dry plains, and by four o'clock a dark night of storm had begun.

The doctor looked in at the hotel at about seven o'clock, but there were few men there, and he was leaving

when a hand dropped on his shoulder and he turned to meet a face he had known well many years before. It was that of a Winnipeg police-sergeant, known as Levett, though it was generally understood that he had borne another name before he joined the force. He was a clever man, and an artist in his work; and he had never been known to let sentiment in any form interfere with his relentless performance of it.

Drummond looked at him with only natural surprise in his steady eyes.

"What brings *you* so far off the track of crime?" he inquired. "You are not travelling for your health, I guess."

The man laughed.

"Call it the public health. It's a long time since you and I studied the shades of Montreal together. Come and have a drink!"

When they were settled by the stove and the bartender had vanished for a gossip with the cashier, Levett answered at length.

"I can tell you I'm on the Toronto murder case—Burnaby and Maxwell. I took it over from the Toronto men when they'd carried it as far as my limit. I guess I've about finished it."

"That so? I haven't seen any criminals knocking around," commented Drummond.

Levett puffed at his pipe meditatively and the doctor watched him, with his mind steadying itself for action.

"A man can't get a woman off, nine cases out of ten," said the sergeant. "Maxwell could have lost himself; he's shot and fished with the red men most summers for the last fifteen years and when he dresses as a Cree, he is one. But Mrs. Burnaby's trail was as cleanly marked out as a high road. They're camping at the Blackwater Lake, I've heard."

"Oh, that couple! McCarthy told me an Indian had a tepee and a squaw somewhere round there," said Drummond. He paused and drank pretty deeply from the glass beside him. "When do you take them?"

Levett glanced quickly at the clock.

"I'm waiting for two of my men who've been reconnoitring north. They'll be back in a couple of hours, and I'll give them an hour's rest, and we'll be off soon after midnight. I calculate to take them east by the morning express. Will you come along and see the thing through?"

Drummond rose and glanced also at the clock.

"I'll hardly be back in time. I've got to ride out in another direction, but I'll join you if I can manage it. Good luck, anyway."

He left the sergeant sitting by the stove, and went out into the wind. He walked rapidly down the street and along the bit of trail that led to his house, and spent a quarter of an hour there mixing some medicines and talking to his housekeeper, a soft-eyed, half-breed woman, who had been married to an Indian. It took her most of the fifteen minutes to trace some hieroglyphics upon a piece of paper which the doctor pocketed carefully when he went out.

There was a lull in the storm as he turned his horse on to the trail, and the thick darkness closed upon him, and whispered round him with the voices that murmur over all desert places in the time of sleep. When the wind rose again, drowning them, it was as the roar of a violent sea overwhelming faint human cries.

"What a night for a ride from the law! And, good Lord, that delicate child!" muttered Drummond. "And they've only a chance in a thousand! Only a chance!"

The wind was at his back as his horse settled into the cross trail leading west to the lake. He raised his head, and felt the straight force of it as it sang and whistled past him. It was a quick ride, but it seemed a weary length of time before the sound of water forced itself through the wind. As he neared the tepee he gave the whistle which was his usual signal, and Maxwell was outside in an instant.

"Anything up?" he asked sharply.

Drummond followed him into the tent, and gave an anxious glance at the girl. She looked frail and colourless, but she met his eyes bravely.

"Yes, you must get on," Drummond said shortly. He looked away from the pitiful girl's figure, and explained rapidly to the man, who met the blow with an unmoved face.

"You've risked a lot for us. I won't try and thank you," he said as the doctor finished. "We'll get on, Audrey." He moved nearer to her, and laid his strong brown hand on her shoulder with a protecting assurance that meant more than a caress. "It'll be all right, little girl. Help her get ready, will you, while I see to the horses?"

He went out, and Drummond helped in the packing of the small bundles which were all two wandering Indians might carry; saw that the girl was warmly wrapped, and gave her the strong stimulant he had prepared in the time he spent at home. They left the tent standing, and carried the two bundles out to where Maxwell waited with the ponies.

The storm whirled round them, and the darkness lay like a tremendous curtain across their path. The bitter desolation of it struck on Drummond's heart, and he struggled to express something of a man's sympathy for the hunted girl standing silently and patiently beside him. He could say nothing, but as he lifted her on her pony perhaps something in the kind touch of his strong arms spoke for him, and she looked down with a sudden smile, which beautified her face. Drummond never forgot the lovely eyes, radiant and young, which looked down at him from their most delicate background.

"Don't trouble about us," she said, "whatever happens."

"Nothing's going to happen to you," he answered. "But don't ride west! You hear, Maxwell? Go back on your tracks, due east, and make for Lake Superior; with luck you'll get there before winter. There's a tribe of Cree camping there, and my house-

keeper was the wife of one of their head men. He's dead, but Indians don't forget, and they'll remember her. Give them this letter, and they will give up their own children before they'll let you be taken." He put the paper into the girl's hand, which he still held. "Don't be afraid of the risks. Trust me, and look back in an hour, and you'll see I've hidden your trail!"

He let go the little hand, and stepped back. A frantic gust of wind swooped down on them, and the two wiry buckskin bronchos plunged away into the crashing dark. Drummond stood still for a moment; then went back into the tent. He glanced round, with his hand on the lamp, and noticed a basket of Audrey's faulty manufacture lying half finished on the floor. He took it up, put out the light, and left the little battered tepee to its stormy solitude.

He rode slowly along the homeward trail, looking often through the darkness towards the south. The little-used track by which the fugitives had fled ran parallel with his, but several miles nearer to the southern boundary of the bush. In about half an hour he had ridden a couple of miles, and after a moment's pause to satisfy himself that the wind had not veered, he dismounted, and with his bridle over his arm, walked off the trail for a few yards among the deeper grass of the prairie. He found a dried tussock under the lee of a small thicket of saskatoon and choke cherry, and in a momentary drop of the wind stooped and carefully struck a couple of matches, shielding them very anxiously with hands and coat. They flickered for a moment; then the tindery grass caught, blew to sparks, caught again and flared. When the tussock was well alight, and the dry twigs of the saskatoon bushes were catching, he left the wind to finish the work and walked on to start another small fire fifty yards in a straight line from the first. For half an hour he worked, until a line of fire ran brokenly from north to south for a hundred yards.

"Fifty dollars for starting a prairie fire, old man," he remarked grimly to his nervous horse, as he led him back to the trail. "And considerably more than a fifty-dollar fine for aiding and abetting criminals to escape. We ought to have learnt a bit more sense."

He patted the tired horse's neck, mounted and rode rapidly away from the growing line of fire, looking back many times to notice how the thin flicker grew and rose until a wind-driven flame leaped far towards west and south. He shook the reins, bent his head to the wind, and wearied horse and man forced their way towards home.

He met the sergeant and his men at the corner of the main street. They were watching the red glare in the west.

"That'll have spoilt your game, Levett," observed Drummond, reining up. "I've been watching it. They must be well on their way west by this. You won't catch them; but the chances are that the fire will."

"Yes. I've come to a baulk. They will be riding ahead of that, and it's small use riding behind it," agreed Levett.

Drummond hung the untidy little basket among an odd collection of relics in his rooms. Nearly a year later a passing Indian left on the doctor's doorstep a fine pair of Moose horns and a splendid skin of the rare black fox, from "A. and R. In gratitude and remembrance". And the world that knew them never heard again of Audrey Burnaby and Rupert Maxwell.





A FRESH BREEZE

From the Painting by H. Ivan Neilson, Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club



UNCLE NORMAN'S PORTRAIT



BY ESTELLE M. KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



COULD stand it no longer. The only thing to do was to move.

"Why, what's wrong with the house? You used to like it," said my

husband.

"Wrong! Everything's wrong!" I cried. "The cellar stairs, the attic, the paper in the spare bedroom, the dining-room—especially the dining-room—have got on my nerves."

"The dining-room has got on your nerves? But why?"

I bit my lip. My husband must never know the truth, so I summoned a few tears to the rescue.

"You'll be sorry when you find me cold and white and still at the bottom of the cellar stairs," I blubbered.

"But, darling—"

"And I'm simply crazy about the house opposite! The people who lived there have just moved out, and it's got the cutest little sitting-room and such a pretty paper in the hall!"

"Oh, divine house opposite! Charming house opposite! What is man's own dull, uneventful home compared with life in that glorious house opposite? If only I might dwell forever in the house opposite!"

"John, dear, what *are* you talking about?"

"Nothing. It's something I read in a book. Do you realize that, if we do move across the street, this humble dwelling you now scorn will assume all the charm of the house opposite?"

"But, John—" I began to whimper again.

"Well, well, cheer up. To-morrow we'll make a closer inspection of the house opposite."

As soon as he had gone I danced for joy. I ran into the dining-room—that hateful dining-room—and shook my fist in the face of the hideous glazed crayon portrait that leered at me from above the sideboard. I had never dared to do such a thing before, and the cold gray eyes of Uncle Norman, which followed me as I moved about the room putting away the breakfast things, looked even more sinister than usual. He seemed to mock me and say:

"I'll get even with you yet!"

But I shook my fist in his face once more and cried:

"You won't! You won't! You won't!"

Some people might think it was easier to move that portrait than all the rest of our household goods, but, then, they don't know my husband. He is the dearest man in the world

and lets me have my own way in everything that really matters; but when he makes up his mind about some trivial little thing, I can talk till I'm black in the face, and nothing will move him.

How a perfectly charming man like my husband could be related to Unele Norman is a mystery, and yet—though I don't like to admit it—when he is cross there is just the faintest little resemblance, and that makes me hate all the more to have that dreadful crayon portrait he gave us for a wedding-present hanging in front of me at every meal.

Uncle Norman seemed awfully pleased to see it there on the one occasion he came to visit us. He gave Tom (my husband's brother) the very same thing when he was married last year; and it's the only thing he ever did give to his dead sister's children! But Tom's wife wouldn't have it hanging in her home—not she! I pretended to be awfully interested in her house—though it's hopelessly dull—and made her take me all over it just to see if she had Uncle Norman hidden away somewhere, and she hadn't—unless she keeps him in the maid's bedroom. Threw him into the ash-bin more likely!

I told my husband, and he said it was all the more reason that we should show respect to his mother's brother, and so I decided that the only thing for us to do was to move. It is so easy to lose things when you're moving!

One reason we didn't want to leave this neighbourhood is the same reason for which we first chose it—it is so far from any of our relations. That is one of the many things my husband and I have in common—a dislike of relations. Of course, mine aren't so bad, though even they are a little interfering at times.

The more we saw of the house opposite the better we liked it. It was more expensive than ours, but being of trusting dispositions we decided that our income would probably ac-

commodate itself to this fact, and increase, too. And then, as though in direct answer to our prayers, Unele Norman died. There our trusting dispositions displayed themselves once more, for Unele Norman's will was a most uncertain thing. He might leave his money to an orphan's home, for anything we knew! But that made no difference whatever to our plans for moving. My husband would be more loyal to a dead uncle than to a live one, whether he left us any money or not; and the portrait would become a permanent fixture! Besides, it was too late to turn back, for our plans were made, the lease signed and the date of moving set.

We thought that moving across the street would be a comparatively simple matter. If you have any such idea in your head, forget it! Move to a new town; move to a distant suburb, and expressmen, cartage agents and railroads will unite to lend you aid; but move across the road and all the world turns against you!

My husband said he knew how it would be; I would want him to "just run over" with everything. As this was exactly what I had in mind, I denied it indignantly.

"Not at all," I said, "I mean to have expert packers and movers! Of course, you might carry the grandfather's clock, and a few breakable little things like that." It is funny how trustful young wives are.

I made a list of everything that should be done, on the back of an envelope. I love making lists. Unfortunately I always lose them; but I remembered that the first item was "van", and the next "packer".

There was a fluffy little girl in the "van" office, extraordinarily business-like. She wouldn't let me tell her about the glorious house opposite and how inconvenient ours was—the cellar stairs especially.

"Name?" she cried in such a fierce manner that I crossed my hands in front of me and said: "Mary Elizabeth."



"I watched him anxiously as he crossed the street, balancing the tall clock on his back!"

"Address?"

"Number four, Chestnut Road."

"Date of moving?"

I told her the first date that came into my head. It happened to be my birthday.

"How many vans do you require?"

"Just one."

"Double or single?"

"That depends on the size of the van."

"Not at all," she replied severely.

"It depends on the size of the house. How do you know that your furniture will all go into one van?"

"But it could make two trips."

"Strictly against the rules. Better be on the safe side and engage two double vans."

"Oh, very well," I replied meekly.

"Now, where to?"

Number five, Chestnut Road."

"I have that address. Now I want to know where you are moving to?"

"We are moving to the house opposite."

The young woman slammed her book with extraordinary emphasis. "Then why do you want two double vans?"

"I don't. That was your idea. My husband refuses to carry everything, so I want a van to back up to one house, and then turn around and back up to the other. Of course, if they prefer to take a turn around the block—"

"Step aside," said the young lady; "don't you see that there is a custom-er waiting?"

Next on the list was a packer. His prices proved high, but he was so polite that I didn't mind. Then I went to a railway station and engaged a porter to come with that push-cart thing he uses for trunks. He promised to come early, and I gave him my address on the back of an envelope. I expect that was how I came to lose my list.

At last the day arrived and everything was packed—everything but the grandfather's clock and a few mirrors and priceless bits of china that I would trust to none but my husband. The professional packer had done his work thoroughly. He even packed the butter and eggs I had left in a little bag on the kitchen table for our breakfast. We had nothing but tea and dry bread.

"Never mind," I said; "just think, we shall dine together this evening in the house opposite. Now run across with the clocks and china, then go to your office, and forget all about it. When you come home I shall be nicely settled in the new house."

I watched him anxiously as he crossed the street, balancing the tall clock on his back. One of the neighbours stopped to ask him why he didn't carry a watch instead. I expect that was what made him tumble and break everything. But I am glad it wasn't the professional packer who smashed them.

"I am so sorry I can't stay and

help you," said my husband. "I would have come home early if they hadn't chosen this particular afternoon for reading Uncle Norman's will. Well, I hope I'll have good news for you when I return."

He kissed me, and I called after him, "And don't forget dinner at six-thirty in the house opposite!"

As soon as he had gone, I brought a step-ladder, lifted Uncle Norman from above the sideboard and placed him with a lot of other junk in the cellar, and heaved a sigh of relief. There were several other wedding-presents among them; three plated silver squirrels carrying a cut-glass card-tray (chipped) on their heads; a cruet-stand; a hand-painted fire-screen from Aunt Eliza; and the framed motto, "There's no Place Like Home", worked in faded wool. I regarded them with some misgivings. Possibly my husband would not approve; but still he didn't like them any more than I did.

The odd-job man I had engaged from the Salvation Army arrived promptly, and I showed him the accumulated rubbish of our married life, which I was generously donating to the association he represented. He seemed properly grateful, and promised to see that it was removed immediately. So with a mind at ease, I sat down to play the piano, pending the arrival of the porter. Ten o'clock came, eleven, and still no porter. The Salvation Army man was nowhere to be seen, so I decided to carry a few things over myself. Some cushions, a chair or two—it was rather fun, and the new drawing-room certainly looked better. I added a few pictures, the coal-scuttle—each article helped in the general effect; then the Salvation Army man appeared mysteriously from the cellar.

"Everything is gone, ma'am," he said.

"But I didn't see any wagon."

"No, I carried them."

Carried them! Here was I complaining of lifting a few things across



"I showed him the accumulated rubbish of our married life"

the road while this poor man had taken that dreadful rubbish all the way to the salvage department. I was so glad to think I would never see them again, the broken crockery, the hand-painted wedding-presents, the framed photographs of my husband's family! I slipped a dollar bill into his hand.

"Now will you stay and help me to carry some things across? Just the little things," as he glanced doubtfully at the piano.

But there were so few little things. The packer had seen that everything was put into enormous boxes, to correspond with his bill. I gave the Salvation Army man another dollar, and sent him to hunt up the delinquent porter. He did not return: the porter did not come. At six o'clock my husband ran gleefully up the steps and flung open the door.

"Dinner ready in the new house?" he cried. At that moment I hated him, but he proved sympathetic.

"Never mind. We can spend one more night in the old homestead."

"But everything is packed!" I cried hysterically.

"What you need is a cup of strong tea."

"But the gas isn't turned on, and I haven't had a thing to eat! I lost my list, and there isn't any electric light, or milk, or anything!"

"Well, never mind, we can go down town for dinner. Sorry I couldn't be here, but Uncle Norman's will—"

"Is it all right?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes, we get half the estate, possibly all. There was a condition, but I doubt if Tom can qualify—he looks rather worried—and I know we can. Come, let's have a look at the new domain before we go!"

"Alas, it was no longer the house opposite, but our own faulty residence. The hall was dark. Why had we not inspected it on a sunshiny day? The dining-room needed to be papered; there were draughts around the bay windows, and a crack in the drawing-room ceiling.

"We won't notice it so much when the furniture is here," I said.

"We'll feel it just the same when the plaster begins to fall," he retorted pessimistically.

"There is one good thing about moving that compensates for a lot of trouble, one gets rid of such a surprising amount of rubbish. You have no idea what a lot of things I sent to the Salvation Army."

"You didn't by any chance send Uncle Norman's portrait?"

"Why, what made you think of such a thing?" I said evasively.

"Did you or did you not?" My husband almost shook me and I burst out crying. At that he ran out of the house and up the steps of our old home.

"It is gone!" he exclaimed tragically when he returned. "I've telephoned for a taxi."

"My dearest, I had no idea you valued it or I wouldn't have dreamed—"

"Woman!" cried my husband, and I began to whimper again. "Do you want to know the conditions in Uncle Norman's will? His estate is to be divided between his two nephews, provided they are in possession of his last gift to them—a framed crayon portrait of himself. Failing that, his property goes to whoever is in possession of the said portraits, and you have given our entire inheritance away to the Salvation Army!"

I stopped crying in sheer astonishment, but before I could utter a word the taxi was at the door.

"Quick, jump in! Salvation Army headquarters!" commanded my husband.

On arriving there we were directed to the Men's Labour Bureau. "Yes,"

the man in charge said, after turning up the entry, "someone had been sent to our house that morning." He was sorry, but he did not have his address. With regard to any articles that may have been brought there, he referred us to the Salvage Department.

The Salvage Department had no trace of our belongings and declared positively that no such things had been received that day.

"The only thing we are anxious about is a family portrait which was sent by mistake."

"Ah! In that case the man probably recognized its value and took it to a picture-dealer."

"But it was not an oil painting; it was only a crayon portrait enlarged from a photograph," I explained.

"Possibly the frame was worth—"

"About ninety-eight cents."

"Ah! I see! Sentimental reasons! In that case it will be more difficult to trace, but I suggest that you drive along Baker Street and call at all the second-hand dealers, particularly those not too far from your own home, as you think the man carried them himself."

At the door of the first shop was a table which looked vaguely familiar, and I followed my husband; but the smell of fried onions painfully recalled the fact that I had eaten nothing since early morning, and I retreated hastily.

"Funny!" said my husband when he came out. "The man says there was another gentleman here this evening asking for crayon portraits. He says he never handles that kind of thing himself—makes a specialty of stoves and tools—but he referred me to a man in the next block who goes in for frames and mirrors."

At this shop the people spoke no English, but a search amongst their treasures—we even penetrated to the back yard, which was piled high with debris—failed to reveal any familiar objects.

At the next shop they shrugged

their shoulders as if to say, "What will people want next?" Portraits of dead uncles were evidently a commodity not frequently in demand.

We made a pretty thorough canvass of Baker Street, though I argued that the man could not possibly have carried the things so far, and we were just about to give up when I remembered another shop just around the corner from our own house. The very place, why had I not thought of it before?

"Quick, driver!" I gave him a new address.

As we approached two people jumped into a taxi that was standing in front of the door and drove off. I grabbed my husband's arm.

"Look!" I cried. "There's Tom and his wife! And what is that in the seat in front of them? Could it be? Can it be?"

The taxi turned the corner just as ours drew up before the door. We jumped out and ran into the shop.

"Have you a framed crayon portrait of an old man?" we asked simultaneously.

"A very ugly old man?" inquired the boy in charge.

"Yes! Yes!"

"Gentleman's just bought him," said the boy.

"Where did it come from?"

"Dunno. Was in that pile of rubbish over there; been most a year, I guess."

"No, it was just brought here this morning!" I cried.

"Well, mebbe you're right, lady. Things come in and things go out; we don't keep much track of them. T'other lady and gent 'peared to be most awfully pleased to get him; gave me a fiver and told me to keep the change."

We returned mournfully to our taxi. "Home," said my husband—a somewhat ambiguous direction which the driver settled by stopping in front of the house opposite. It was a sad home-coming. If only my husband

had reproached me I could have borne it better. We quite forgot that we were going down town for dinner: neither of us had any desire to eat; we only wanted to be quiet and think it out. Should we go to Tom and claim our portrait? Should we consult a lawyer? Telling the driver to wait, we entered the house, and, groping about, found a candle and some matches.

"Do you think, dear, that you might be able to turn on the electric light if you went down cellar?" I suggested. "Please be careful of the stairs, they're very steep. I'll hold the candle for you!" And together we descended in safety. But the cellar was not empty, like the other rooms. It appeared, on the contrary, to be remarkably well furnished with legless tables and bottomless chairs. In one corner an enormous pile was outlined against the window, and in the dim light I could discern a broken pitcher, a case of wax flowers, and—the framed crayon portrait of Uncle Norman!

My husband helped me half fainting up the stairs, the most dangerous and inconvenient ones I have ever seen, then he carried me gently to the taxi. The driver leaned out sympathetically and said:

"To the hospital, sir?"

"No," said my husband, "to the Grand Hotel."

In the taxi I snuggled up to him. "Am I forgiven?" I whispered, and he said (I'm telling this just to show that he really is the nicest man in the world): "Darling, I hate that old portrait just as much as you do. One reason I wanted to move was that I couldn't stand that infernal thing staring at me every time I went into the dining-room. I didn't like to move it for fear Uncle Norman would notice . . . but I'm glad we found it, all the same, for with all that money we can plaster and paper and make a really charming place of the house opposite."

And we did.

THE HONOURS OF DEFEAT

BY GWENDOLINE OVERTON



MR. STANTON sat upon the porch in the shade of the morning-glory vines. She was sewing; and now and then she raised her eyes to look out into the garden, which showed so plainly the need of attention she had no time to give.

For many years she had been planning that the following season should see it as she wished, with annuals in orderly, well-dug beds, with strings for the climbers, and with all the weeds pulled up from the hard, unturned, unwatered soil that did not discourage them. Yet summer after summer found the same condition. There was a short period of beauty when the bloom of lilacs hid all defects: but that having faded away, nothing remained save rose-bushes full of blighted flowers and dead wood, the stunted sweet peas which had sowed themselves, and the persistent four-o'clocks and larkspurs.

Sometimes she wondered if there might not have been a way to arrange her work more advantageously, giving herself opportunity for that care of the flowers which would have been so keen a pleasure. An hour a day would have accomplished much. But if by any chance there was a rare interval of leisure, it found her too tired for exertion. She had never been strong enough for the life of the farm. The responsibilities it put upon her were too heavy. Nor were

they even lightened, rendered easier by any sense of sympathy and companionship. She was too much occupied to keep up friendly and intimate relations among the wives of the neighbouring farmers.

Long since she had ceased expecting understanding or affection from her husband. And there had been no time to take real satisfaction from her two children — who were, moreover, absent at school for the greater part of each day. So, after a period of heartsick inward rebellion, she had brought herself to ask nothing of the present beyond the strength to finish her work, and that peace in the family which her husband's humours seldom allowed to remain unbroken.

But since hope of some sort was needful to give her courage for her tasks, she had allowed herself to look forward to the future, to the time when Julia should have finished her education and when she would be at home for more than a few hurried hours out of the twenty-four.

The anticipation was one which held so much happiness that she made it the solace of her loneliness, dwelling continually upon the thought of how she and her daughter would sew together and talk together and perhaps even go off together upon little merry-makings—just the two of them.

On the evening before, Julia's schooling had reached its end in the great occasion of the graduation exercises, for which the whole country-

side had come forth. Yet fulfillment of her mother's wish had been destined to a little further postponement. For at breakfast Julia announced, with an air of some reticence and mystery, that she must go into town to see Miss Ballard, her teacher; and directly the meal was over she had taken the horse and buggy and driven off.

But it was she who was turning at present into the private road that led to the barn. Before long she came around from the side of the house and stopped upon the upper step.

"The sun is so hot, mother," she said, fanning herself with a little green pamphlet she held. "You look cool there in the shade. I'll take off my hat and be back in a moment to help you."

She went into the house, but presently returned, and taking a piece of sewing from the always-overflowing basket, fell to folding down a hem.

The first of the happy hours had begun.

Mrs. Stanton could hardly keep her eyes upon her own work, so often did she look over at the bright face bent above the piece of blue checked cotton which was in process of becoming an apron. Their conversation turned at once upon that culminating event of many months and years—the ceremonies of the previous night.

"You were so pretty," Mrs. Stanton said, with a tremour of fond pride in her voice. "You were the prettiest girl there."

Julia's red lips tried not to smile with undue satisfaction. "It was the dress you made me," she sought to be modest. But pleasure in the compliment inspired her to give one in return. "Mrs. Adams told me that I looked exactly as you did when you came here after you were first married."

It was a comparison which, in point of fact, had not suited her in the least at the time; for it had seemed to hold a chilling forecast that in

another score of years she herself might be the thin, colourless woman her mother was now, with meagre features and faded eyes. Something the same view of it affected Mrs. Stanton, making her shake her head sadly. "It is hard to believe to-day," she said.

"Never mind," the girl said warmly. "You are a dear, good mother. And I love you. It is because you have had too much work and too little play."

And all at once she decided to take advantage of this auspicious opportunity—coming earlier and more aptly than she had dared hope—to introduce the subject upon which the whole purpose of her mind was set.

Yet she went about it indirectly, bending her head closer above the sewing, that her eyes might not meet her mother's.

"Mother," she began in a low tone, "what do you suppose? It seems too ridiculous to tell you—when I'm so young, but," her face flushed a charming pink and her lashes dropped shyly, "but Will Adams thinks he wants to marry me."

A hand of ice was laid upon the mother's heart, stilling its beating. Through all the years she had resolutely kept her thoughts from dwelling upon that inevitable day when the girl would marry and go altogether from her life, leaving her desolate, more lonely than before. She had always said to herself that there would be at least a little time during which they could have each other undisturbed. And what must follow thereafter she would wait to bear when it should be laid upon her. But, that it should be at once—and in the first moments of her realized dream—

She heard her own voice asking, "Do you care for him, dear?"

In the interest of the minute the girl forgot her sewing and let it drop unheeded into her lap. "Yes, I do care for him," she came out earnestly. "I care for him a good deal. But, mother, I *don't* want to marry him."

Mrs. Stanton drew a sharp breath. Then she put another question. "Why do you not?" she said.

The answer was given promptly, impetuously. "Because — because when I am thirty-seven I don't want to be like you!"

It was an unintentional cruelty, inflicted in thoughtless sincerity. The thrust, however, was so true, the stab so keen that the older woman could not even cry out under it. Her faded skin grew more ashen, but Julia was far too intent upon herself to observe it, to be aware of what she had said.

"He is a farmer," she went on. "He always means to be one. He isn't ambitious at all. If I married him I would have to go and live with his folks. I'd have to wash and sweep and cook and sew from morning to night, besides taking care of children. You know how it would be. I've done so well in school; and that would all be wasted. I suppose I oughtn't to feel so about it, that it's selfish. But I can't help seeing things. And it seems dreadful to think about, when I am so young and strong and pretty." Tears of sympathy for her own imaginary lot had come into the eyes that were well able to discern the core of reality in the sweet fruit of romance. "Of course," she added contemplatively, "Will would never be as unkind to me as father is to you."

On Mrs. Stanton's lips, narrowed by long repression of hopes and desires, of sorrows and complaints, came a pathetic, yet half humorous smile. Julia read in it an unflattering doubt of her lover's real devotion—and objected to it.

"No, he wouldn't," she insisted. He is very fond of me."

Mrs. Stanton let it pass without seeking to make clear by her own example the fate to which such faiths are liable.

There fell a silence. And it was she who broke it. "If you feel like that," she ventured, "it doesn't seem to me that you ought to take him."

She was trying to keep her judgment wholly for her daughter's welfare, unaffected by any wishes of her own.

"I will if I stay here, though, I know I will," came the convinced reply. "I'll keep seeing him around, and he'll keep asking me, and some day I'll say yes."

Mrs. Stanton smiled again. "But you are so young, dear—only seventeen. Not one girl in hundreds marries the first boy that makes love to her. In a year or two you'll both have forgotten all about it."

The prospect of such infidelity, at least upon the part of young Adams, was not agreeable to Julia.

"You don't know how long it has lasted already. I never told you, but it's ever since I was a tiny bit of a thing. Supposing, though, that we did forget each other," she admitted the possibility for the sake of argument, "there would only be some one else—some farmer."

"There are the men in town," Mrs. Stanton suggested.

Julia set it promptly aside. "They are just as poor and just as unambitious. I'd rather have a farmer, anyway, than a clerk or a store-keeper."

"People come here sometimes—and you might go visiting."

"And I might grow to be an old maid, I suppose." The tone swept aside all three possibilities as unworthy of consideration. "No, mother, dear—what I ought really to do is to go away."

Mrs. Stanton sat looking at her, with dazed, blank eyes. "Go away?" she repeated dully.

"To college," the girl brought out the truth at length. "Mother! You don't need to look so miserable about it! Of course, if you mind as much as that I will stay at home." Julia was beside her, sitting on the arm of the chair, drawing against her shoulder the head with its thin, gray streaked hair.

Mrs. Stanton let it rest there for a few minutes in a great weariness

from which to rouse herself seemed not worth while. But presently she moved away. Julia went back to her own chair. She took up her sewing with a gesture eloquent of resignation to her lot, of pursuing indefinitely and hopelessly these dull tasks.

"If it's going to make you so dreadfully unhappy, I'll give it up," she said. There was surrender in the words, but in the voice was covert tenacity and opposition. She felt herself ill used. Mrs. Stanton did not answer at once.

"It seems hard, though," Julia went on, hemming assiduously. "I've done so well in school, and I ought to have a finished education. Miss Ballard says I ought. It's a pity for me to stay around here, never doing anything interesting. If I went off to college, I could get a good position somewhere, and very likely I'd marry well and wouldn't have to work at all. I should think you'd *want* me to do it." The tears had come into her blue eyes once more, and they began to roll slowly down her cheeks, falling on the checked cotton apron.

Mrs. Stanton forgot all else at once. "Don't cry, Judy, dear, don't. I can't bear to see it. Of course, if you want to go I want you to."

"You certainly don't go about making it very easy for me," Julia reproached unsteadily. "I should think you'd be glad. I should think you'd like me to be smart and ambitious," she recurred to the word which had so prominent a place in her vocabulary.

"I do, dear, really I do," her mother pleaded. "Only it was the thought of losing you."

"Isn't that just a little selfish?" suggested the girl.

"Yes," there came an involuntary sigh, which Mrs. Stanton tried guiltily to check. "Yes, I suppose it is."

Julia rested upon the point gained.

"What college did you think of going to?" her mother asked presently. The girl told her. Her choice was not even in favour of one

near at hand, within a distance which would make it possible to return for holidays and vacations. "But I'm not ready for it yet," she explained. "I'd have to be prepared for at least a year."

"And how long would it be after that?" Mrs. Stanton's ideas of university matters were vague, but the rising inflection of her voice held a timid anxiety.

"Four years—if I get through."

"Five or six years, then, in all."

It was as if she were saying the term for which she had received a sentence.

"Yes, but that isn't really so long."

The girl looked at it from the viewpoint of one who has time for hopes.

"I'd be only twenty-three. I'll get you the book about it and you can see. Miss Ballard sent for it. That was what I went after this morning."

She ran into the house and came back with the pamphlet. Together they looked over it, the girl explaining, full of the excitement of exhibiting newly-acquired knowledge. Her enthusiasm threw a faint reflection of itself upon the blankness of her mother's soul, so that at last, feeling she had awakened a reciprocal interest, Julia made her plea.

"You *will* help me to do it, won't you, mother?" she besought. "You won't want me to stay on here and lead a life like yours? I ought to have a fair chance."

"I don't know what your father will say," Mrs. Stanton transferred the likelihood of difficulties. "You must choose the right time to talk to him." Julia's eyes grew wide with anticipated fright.

"Goodness! I don't want to talk to him," she protested. "I'd be so afraid of him that I wouldn't know what I was saying. I thought you'd probably do it."

"But he is fond of you, and proud of you," urged her mother. Then she added—"in his way."

The girl laughed incredulously. "I'd rather run away than suggest college to him," she stated definitely.

"I can see him when he hears what it will cost—though he's perfectly able to afford it. I'm certain he is. Everybody says he has plenty of money—enough to give you a hired girl, too, if he wanted to. No, I'm not going to talk to him," she reiterated. "But you know how to manage him, mother."

Mrs. Stanton thought of the price at which she had learned it and of the trepidation with which she exercised her knowledge upon the few occasions when necessity or duty drove her to it.

But this was surely duty now. Julia was right; she ought not to stay on here, wasting the promise of her youth, settling down unwillingly to marry young Adams, or another like him; doing hard work, losing her freshness and her strength. There were women who lived the life of the farm contentedly enough, but it would not be so with Julia.

Yet it would be no easy matter to make her husband look at it in the same way—he who had always been so impatient with her own inability to endure the strain. He would say that it was she who had been putting notions into Julia's head, spoiling her. And it would be the expense which, above all else, would rouse his wrathful protests. Always, for weeks in advance, she shrank from the ordeal of asking him for enough money to buy herself and the children clothing—to get some necessity for the household. Yet, as Julia had said, he was well-to-do above the majority of his neighbours. Sheer terror at the prospect began to possess her, until at length she had to put down her sewing.

"I must shell the peas for supper," she said. It would be done with hands which shook too much to hold a needle.

"Why don't you have Jimmy do it?" her daughter demanded. "He is growing perfectly worthless."

It was Julia's opinion that her

mother exhibited a deplorable weakness in handling Jimmy. His stubborn indolence was being indulged and fostered. It was all very well for her mother to say that the constant struggle of wills tired her, that she had rather do things herself than bring it about. But the boy would become exactly like his father—and to Julia's mind there was no worse comparison.

Her conception of its full import might have been enhanced had she been present to hear what passed between Mr. Stanton and his wife that night.

There was no immediate need for settling the matter. But by the time evening had come, she had decided that anticipation was a useless prolonging of her dread. So, when the two children had gone to bed, and she and her husband were in their room together, she ventured what she had to say.

Once, long ago, when she had intervened to save Jimmy from a punishment altogether disproportionate to any offense of which a four-year-old baby could be capable, there had been a scene almost equal to this one. She had conquered then, and she did so now. Yet, when it was over, when her husband had fallen into the heavy sleep following upon the exhaustion of anger, she lay awake until sunrise, dizzy with fatigue, quivering with nervousness, heartsick with recognition of the days and years before her. She crept out of bed at the first light, and went about preparing breakfast.

Julia cast anxious looks at her father's face as he came to the table and ate in grim silence. "What did he say?" she asked of her mother as soon as they were alone. Mrs. Stanton spared her the whole truth—which she herself was loath to recall.

"I think he will let you do it," she answered.

The girl's uneasy face lighted with satisfaction. "I am so glad," she exclaimed. "You are the greatest one for managing things." She threw

her arms about her mother's neck and kissed the hollow cheek with facile gratitude. "Was he fearfully cross?"

"Yes," said her mother. "He was." The very lightness of the thanks told her how little her ordeal had really been appreciated. And it seemed only fair that the girl should realize something of what had been met for her sake.

"Poor mother! I wish you hadn't had to do it. But father isn't so bad, at heart."

"Then why didn't *you* go to him, and save *me*?" came the abrupt demand. Julia stared back at her in surprise over a peevishness she felt to be unjustified.

"It seems to me you are cross, too," she said reprovingly.

Mrs. Stanton turned away and put down her dust cloth. "You can finish the work to-day," she said. And before her daughter had quite grasped what was happening, she had gone from the kitchen and locked herself in her room.

It was a room directly under the roof, and the sun beat down upon the shingles, making it insufferably hot. But all through the day she lay there where she had thrown herself upon the bed, unaware of the stifling atmosphere, of anything save the struggle going on within her own soul. At first there came to her frantic ideas that she would endure it no longer, that she would end it all by going away—going anywhere; back to her own people, perhaps. She had not seen them since the marriage she had made so much against their wishes. But she would return to them confessing her mistake. Her husband could do quite as well without her. He could have a stronger woman for the work and be better satisfied. As for Julia and the boy—she was nothing to them, except when they wanted something done. She had made a miserable, heart-breaking failure of everything. There were no tears in the eyes that stared at the patchwork quilt across

the foot of the bed. They were wide open, hot and vacant.

But gradually the violence of rebellion began to pass away, and the sense of duty, which had always impelled and sustained her, came in its stead. Toward her husband she was conscious of no obligation. Years since she had given him manifold more than he deserved. She could have left him to-day with no pang of any sort save a memory of the hopes he had once represented. And the boy? He, too, was fast becoming the self-sufficing, self-centred male. She recognized that he had little need of her, though the maternal instinct still persisted and gave that very fact the power to hurt her cruelly.

But Julia—she was a woman, requiring the help and protection which only another woman could give. And she was sincerely fond of her mother. Selfish, perhaps, she was. But what young creature was not selfish? Mrs. Stanton had a dim perception that it was part of the law of self-preservation, of race preservation. The young must make use of the old. They could not have them clinging to them, hampering their development, their actions. The unconscious attitude which was Julia's now had once been her own toward *her* parents. She had neither gift nor training for philosophy—other than of that dull, unreasoned sort which enabled her to bear the burdens of the day. Yet she felt that the girl was fully entitled to her chance and to all that a mother could do to further it. Responsibility for her future lay with those who had brought her into the world; and it was for them, at almost any cost, to help her obtain the better things she desired.

But the years ahead! She covered her eyes with her hands as if to hide the vision of them that came upon her. It was not that from henceforth she must take upon herself a larger share than ever of the already too heavy work. It was the loneliness, the isolation. And more terrible even

than this, the knowledge that she would be parting forever from her daughter who, from babyhood until now, had always been so close.

For though Julia might perhaps return—though she might not find work and a home of her own elsewhere, as she frankly hoped to do—there was none the less the certainty that she could never again see her mother as she saw her now. She would have new standards and criterions, she would be educated so far above her parents that to look down upon them would be inevitable. However real her intentions of faithfulness, she would be alienated, estranged. Her affection would be tinged with pity and condescension at the best. The pain of the thought seemed almost unendurable; yet gradually Mrs. Stanton brought herself to accept it with silent fortitude in which countless mothers have made the same unrecognized, unglorified sacrifice.

At the noon hour Julia came to the door and tried to open it.

"Dinner is ready, mother. Are you coming down?" she asked.

"No—I won't be down," Mrs. Stanton answered. She felt that she must have more time to make certain of her self-mastery.

"You are not sick, are you?" It was a voice of anxiety and a shade of self-reproach.

"I've a headache," she said quite truthfully.

"Can't I do something for it?"

"No—it will be better after a while."

Mr. Stanton called peremptorily from the foot of the stairs, and Julia went with reluctance. It was the first time she had known such a thing to happen, and it disturbed her. Her mother had always gone on with the work, hiding as best she could that anything was wrong. She had a sudden unpleasant perception of what the home would be if *both* her parents were to indulge their humours unrestrained.

And when Mrs. Stanton came downstairs toward evening the girl was so much more than ordinarily kind and thoughtful, that her attentions brought tears, once or twice, where neglect could no longer do so.

"I suppose you feel very badly because I want to go away," Julia said wistfully, as they sat together that night. Mrs. Stanton made no useless pretense of denying it.

"But I think you *ought* to go," she answered—"that you have the right."

"I think I have, too," the girl spoke in deep earnestness. "Why should I be obliged to stay here and always live such a life as this, just because you once married father?" It was the substance of the reasoning upon which her mother had based her own decision. And the logic was irrefutable, relentless and un pitying though it might be, as all the logic of youth.

For the time being Julia had even less affection for her father than heretofore.

But gradually, as the summer went on, there came a change. Her mother watched it with a gnawing jealousy and sense of injustice. Yet she resolutely made no sign.

Not long after the day when she had obtained his more than unwilling consent to their daughter's plans, it had begun to be observable that he was not only reconciling himself to them, but taking a certain amount of interest. Though he still held his wife in marked disfavour because of her intervention and the braving of his opinion that it had entailed, he was unusually amiable with the girl herself. And to the neighbours he spoke with pride of the fact that he was going to send his daughter to college. It raised him to a plane above the men about him who kept their children at home upon the farms. It gave him importance in the community. The idea might have been his own from the outset, so entirely did he arrogate to himself all credit.

And by degrees his conception of his attitude in the matter affected the girl.

"Father has really been very good about it, has he not?" she said to her mother, who was bending over the sewing machine making the dress in which her daughter was to go from her. That the assent was quite without warmth brought a mild reproach. "Don't you think, mother, dear, that you are sometimes a little hard on father?" she propounded. "I am afraid you don't understand him altogether."

"It was I who got you your wish," came the reminder in a tone that was hard with suppressed pain, though the words were, in truth, a plea for appreciation.

"I know you did, of course," Julia conceded readily, trying to be impartial. "And I am grateful, very grateful. But I can't help thinking that father deserves some credit, too."

Mrs. Stanton did not point out that no single real hardship would fall upon her husband, no single real sacrifice have to be made by him, that all must be met by herself alone. Julia would only think her complaining and unfair. And above everything else she wished to keep the girl's good opinion. For the day was coming near that was to take her out into a world where love of her mother might

prove a safeguard and a defence.

And when at last it arrived, Julia and her father drove to the railroad station by themselves. There was only the buggy, and two of them, with the satchels, filled it so completely that there was no room for another.

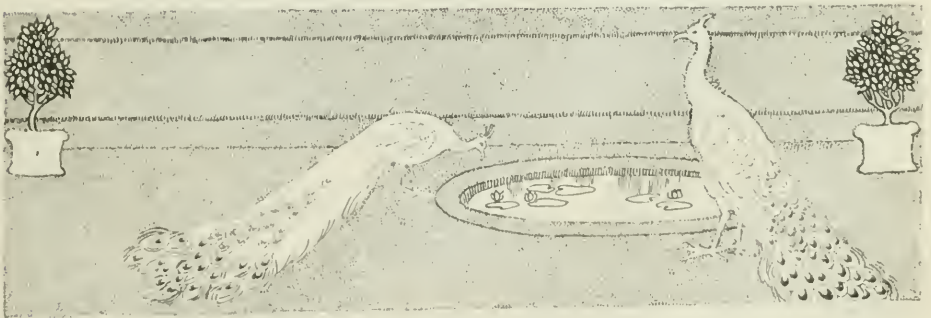
Mrs. Stanton said good-bye at the gate. Into her parting words she put all the lingering born of a knowledge that she might never see her child again—or that, if she did, it would be as one who was almost a stranger who would be removed from her to a distance she could not hope to make less. And the girl clung to her neck, sobbing. But in a moment more she had taken her seat beside her father. She leaned out for a last kiss, smiling bravely to give courage to the commonplace, faded little woman from whom radiated none of her own sense of adventure and romance.

"I feel like a heroine," she said, "leaving you all and going out alone into life."

The light of the future was in her eyes. And into her mother's eyes, too, came an answering light—that of the fires of the soul in which self has been burned quite away.

When they had left her by herself, she stood in the forlorn garden for a time, looking down the road.

Then she turned and went back to her work.



STANZAS FOR EASTER

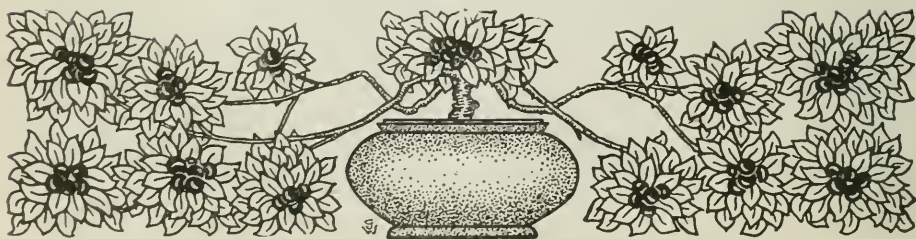
By CUTHBERT GOODRIDGE MacDONALD

THIS is the Easter season, and the time
Of resurrection of all buried things.
From every green-tinged birch what songs upclimb
Into the tender heaven! What minstrel sings
From out the drifting mystery of wings,
Or, dropping to the eager earth his voice,
Bids the brown fields and turbid stream rejoice!

Now the dear dead of other years arise;
Their beauty breathes from every waking flower.
Beauty that sleeps awhile, yet never dies,
But ever yearns toward this glad Easter hour,
Now lifts its head and with awakened power
In each snow-weary valley springs to sight
With all that lives and loves to take delight.

And soon, ah, soon! the summer night shall be
Made rich with lilacs lifting as in prayer
Their holy incense to the moon, and she,
Washing her beams through many a garden fair,
Shall make fresh paths among the shadows there,
And where low-bending willows bathe and dream
Shall trace her beauteous form on many a stream.

This is the Easter season. As of old
The glad earth knows the touch of joy and pain,
Feels the caress of gentle winds that hold
Promise of summer. And the drifting rain
Sweeps over her, and to the low refrain,
Hoarse-voiced and clamorous, the rivers sing
The song of immortality and spring.





LUNDY'S LANE
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Now owned by the
City of Toronto

CANADA'S RELATION TO THE WAR

BY JOHN S. EWART



I know why Serbia is engaged in the war. We know why Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and France are engaged. We recognize that the United Kingdom was under moral obligation to France, and that, in pursuance of traditional policy, she no doubt objected to the Belgian coast passing into strong hands. We have no doubt as to the reason for the entrance of the United States. Bulgaria and Rumania we do not—all of us—quite understand. Does everybody know why Canada's Governor-General, on the first of August, 1914, sent to the British Colonial Secretary the following cablegram:

"My Advisers, while expressing their most earnest hope that peaceful solution of existing international difficulties may be achieved and their strong desire to co-operate in every possible way for that purpose, wish me to convey to His Majesty's Government the firm assurance that if unhappily war should ensue, the Canadian people will be united in a common resolve to put forth every effort and to make every sacrifice necessary to ensure the integrity and maintain the honour of our empire?"

It was not because of German atrocities. War had not commenced. It was not because of Germany's invasion of Belgium. That had not occurred. It was on that same first of August that Sir Edward Grey said to the German Ambassador (Italics added):

"... If Germany could see her way to give the same assurance as that which had been given by France, it would materially contribute to relieve anxiety and tension here. On the other hand, if there were a violation of the neutrality of Belgium by one combatant while the other respected it, *it would be extremely difficult to restrain public feeling in this country.* I said that we had been discussing this question at a Cabinet meeting, and as I was authorized to tell him this, I gave him a memorandum of it.

"He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgium neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral.

"I replied that I could not say that; our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude should be. All I could say was that *our attitude would be determined largely by public opinion here, and that the neutrality of Belgium would appeal very strongly to public opinion here.* I did not think that we could give a promise of neutrality on that condition alone.

The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions in which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed.

"I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free."

It was not because of any prospective territorial or economic advantage. Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa looked forward to the extrusion of Germany from valuable neighboring zones. For Canadian sacrifice, there could be no recompense or even recompement

It was not because of any legal or

constitutional duty. There was none. Canada is not a part of the British Empire in the same sense as are England, Scotland, and Ireland. Upon the principle of *assimilation*, French colonies are deemed to be part of France: *Où est le drapeau, voilà la France*. British colonies are not part of the United Kingdom. They are "British possessions", or, at best, "British dominions". It was not because of the recognition of the overriding authority of the British Parliament, or the British Government, or the British King. There is, save in obsolete theory, no such authority. It was not because of any Imperial pressure which could be exercised in other departments than the military. No pressure-power exists. None was attempted. Then why did the Governor-General send the cable?

The Governor sent the cable because the Canadian Government handed it to him, and asked his signature to it. He, on this side of the Atlantic, and the Colonial Secretary, on the other side, are the media of communication between the Canadian and British Governments. Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues in the Cabinet had resolved as in the cable expressed, and the Governor-General, at their request, forwarded their resolution to the British Government. He sent the cable because it was his duty to do as advised by his Ministers. If he had refused, he would not have remained very long in Canada.

Canada's political relation to the war may be expressed in two sentences. The British declaration of war was known then as the Canada the whole British Empire—of which Canada is a part. Nevertheless Canada's offensive participation in the war was a matter exclusively within her own competence.* She has reached a point in colonial development far in advance of the stage at which the thirteen American colonies

had arrived when their evolution passed, *per saltum*, into independence. Canada arranges all her foreign affairs, except war and peace, as she pleases. No British military commission is effective in Canada, if we except the mere titular rank of the Governor-General. No British officer or official has any more authority there than in France. Canada has her own forces, and she regulates them by her own statutes.

And so the real question is: Why was Canada willing to join with the United Kingdom in offensive war against the Central Powers? What was there, in her relationship to that country, which made that action not only inevitable but certain? For reply, you must not search the law or the constitution, nor must you make calculation of advantages and disadvantages. Was Canada bound to tender help? No. Would she make money or gain territory if she became belligerent? No. Well, why did she turn her thoughts from farming to fighting? Look at some points in her history:

The Province of Upper Canada (now Ontario) was constituted just prior to the outbreak of the war with France in February, 1793. The few thousands of her people were those who had followed their flag from the south—civilians and reduced soldiery—and it was neither law, nor constitution, nor material benefit that urged them northwards. Call it loyalty, or stubbornness, or mere stupidity, as you like, the point for observation is that under such circumstances they did go, and that they carried with them bitter resentment against those whose actions ousted them (as they thought) from their homes. Note what they did in Canada.

Being in possession, in 1799, of a small balance of revenue, over expenditure, the Legislative Assembly of the Province adopted the following ad-

* Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Newfoundland are in the same position as is Canada. Freedom of participation could not be predicated of India or the Crown Colonies, for their affairs are still regulated from London.

dress to the Governor (Italics added) :

"May it please your Honour: To receive from the Commons of Upper Canada, with the concurrence of the Legislative Council thereof now met in Parliament, the strongest expressions of our most serious concern at finding our Mother Country still obliged to maintain a war against the restless destroyers of the peace of mankind, a war as unprecedented in lawless outrages from her unprincipled enemies as necessary for the preservation of everything that is sacred or dear to her or us.

"Though our distance prevents us from feeling the more immediate evils of such a warfare, or from suffering much from the heavy charges which must necessarily attend it, yet *we are inclined to sympathize in the warmest manner with our brethren who bear these burthens, and to do all in our power, however little it may be, to alleviate them.*

"We rejoice, therefore, to see by the accounts now laid before us that a surplus has arisen from the resources of our commerce and the productions of our fiscal regulations above our immediate wants, and we entreat that your Honour will be pleased to lay at the feet of His Majesty the earnest prayer of his Most Dutiful and Loyal Subjects in this Province *that he will be pleased to accept of that mite which is too inconsiderable to be viewed in any other light than as a mark of our devoted attachment to his Royal person and Family, and of our grateful sense of the blessings we enjoy under his Government.*"†

As little of the causes of the French war was known then as the Canadians of 1st August, 1814, knew of the causes of the present war. But that was immaterial. And so were law, constitution, and self-interest. "That mite" was sent because "we are inclined to sympathize in the warmest manner with our brethren."

Those men were not oblivious of their rights, as they regarded them. They claimed authority to appropriate, as they pleased, the whole proceeds of their liquor licences, while the Governor asserted that two-thirds of the money belonged to the Crown. There was similar dispute as to the funds derived from fines. And as against the Governor's refusal to ren-

der accounts of customs duties levied under a British statute, but paid by Canadians, the Assemblies made vigorous, and finally successful, protest. They kept well separated their rights and their feelings.

As Upper Canadian political history commenced, so, to the end, it continued: assertions of right on the one hand, abiding sympathy on the other; sympathy sustained partly by co-operation with the United Kingdom, and partly by recurrent difficulties with the United States. Just as the presence of French sovereignty in Canada, prior to 1763, tended to the perpetuation of cordial relations between the United Kingdom and the thirteen colonies, so did the contiguity of the United States to Canada, and the periodic happening of quarrels between them, contribute to the continuation of the affectionate regard which British-born immigrants into Upper Canada had brought with them.

It is time, however, to ask what were, and are, the provisions of the law and the constitution with regard to colonial defence. For answer, we must distinguish between earlier and later periods, and between local and foreign defence.

According to the unwritten conventions of the *pacte colonial*, the metropolitan country, in return for trade and shipping monopoly, supplied defence against foreign aggression, leaving the colony to its own resources as against the indigenes. It was such an agreement as a farmer might have made with his hens: "You give me all your eggs, and I will keep the foxes from interfering with devotion to your business." It was a war-chief-and-squaw arrangement: "Work for me, and I will see that nobody runs off with you." Such as it was, it lasted until the hens and the squaws turned out to be men.

† Ont. Arch. Rept., 1909, p. 123. The above extract is given by way of illustration only. Subsequent appropriations are referred to in the same volume at p. 161, and in the Report of 1911, at pp. 372 and 450. In Lower Canada, a proposal to vote £20,000 was discouraged by the Governor (Prescott), and a voluntary personal subscription was made of \$33,529.89.—Kingsford's History of Canada, vol. 7, p. 474.

In the American thirteen colonies were no British troops until the war with the French, which commenced in 1754—the colonies protected themselves as best they could against the Indians. After the close of the war (1763), the British Government proposed to place twenty regiments in the newly-acquired expanses of Canada, the Indian territory, Florida, and Grenada; for in those places the populations were hostile. To that proposal, the thirteen colonies could make no objection; but, as against taxation for the purpose of raising money to pay the cost, they rebelled. They objected also to the location in their own territory of any of the troops.

History in the north was different. Canada, when ceded by France to Great Britain, was a country peopled by French and Indians. The conquering troops remained in order to support the new Government; to repel threatened French counter-attack; and, eventually, as defence against invasion from the south. And so far from Canada raising objection to the maintenance of a standing army in time of peace, it was only after constantly repeated protests that the British Government was able to withdraw its troops.

While the *pacte colonial* remained in operation—that is, until adoption of free-trade principles in the 1840's had rendered the United Kingdom indifferent to the possession of colonies—the function of British troops in the colonies was the maintenance of British interests. Change in trade-policy produced a letter from the Colonial Secretary (14 March, 1851) declaring that, with the exception of garrisons in Quebec and Kingston, the troops in Canada were to be withdrawn. He said:

“In adopting this principle, I need hardly observe to you that Her Majesty's Government would merely be reverting to the former colonial policy of this country. You are well aware that up to the period of the war of the American Revolution, the then British colonies which now form the United States as well as the West Indian colonies, were required to take upon themselves the prin-

cipal share of the burthen of their own protection, and even to contribute to the military operations undertaken to extend the colonial possessions of the British Crown. The North American colonies defended themselves almost entirely from the fierce Indian tribes by which these infant communities were frequently imperilled, and furnished no inconsiderable proportion of the force by which the contest of British power with that of France was maintained on the continent of America; and the West Indian colonies did not, in proportion to their means, make less exertions.”

The indicated policy was, with some interruptions, put into operation in Canada. Subsequently it was extended to the withdrawal of all British troops. In 1871, the last of them disappeared. Note, however, that prior to the termination of this period of military relationship, the Canadian Government had made very clear assertion of their view that, having no voice in the conduct of foreign policy, and not themselves being the cause of the quarrel, they were entitled to protection against foreign aggression. That, they said, was their right. At the same time, nevertheless, they gave renewed and substantial evidence of their sympathy with their brethren. Read the following extracts from a despatch sent, during the Crimean War, by Lord Elgin to the Colonial Secretary in 1854, in which he said:

“So long as the colonies have no voice in the Imperial councils, they are entitled to look to the Imperial authorities for protection against hostilities which they have no share in provoking, and that it is therefore fitting that Imperial garrisons should be maintained at certain important military stations, such as Quebec, as a pledge that this protection, when the contingency occurs, will not be invoked in vain.”

So far as to Canadian rights. In the same dispatch, the Governor reported (*Italics added*):

“The Parliament of Canada has just given proof of interest in the struggle in which the Empire is involved, and in the alliance now happily subsisting between the nations whose descendants form one people in this Province, by *unanimously voting the sum of £20,000 for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers and sailors belonging to either of the allied forces, who may fall in the ser-*

vice of their country during the present war."

Somewhat prophetically, the Governor added:

"Is it too much to expect that, if at some future day, when the material strength of these flourishing provinces shall have been more fully developed, Her Majesty should chance to be engaged in a contest which carries with it, as the present contest does, the sympathies of all her people, the same spirit which prompts to this liberal contribution in the cause of charity, may lead Canadians to desire to share with their brethren of the Mother Country the glories and the sacrifices of honourable warfare?"

Rights and sympathies are here, again, kept in separate compartments.

The British view of the period was reflected in the report of a royal commission. 24th January, 1860, (*Italics added*):

"England should assist in the defence of her Colonies against aggression on the part of foreign nations, but in no case, except where such Colonies are mere garrisons kept up for Imperial purposes, should she assume the whole of such defence; but, on the contrary, she should insist, as a condition of her aid, that the Colony should also contribute its share by maintaining at its own expense a local force; or if circumstances appear to make that impossible, by paying part of the expense of the Imperial garrison.

* * *

"We dissent from the argument founded on joint interest. If England was considered bound to contribute towards the defence of her Colonies merely because she is interested in their defence, it might fairly be argued that the obligation is reciprocal, and that the Colonies, being deeply interested in the safety of England, ought to contribute systematically and habitually towards the defence of London and Portsmouth. But the ground on which we hold that England is bound to contribute towards the defence of her Colonies is, that the Imperial Government has the control of peace and war, and is therefore in honour and duty called upon to assist them in providing against the consequences of its policy."

But was Canada under obligation even to defend herself against the consequences of a policy in the framing of which she had no voice? In 1862, civil war was raging in the United States; the Trent affair had almost produced war between the United Kingdom and the United

States; relations were uncertain; and the British Government, while itself sending troops to Canada, urged preparation by Canadians themselves. In reply, the Canadian Government declared as follows (*Italics added*):

"The people of Canada, doing nothing to produce a rupture with the United States, and having had no knowledge of any intention on the part of Her Majesty's Government to pursue a policy from which so dire a calamity would proceed, are unwilling to impose upon themselves extraordinary burthens. They feel that, should war occur, it will be produced by no act of theirs, and they have no inclination to do anything that may seem to foreshadow—perhaps to provoke—a state of things that would be disastrous to every interest of the Province."

In 1899, Canada's rights and sympathies came into sharp conflict. The United Kingdom was engaged in the Boer war. She was meeting with disappointments and reverses. And Canadian assistance having been proposed, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government displayed an inclination to remain inactive. That was its right, but a right which was quickly swept aside by sympathy. Canadians sent eight thousand men to the help of their brethren in South Africa.

At the end of the Boer war, the situation of 1763 (as between Great Britain and the American colonies) was, in some respects, reproduced. In both cases, the United Kingdom expressed gratitude for colonial assistance. But in both the United Kingdom endeavoured to change voluntary co-operation into obligatory. In the earlier instance, she embodied her purpose in resolutions and statutes, and met with rebellion. On the later occasion, she tried remonstrance, and, that very largely failing, she made progress through politeness and proposals.

Mr. Chamberlain (Colonial Secretary), at the Colonial Conference of 1902, called the "serious attention" of the Colonial Premiers to the inequality in the contributions to Imperial defence. The population of the United Kingdom, he said, paid twenty-nine shillings and threepence a head per annum, while Canadians paid only

two shillings. That, he declared, was "a state of things which cannot be permanent. . . I think that something may be done—I hope that something will be done—to recognize more effectually than has hitherto been done the obligation of all to contribute to the common weal." Mr. Chamberlain wanted Canada to make cash contributions to the British navy. He desired that Canada should embody troops specially designed for service abroad. And, through his Colonial Defence Committee, he expressed the earnest hope that the "great self-governing colonies may be able to give some assurance as to the strength of the contingents which they should be able to place at the disposal of His Majesty's Government for extra-colonial service in war with a European power."

To these proposals for the assumption of military obligation, Canada and Australia replied (*Italics added*):

"The representatives of Canada and Australia were of opinion that the best course to pursue was to endeavour to raise the standard of training for the general body of their forces, to organize the departmental services and equipment required for the mobilization of a field force, *leaving it to the colony, when the need arose, to determine how and to what extent it should render assistance.*"

That was as far as Mr. Chamberlain could get: "Our right is to do as we please. What we shall do, we will not say." Mr. Chamberlain ought not to have been disappointed, for in the reply was the very valuable implication that the question with reference to Canada's participation in future wars was to be confined to "how and to what extent".

At the next meeting of the Conference (1907), Mr. Haldane, deprecating the slightest appearance of even a suggestion "that you should bow your heads to any dictation", proposed the constitution of an Imperial General Staff, "for giving advice and furnishing information based upon the highest military study of the times". "It is a purely advisory organization of which command is not a function".

The reference was to the land forces. (Australia had for some years been making contributions to the British navy.) Canada assented and agreed that the Imperial General Staff "shall undertake the preparation of schemes of defence on a common principle, and, without in the least interfering in questions connected with command and administration, shall, at the request of the respective Governments, advise as to the training, education, and war organization of the military forces of the Crown in every part of the Empire."

At the next Conference (1909), under the same genial and clever influence, Canada agreed to the establishment in the Dominions of local sections of the Imperial General Staff, and she subscribed to the declaration that each part of the Empire is "willing to make its preparation on such lines as will enable it, should it so desire, to take its share in the general defence of the Empire."

Safeguarding language accompanied the adjustment of each of these ligaments. For example:

"It is not suggested that any one of the Dominions should be asked to undertake a definite obligation. Whatever is done must be done spontaneously and with due regard to the circumstances in which each of them is situated."

But just as one feels that the effect of co-operation in preparation by the United Kingdom and France (although similarly safeguarded) produced a situation in which refusal to implement the reasonable anticipation of co-operation in war would have been dishonourable, so also and *a fortiori* one feels that, under the circumstances above described, refusal by Canada to participate in the present war would have been an unwarrantable disappointment of the anticipation naturally arising out of existing arrangements.

If, now, reply is to be made to the question, Why did the Canadian Government send the cable of 1st August, 1914, we bring forward from one hundred and fifteen years ago the rea-

son for the contribution of "that mite", and we say that "we are inclined to sympathize in the warmest manner with our brethren". For, although some obligation had been assumed by the arrangements just referred to, they, also, were the result of the same sympathy, and their compromising effect has seldom (save by the present writer) been alluded to. It is doubtful whether one Canadian in ten thousand ever heard of them.

Everybody recognizes that the war has made impossible the continuation of the present relationship between Canada and the United Kingdom. But what is to be substituted? Is federation of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa feasible? No. Any doubt upon that head has been removed by the resolution passed at the recent Imperial Conference. Is Canada to remain a subordinate state, with a right to a suggesting or advising voice in the conduct of British foreign policies? No. Self-respect forbids. But

if not subordinate, Canada must have a political status equal to that of the United Kingdom or any other state. And that can be obtained in one of two ways only, namely, federation or independence. Federation is impracticable.

The climax and highest achievement of Canada's sympathy with the British "brethren" has been written in the blood of thousands of her citizens. When the fearful effusion shall cease, Canada will once more revert to her rights. Her claim to international rank will be asserted and admitted. But sympathy with "our brethren" will not cease, nor will it suffer diminution. The British Empire, as the best of all empires, will continue to exercise beneficial guardianship over many millions of the less-advanced races. And the millions of those who, under her flag, have reached their political manhood, will generously be accorded that political liberty which is the indisputable right of such a community as Canada.



THE SOLDIER NEXT DOOR

BY KATHLEEN BLACKBURN



OLD LADY LANDOR had just gone up to bed with her little bottle of cough medicine, her glass of cold water and her soda biscuit, but she could not get off to sleep. Whether it was all the talk of the soldiers who were quartered in town, or the thought of there being no less than six at Mrs. Tomkins's, her next-door neighbour's, she did not know, but there it was. She could hear distinctly the sounds of revelry and shouts of laughter through the closed window, and she crept out of bed, drew up the blind and peered hard. Yes, the lights were still burning in the little house opposite. How very noisily common people always seemed to take their pleasures! And how glad she was not to have to be mixed up with it all! Just fancy, six soldiers crowded together in that bit of a house where there was scarcely room to swing a cat!

She had just crept back into bed again, and was shivering herself into warmth, when the door-bell gave a great clang—her door-bell, which was almost rusty from disuse.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, and again jumping out of bed, struck a match and looked at her watch. It wasn't so very late after all. Only nine o'clock. Perhaps it might be safe to venture to the door, and she bobbed up her gray locks and got into a dressing-gown and bedroom slippers. But by this time the bell was pulled again, and then again and

again, five or six times in succession, as though the intruder was either very hurried or very impatient, and old Mrs. Landor felt annoyed, and justly so, as she toddled downstairs, lamp in hand.

On the door-step stood a man in khaki. "Good evening," he remarked.

Mrs. Landor merely glared.

"Hope I haven't disturbed you," he continued coolly, "but we're having a bit of a jollification over at Mrs. Tom's, and I just ran across to see if you'd lend us a pound of coffee."

Such a request! And such insolence! A pound of coffee, indeed! And from Mrs. Landor of all people! For during the many years she had lived at Backwater no neighbour had ever asked to borrow so much as a pinch of salt from her. A neighbour would know better.

"I'll just step inside while you're getting it," he said, and suited the action to the word.

Then, of course, Mrs. Landor saw his eyes. Bright eyes they were. Eyes that were fairly dancing with fun and mischief, and with a certain magnetic glint in them that was captivating. Old Mrs. Landor never quite knew why she trotted off for that coffee, but trot she did.

"Thanks very much," he said, as he took the loan, his eyes sparkling harder than ever. He paused a second. "They bet over at Mrs. Tom's," he remarked, "that you'd never lend it, and I bet you would. You know, if you grab hold of a nettle hard enough it don't sting you. That's true bill.

Good-bye, and thanks. Wish you were going to be with us."

He was gone, and Mrs. Landor and her lamp climbed upstairs again. Her feelings were a mixed quantity of anger and amazement, in which the latter possibly predominated. It was such a very unusual sort of thing to have had happen, and in Mrs. Landor's life the out-of-the-way features were not prominent—her pathway had hitherto been an unexciting one.

She climbed into bed again, but not to sleep. Every nerve in her body was jumping, and, besides this, the bright eyes of the soldier had awakened long-buried memories. The next day she went to a certain old desk where she kept her old letters, and took out a slim bundle tied with pink tape. "I feel as if I must," she said, as though exonerating herself from some crime. Then she opened one which began with, "Dear Mother", and ended with a bold flourish of a signature—"Victoria Landor Allen".

Mrs. Landor read it through. Such a letter for a meek girl to write! And such a complete scatteration of all her previous careful training! For Victoria—the name surely was almost enough—had appeared as innocent as any little baa lamb, and almost as white and pure. She had had no life and no individuality. She had never dared to, even had she had the initiative to try. Her mother had seen to that. Her mother had seen to everything, in fact, and Victoria had been as potter's clay in her hands until—

Well, it was a soldier with bright eyes—eyes very like the soldier's next door—who had upset all her plans, and then he had upset them most effectually. It was the time of the Boer War. He was going with the Canadian contingent to South Africa, and Victoria had run away to marry him and follow him out there. That had been almost twenty years ago, and apart from those few cold letters she had written after her elopement, her mother had neither heard from her, nor seen her since.

Mrs. Landor read the letters through—there were not so many of them—and tied them up again. There were no tears in her eyes. She was not given to tears, but her hand was trembling just a little. Somehow she had been feeling just a trifle lonely, and not quite as self-satisfied, of late. It may have been the effect of that cheeky young lieutenant next door, or those sounds of revelry that she could not help hearing, or her sleepless night. Which all goes to prove that the most self-centred old woman in the world cannot entirely be self-centred.

But stranger and even more exciting events were about to follow. Was it the next day or the day after? The time was immaterial, however. The important thing was that Mrs. Landor had been out shopping, and was returning with her string bag bulging with provisions, when she saw a something on her front porch. She peered hard. She walked a little faster and peered harder. She could not believe her eyes. The something looked like a trunk, and on the trunk was seated a girl. A handsome girl with wide blue eyes and fair hair fluffing out from under a smart little hat. As Mrs. Landor approached she sprang up and came hurrying towards her.

"Is this Grandma Landor?" she said in a frank, clear sort of voice. "I'm Doris Allen, your grand-daughter."

Mrs. Landor stared, of course, stared blankly and somewhat coldly. The thing was so amazing. She hadn't heard from Victoria for at least twenty years, and she didn't know there was a grand-daughter. And now to see this big, ready-made girl springing toward her and announcing their relationship was certainly startling. But the thing that upset her more than anything else perhaps in the whole affair was the girl's name. It was such a silly, ridiculous, meaningless name. As to the rest, she hadn't long to wait, for in one breath the girl informed her that her "dad" had

gone to the Front, and that her "mum" had gone with him, and that they didn't know what to do with her.

"You see," she went on to explain, "dad and mum are such old spoons that I'm just second fiddle all the time. Grandma Allen's dead. But I guessed Grandma Landor was right there in Backwater where mum was born, so I told mum I'd just go and find out. Will you let me stay with you, Grandma Landor?" and she looked down at her new, old relative in such a confident and irresistible sort of way that, as in the case of the soldier next door, the old lady was quite taken off her feet. It was a proof again of "if you take hold of a nettle hard enough it won't sting you". So it came about that young Doris Allen took up her abode there in Backwater with her grandmother. But Mrs. Landor meant to keep a pretty tight rein over her. There were two hundred and fifty soldiers quartered in the place, and she didn't intend that history should repeat itself. For a few days, though, the girl was almost as tractable as even her own baa lamb had been, and then came the deluge.

It was perhaps a week after Doris Allen's arrival when one morning the door-bell rang, and there stood the young lieutenant with an invitation for Doris for "another jollification over at Mrs. Tom's", and as luck would have it it was Mrs. Landor who opened the door, and Mrs. Landor who slammed it in his face with a peremptory refusal. She didn't even intend to tell her grand-daughter anything about it, but in small houses invitations are usually open secrets.

The scene that occurred afterwards was rather harrowing, at least to one of the parties concerned. The girl herself was as cool as a cucumber, but as firm as the proverbial rock.

"I know you bullied mum till she couldn't call her soul her own," she said bluntly, "but you'll find out that I'm a different sort. Besides, young people aren't the same as they were

when mum was a girl, and you've got to go with the times. I'm going over to that party to-night," and her square young jaw was very set.

Old Mrs. Landor was in a towering rage, and her face was white and her eyes steely. "Then, if you do," she said, "you'll find yourself locked out when you come back," a threat that was followed up by other threats of equal terror.

But the girl merely tossed her head and walked away. She had been prepared for this storm weeks and weeks ago, and she had planned to face it just in that particular way. She and her mother had talked it over and argued the question for and against. And perhaps it was part of the youthful conceit of her age that she had determined to reverse the order of things and train the old to respect the opinions of the young. At all events at eight o'clock that evening she came downstairs dressed in some filmy sort of gown with an entrancing little pink silk cloak, and looking pretty enough to turn the heads of every soldier in the town.

"Good-night, Gran," she exclaimed, and without waiting for the tail-end of the storm, tripped away.

Mrs. Landor walked to the door, turned the key sharply in the lock, drew the bolt for added security, and went to bed at nine o'clock. For hours she lay with her ear cocked, listening to the sounds of merriment next door—the tum-tum of the piano, the scrape of a fiddle and the far-away buzz of voices and young laughter. Mrs. Tompkins was just close enough to be aggravatingly disturbing. Mrs. Landor may have dozed a little. She wasn't sure. But it was about two o'clock by the striking of the time-piece downstairs when she realized that the senseless strumming had at last stopped, while the proximity of the voices just outside and the crunching of the snow under passing feet, told her that at last the dissipation was over. She sat bolt upright in bed, drew her little old plaid shawl

closer about her shoulders and listened for the expected clang of the bell. Doris should be taught her lesson. But the sound of the footsteps and the voices outside passed in a very few minutes, and nothing happened. Next door all was still, and Doris had made no attempt whatever to get in. Whatever was the meaning of it? Mrs. Landor's old heart had begun beating furiously, partly with rage and partly with fear. In her own peculiar and selfish way she had begun to grow a little bit fond of the girl, not that she would ever admit such a weakness even to herself. And so through the long winter hours of night she lay awake. She was awake when the wan and sickly light of morning straggled through the window, and when the bells in the village rang out seven.

She had just finished her solitary breakfast, and was clearing off the table, when the door she had inadvertently unlocked that morning was quietly opened and in walked Doris. Though still in her party finery, she looked as fresh as though she had just stepped out of her room.

"Good-morning, Gran," she remarked as coolly as though nothing had happened, and with not the slightest attempt at conciliation. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world," she continued. "We had loads of fun. That young lieutenant, Ned Allbright," and she smiled remotely, "is a grand dancer. It was glorious! Then when it was all over little Mrs. Tom offered to let me stay over there. She said she thought it would be a shame to disturb you. She's such a nice little woman, Gran."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Landor biting. She had her own speech already prepared. She was going to tell her grand-daughter to go upstairs and pack her trunk at once, and never, never, never to set foot inside her door again. Such conduct as hers would not be tolerated. She had never tolerated it in her mother, and she wasn't going to begin now. Yes, she

had intended saying all that and more, too. But somehow the girl's extraordinary coolness and self-control seemed to take her breath away. If she had given the least sign of weakness or contrition all would have been over, but it was the case of the nettle again—the sting was gone.

That one breaker overcome, Mrs. Landor was almost amazed at her own leniency. Had she been told that there could be such a thing as a young person crossing swords with an old one, and compelling that old one to moderate to a certain extent her crotchety ways, she would not have believed it. She did concede, however, that her will was not strong enough now to battle against conditions. And as time passed she actually allowed the young lieutenant to drop in to tea with them, or to spend the evening, and she closed her eyes to the fact that Doris was often out with him at parties, concerts and assemblies. As to the ultimate conclusion of the whole affair she had not allowed herself to think.

All through that winter Backwater had been very gay. There is always a prelude to every great tragedy in life, and joy and sorrow go hand in hand. So with the coming of the early summer the boys in khaki were to go to camp as the last step before they were drafted to the Front.

It wanted but two or three days before they would leave, when Doris interviewed her grandmother, her face a little pale, her square chin set.

"Gran," she said, "I've got something to tell you. Ned and I are engaged. We've been engaged some time, but we thought it was no use telling you. We knew you would only object. You don't believe in people getting engaged or married, do you?"

Mrs. Landor straightened herself up. The question really should not have been surprising, but she was surprised. It gave her a feeling as though a great current was running swiftly

at her feet and she was powerless to stem it.

"But you did get married yourself once," Doris was saying, "and Ned and I—well, we don't see the use of waiting."

"Wha—at?" exclaimed her grandmother, finding her tongue at last.

"It's no good waiting till the war's over. The war may last for years yet. Kitchener said it would. And Ned and I want to belong to one another before he goes off. It—it isn't very easy," and Doris's lip quivered, "being engaged to a soldier." Doris was not much of a one for showing her feelings, but occasionally she betrayed the fact that she did have feelings to show.

"Will you let us be married here, Gran?" she added.

And now an astonishing thing hap-

pened. Such an astonishing thing, in fact, that if it hadn't really taken place, it could hardly be credited. But old Mrs. Landor actually put her arms around her granddaughter. She was actually trying to comfort her, and actually telling her that she would consent to her marrying Ned, if Ned was what she wanted. But the fact was that Mrs. Landor was a very lonely old woman. She had been lonely all her life, and it was her way of life that had made her lonely. Doris's coming had broken the first crust of her loneliness, and Doris being the girl she was had effected the rest. Anyway, Mrs. Landor had grown to love her incorrigible grand-daughter dearly, and where love is all sorts of miracles are bound to happen. Even such a miracle as the one that has just been related.



OLD ARCHIE

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS



EVERYBODY called him Archie, though he was old and venerable and had another name. Just what his age was, no one knew. Children were warned not to ask him that, for the question had fired him to outbursts of Highland wrath on more than one occasion. Why he should be touchy on this subject, who was so long-enduring and communicative on every other, was a point which the Ottway family could never decide.

His face was long, his eyes were large and blue and mild. He was clean-shaven; but the plentiful, iron-gray hair of his head fell in orderly ringlets to several inches below the collar of his shirt. He walked and stood with a stoop; but even so, his head brushed the drying ears of seed-corn hanging from the ceiling of that old kitchen. When not out and about his work he was always to be found (except in the heat of summer) seated in a low splint-bottomed chair beside the kitchen stove. In this position his knees were almost on a level with his chest, so long were his legs. So he would sit and smoke, and tell stories of his adventurous youth to the children who visited that old farm-house. The very way he cut his tobacco, and rolled it in the palm of one long hand with the heel of the other, smacked of the romance of woods and rivers and old days to the attentive children. Beside his chair stood a three-legged iron pot full of ashes, and upright in the ashes stood a bristle of slender

splinters of dry pine. These he used always for lighting his pipe, touching one to the red draft of the stove, then thrusting it back into the ashes when the tobacco was afire. The seasoned wainscoting behind the stove was covered with the little tin hearts which he had detached, one by one, from the plugs of tobacco he had consumed in that chair. He stuck them there in orderly rows, one by one; and perhaps they were a record of uneventful years to him—or perhaps a record of dreams. The children knew nothing of his dreams.

Whatever Archie's age may have been when the children knew him, he had spent many years in more adventurous spots than the old Ottway farm and in more daring activities than the pursuit of agriculture—and yet he had lived this life of sheltered peace and routine tasks with the Ottway family for twenty years. When he first came to the farm from somewhere up-river he was astonishingly active on his long legs and strong in his long arms, though his hair even then showed gleams of the frost of time or care. The romance of adventure came with him from wilder fields and rougher waters and remained his familiar to the last.

Archie could tell picturesque things even of his quiet life on the Ottway farm. He had worked at haymaking before the days of mowing-machines. He had been the smartest man with a scythe on any farm within ten miles up and down and across the river. The summer mornings used to ring

then with the whetting of the long blades. Archie had always taken the lead on such mornings. With his long legs crooked and spread outward a little at the knees, his long arms swinging and his moccasined feet moving regularly forward with the left always in advance, he had led the attack against the green and purple acres of grass. The other mowers had followed, each in his proper place to the right and in rear of the man ahead of him; and so they had crossed the bright river-meadow in echelon, each in a red shirt, all swinging and advancing to the music of the cutting blades in the lush stems. Archie had known such mornings when a dozen men had moved thus together across the wide, low meadows between the hill-set house and the shining river—swinging and advancing, swinging and advancing, through vetch and clover, timothy and blue-joint, with butterflies winging about them and, every here and there, tall, glowing tiger-lilies swaying and sinking before the swish of the dew-wet blades.

This was a picture to which Archie was always very partial. It lay bright and warm in his mind, and he constantly displayed it to the three children who, for a few happy years, spent their summers on that farm.

One morning, after breakfast, the children found Archie more inclined for action than talk. This was an unusual condition for him in those late days. It was a flawless August morning, clean and bright as spring water. The moment the children appeared in the kitchen, he rose gradually, joint by joint, from his chair. His weather-faded hat was already on his venerable head.

"I'll take ye across to the island to hunt butterflies," he said. "Maybe we'll find a few ye haven't got in yer collection yet; and I know where there's a nest of young bitterns."

That was enough for the three boys. They equipped themselves for the expedition in a minute, each with a but-

terfly net, and Jack, the eldest, with the tin box in which the cotton-wool and tiny, fateful bottle of chloroform were always carried—for these young naturalists despatched all insects (with the exceptions of mosquitoes, black-flies and "bite-um-no-see-ums") by the painless and scientific method of putting them to sleep.

They went down the short slope before the house and across the shorn meadow, passing along a flank of the high grove and still, mysterious waters of the Perdue. Here and there the level surface of the meadow was pitted by hollows in which coarse sedges stood uncut and flakes and slabs of gray drift-wood lay entangled—for all this rich lowland was covered by the overflow of the river for a week or more every spring. Now the great river lay narrowed in its bed, blue of surface and brown of depths in the distant channel, bright as silver where it twisted about flat islands and amber in the shadows.

The outer edge of the meadow was cut off abruptly where swirling floods and grinding ice had gnawed and slashed it. Old willows overhung it in places, with half their roots trailing in the empty air.

Archie and the boys slid down from the grassy lip of the meadow to the dry shingle. Here sand-plums and pennyroyal grew among the pebbles. Far out at the edge of the shingle the dwindled tide of the "thoroughfare" gleamed, and beyond that lay the gray sand, bright sedges and willow-tangled rim of Captain's Island.

While crossing the beach to the log canoe at the water's edge the boys pocketed a number of stones of various sizes and sorts, for a closer examination later. This was a way they had, and on the chance of finding one good crystal of rose quartz or fellspar they would trudge with bulging, sagging pockets all day. They were active in every branch of natural science. Nothing found afield was ignored by them, and they had harvested in their attic at home many

hundreds of natural and frequently commonplace objects ranging from the smallest known water-beetle to the jaw-bone of a horse.

The boys were for wading across to the island, but Archie would not hear of it.

"The bottom ain't to be trusted hereabouts," he said. "This thoroughfare is full of holes."

He pushed the heavy dug-out into the water and herded the boys into her with a sweep of the long pole. He stepped aboard, standing stooped and tall, and shot the canoe slantwise across the current. He looked very old, very thin, yet very much alive, like an old, old child that had been lost in the woods for seventy years amid many exciting but harmless adventures. A breath of wind moved the thick gray curls on his lean shoulders.

The boys looked over the low gunnels into the sunlit water. Here it was so shallow that the hard sand showed every wrinkle, and so bright that the eye could follow the trails of the clams at a glance as if they were traced on a map held in the hand; and here again the sand fell suddenly away and the water turned from a clearness as of air to amber, from amber to a brown dusk where half-seen, half-guessed bulks and slabs of water-logged wood lay fixed forever in hidden slime; and here, as suddenly, the clean sand rose again to within a hand-depth of the bottom of the canoe.

Peter, who was only eight years old, shivered at a fleeting picture of himself wading out and sinking into that dark hole.

It was a short passage. After four or five long thrusts of the pole the nose of the dug-out slid up heavily on the island sand. The boys darted across the shore and scrambled through the wide belt of willows, swamp-maples and vines. Archie followed slowly, stepping high and stooping low in the tangle of brush.

From the brush they issued upon the island meadow with its gray barns

stuffed almost to bursting with the new hay, its grazing steers and young cattle that had been ferried over from the mainland, its scattered mounds of gray driftwood, its clumps of alders and wild raspberries, its tall elms, all ringed about by the tangled wall of green. The climbing sun already set a skim of heat like a colourless tide over the farther levels of the island. It shimmered from afar; but when you drew near it vanished in thin air.

The boys wandered here and there, wide-eyed and alert; but they failed to put up anything in the way of a butterfly that was not already in their collection.

Archie followed them, walking stooped and slow, smoking his pipe. At last he halted beside a tangle of old, stranded timber and tall raspberry canes in the centre of the meadow. He struck his hands smartly together and a big, brownish-yellow bird flew up and away from the thicket with harsh, quacking outcry, trailing long legs. Then he called to the boys, who came running.

"Here's the bittern's nest," he said. "Come along easy, now. I reckon we'll find the youngsters at home, unless they've grown old enough to run."

He entered the thicket, stepping cautiously and parting the raspberry canes before him with his hands. The boys crowded after him.

"The young of the bittern eat fish—and I smell them," said Jack.

"And that's no reason for ye to brag about yer nose," said Archie.

He halted, and the boys peered past him. There in a well amid the stems of the raspberries squatted three ugly fledglings. They did not move. They showed no sign of fear, but only a bright and suspicious curiosity in the unwinking regard of their topaz-yellow eyes. The nest was nothing more than an untidy platform of dead branches, small pieces of driftwood and slime; and about their big feet lay small but high-smelling chub and redfin and young eels. Some of the eels had evidently been very recently

delivered to the young birds, for they still squirmed.

Archie let the smoke from his pipe trail up from his lips to his nose.

"The Injuns eat them—sometimes," he said.

"Let's take one home for a pet," suggested Peter.

"Take all three, and ye'll have one apiece," said Archie. "Ye can build them a nest just like this one in yer ma's parlour."

The boys understood that this was an example of what their elders called "dry humour". They laughed and backed out of the thicket. Archie turned and followed them.

"Hold on there!" he said; and there was an edge to his voice that caused them to halt on the instant and look at him inquiringly. They beheld him standing straight, with the stoop gone out of his lean shoulders, and his gaze fixed upon a point in the open meadow. They followed his gaze and saw a big, black horse with a white star on its forehead. They had not seen this horse before. It stood motionless now, with its head held high and turned toward them.

"I just thought of a new game," said Archie, his gaze still on the distant, staring horse. "Give me those rocks ye have in yer pockets, boys—the biggest of them. That's right! Now we'll take a line for the willows over there—dead for that spot where the two young elms stiek up and all the wild grapes grow so thick. Jack and Bill, each of ye take hold of Peter by a hand and walk right along. I'll follow. And if I say "Go!," then ye run like all get-out—as fast as ye can twitch Peter along—and dive into those willows and vines. I'll be after ye; but if I don't catch ye in among the willows then ye work like Injuns round to the canoe and paddle across the thoroughfare. Then ye win the game—and I lose."

"What are the stones for?" asked Jack.

"Well, that's part of the game," said Archie. "I carry them for a sort

of handicap, because my legs are so darn long. Now move on. I'll answer yer questions afterwards."

The boys were puzzled about the game, but they obeyed Archie's instructions. Hand-in-hand, with Peter the youngest in the middle, they walked toward the tangled rim of the island. Jack glanced back and saw Archie following them slowly with a big stone in each hand and his head turned over his shoulder.

They were half-way between the clump of raspberries and the willows when Archie suddenly cried "Go!" They went—and little Peter of the short legs only touched the ground here and there. As they ran they heard a dull, pounding sound behind them, swiftly loudening. Again Jack looked over his shoulder. He saw Archie walking backwards. He saw the big black horse tearing across the meadow, straight for the old man, with its head low and swinging from side to side.

The boys dived into the tangle of willows and tough vines, rolled over and lost hold of one another. Jack turned, breathless with excitement and fear, and looked back at the sun-washed meadow. He saw the black horse close upon Archie, dashing at him like a mad thing with lowered head and bared teeth. He saw Archie swing his right arm and fling a stone. He saw the horse swerve, stumble and crash to earth.

Next moment Archie was beside him.

"This way, boys," he said. "Follow me."

Not another word was spoken until the canoe grounded its heavy nose on the other side of the thoroughfare.

"That was Bob Smith's stallion," said Archie. "He must have swum across from Savage Island. He is a bad horse, that—a real man-killer."

Then he smiled.

"He set out to kill the wrong men to-day, didn't he?" he said. "Reckoned old Archie had forgotten the use of his arm, I guess."



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

KULTUR HAS PASSED HERE

THE IMPERIAL SPIRIT IN MUSIC

BY HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

NEARLY every writer and speaker on the subject who is not treating of technical matters refers at one time or another to the universal nature of music and the cosmopolitan character of musicians. So common, indeed, is this view that in some circles the musician is generally regarded as belonging to any other country than the one in which he lives, or to no country at all. No class in our own or in other nations is more often frivolously accused of lack of patriotism, and even of preference for foreign rule and manners, though this charge has rarely been brought by any serious person, and has never been substantiated. Some of the greatest patriots have been musicians, professional as well as amateur. They have played their part in the affairs of the country to which they have belonged, and never more than during the present crisis. Few professions have given more freely of their best to the toil of war than that of music, and it was but a few short weeks ago that, to the personal knowledge of the writer, a leading British composer well over military age, declined point blank to accept a commission from a publisher on the ground that he must take his share as a tiller of the soil in raising food to withstand the onslaught of submarines and bad harvests.

But not only have musicians been

patriotic, they have in all ages employed their art as an encouragement to the patriotism of others and as an expression of their own. Especially in conjunction with the words of patriotic poets, but in a less degree as an independent expression, the employment of music in this connection is of ancient, though slow, growth.

As an expression of what we now know as Imperialism it is new, because Imperialism itself, in the present day sense of the term, is itself something new. The worship of an Emperor, and a regard for the lands over which he exercises lordship, are as old as any feeling aroused by political circumstances, and the expression of these by bards and minstrels is well-nigh as old. Later it took place in such works as "The Triumphs of Oriana," that remarkable collection of madrigals written in honour of Queen Elizabeth, in "God Save the King" as originally written, "God save great George our King," in Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz der Kaiser" and other short pieces. We find it also in Purcell's "Fairy Queen" and to a certain extent in Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony", though this last was written in honour of Napoleon Bonaparte the man, as opposed to the Emperor Napoleon. Monarch worship and hero-worship have now given place to the worship of an ideal, an ideal of world-wide Imperial community: patriotism has become Imperialism.

Imperialism, it may be said, is patriotism grown up, and the two bear much the same relation as do manhood and childhood; they are of the same essence, but the former has larger powers, wider duties and greater responsibilities than the latter. There are many who, like Mr. Cecil Forsyth, consider that "outside chronic poverty, there is indeed only one factor which can have any deterrent effect on national musical development, and that is the acquisition of world power." A careful observance of the conditions of the British Empire and of the music practised by the people who constitute that Empire, will, I think, arouse a cordial disagreement with this view. Never has the British nation had greater world-power than to-day, and never has it had a greater musical efflorescence, nor, what is more to the point, a more distinctively national feeling in its music than during the last two decades. World-power, sought and applied for sordid reasons and in a sordid manner, will run parallel with a decadence in music, as we see it to-day in the German Empire. It is not, however, the acquisition of world-power, or the desire for world-power, which in itself is the cause of this decadence, but the sordid spirit which affects both these and the art.

It must be admitted, too, that early settlers in remote and undeveloped lands are rarely men and women who either can or will devote very serious attention to the art of music. Neither are many of them Imperialist, for it is no desire to extend the bounds of the Mother Country's rule that sends them to the lonely wild, but rather a desire to get away from some real or fancied hardship which such rule imposes on them. With the revival of a spirit which unites them to the Mother Country—of an embryonic spirit of Imperialism—however, the spirit of song also frequently returns. The settler who is a settler because he is either an Imperialist or an adventurer generally possesses the spirit of song, possibly in a rudimentary state of development, but rarely of anything but

a natural and spontaneous character.

It is true also that when colonization first began in earnest the music of the English people was worthy to be compared with that of any other people in Europe; while the Irish and the Scottish, who are great colonizers, have each in their own way a natural bent towards self-expression in music. Nevertheless it was not by those who left their native country that the art of music was raised to a high standard. Many of these, by their nature and upbringing were averse from the use of music as a social amenity or as an act of religion; while the majority were of the type that has little desire in this direction. It was from this unpromising soil that the vital art-music which is now flourishing in all parts of the Empire had to spring.

One of the elements in its growth and enrichment was that of race mixture, particularly in Canada, though only in a less degree in Australia and other parts. Race-mixture is frequently productive of a desire for artistic expression and of artistic ability on the part of individuals and of communities, and it has been so in these cases. The character and form of the art are conditioned to no small degree by the surroundings, natural and domestic, of the artist, which accounts for certain differences between the music of different parts of the Empire. The freshness of some of it, even its elementary character (which is elemental as well as elementary) will contribute, if it is not already doing so, to the general character of what may yet be British music as effectively as to-day the music of the Saxon, the Bavarian, the Croat and many others is German music. At least it may be said that it is the union of these two with the older art-music of the Mother Country that will some day or other, how near or how remote the time is we cannot guess, make the music that will then be known as British.

There is, of course, also the danger of taking too narrow a view of what constitutes a national or imperial school of music. It is only a few years

since those who had wider ideas on the subject of music than had the majority were urging upon those who had not observed it that the term "British music" embraced more than the compositions of a few Englishmen. They had to teach their fellows that Scotland and Ireland and Wales had contributed very largely to the world of tonal art, not only by the inspiration they had afforded to Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Wagner, or by the magnificent tradition of folk-music they each possessed, but also by their actual contributions to the higher forms of art. Still more did they appreciate the potentialities of these countries in the higher forms of music, which are now being realized not only in the works of Mackenzie, Parry and Stanford, but in those of many younger men, who, as executants, composers, and critics are taking high places in the polity of the world's music.

To-day conditions of much the same nature exist with regard to the music of the Empire as a whole. The casual observer of musical affairs often regards the fact that a composer or an executant is by birth and training a colonial as something slightly bizarre, which adds a curiosity to his work, but which at the same time stamps it as of little importance. Such an one is not at all surprised to find that a colonial is a fine singer; fresh air and healthy living in the open country—as he usually imagines the whole of the colonies to be—is conducive to the possession of a powerful voice and good lungs. Besides, there is excellent precedent for this, for he knows that his favourite, Nellie Melba, is a Colonial, and he imagines other singers have also come from the same or other parts of the Empire which lie across the sea. He is only a little more surprised when a fine pianist or violinist comes fully equipped, or nearly so, from Melbourne, Sydney, Montreal, or Toronto. If, however, a headline in a newspaper tells him of "A Colonial Composer", he is not patronizingly interested, as in the other cases, but as a rule he is frankly sceptical. He

regards the music of the dependencies much in the same way as he regards other overseas social affairs; except, of course, that music is to his view the least important of these. The Colonials must be allowed, even encouraged, to do their best; but he cannot imagine that they will ever take, much less that they are already taking, a position alongside that of the Mother Country.

It is impossible to blame those who take this attitude, for it is that taken by the authorities in many leading educational establishments. They resent, and often quite rightly, interference with home educational affairs by Colonial institutions; but at the same time they send out their own teachers and examiners to direct the methods of education in the Colonies. These people, it would seem, endeavour to make England play the part of the parent who is jealous of the rapidly approaching manhood and womanhood of his children. It is not an unnatural feeling; neither is it a desirable one.

The expression of the wider spirit of nationalism, of the spirit of Empire, first began to show itself definitely in music more than a hundred years ago, when the songs of the people inspired by the success of Nelson, Rodney and other great sea fighters, were largely pæans of joy at the greatness of our naval power. This has continued, though it has developed and widened and passed through an almost infinite number of variations, up to the present. In the higher forms of art it started tentatively and tenuously in Sullivan's "Imperial Institute Ode" and his "Imperial March". It continued in such works as Parry's "The Glories of our Blood and State", in Mackenzie's "Britannia" Overture, Elgar's "Banner of St. George", his "Imperial March" and his "Crown of India" Suite. Of course, most of these are of a somewhat obvious type of music, and even of sentiment; but it is impossible to avoid this altogether when appealing to a wide public on such a subject. Elgar is one of our

most strikingly Imperial musicians, a true musician of the British Empire, and some of his music of the highest type and of more subtle character is just as much imbued with this spirit as that already mentioned. One may even call his latest work (and possibly one of his greatest) "The Spirit of England" with its three divisions, "The Fourth of August", "For the Fallen" and "To Women", Imperial music, and that of the best and noblest type.

An interesting and somewhat striking use of music in the encouragement of the Empire spirit was that made by Dr. Henry Coward of Sheffield a few years ago when he took a great choir on tour to all the principal cities of the dominions. This was followed shortly afterwards by a similar tour undertaken by the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto under its great Canadian conductor, Dr. A. S. Vogt. It may appear at first sight that these efforts were not, strictly speaking, expressions of the Imperial Spirit in music. In the narrower sense, taking the meaning of music to be only that of the words with which it is allied, this was the case; for the programmes contained few items bearing any reference whatever to Imperial unity, or to cognate subjects. When the object in view is considered, when we consider the methods employed and the ensuing results, we are bound to include such undertakings among the most important and vital expressions of the Imperial Spirit. Music frequently expresses sentiments, and occasionally thoughts, to which the words to which it is set bear no relation. We see this in sailors' chanties, in popular songs of the type of "Tipperary", and in adaptations of such songs as Handel's "Ombra mai fu" (the popular largo) as religious pieces. It is with these, though on a higher plane, that such undertakings must be classed.

But what of the present and the future? What of the character of the music which is influenced by and which influences this spirit? We know that music is influenced by the circum-

stances of its composer, because those circumstances affect the mental and spiritual condition of such composer. And one of the striking features of the life of our British musicians is the display of this spirit of Empire on the part of young and old. It is not the mere taking part in active politics; few of them do this. It is not the composition or performance of music in praise of the Empire or of its rulers; not many of them do this. It is instead a deep feeling that they are part and parcel of the greatest, the purest and the noblest as well as the largest Empire of all time. Many musicians at different times have been proud to be citizens of no mean city! British musicians to-day are proud to be something incomparably greater, though their own individual shares in the communal life may be infinitely smaller. Colonials, like Sir Frederic Cowen and Mr. Percy Grainger, become Englishmen, and Englishmen like Dr. Albert Ham and Mr. Marshall Hall become Colonials; but they are all, before everything else, Britons.

Exactly what effect this is having or will have it is impossible to say. One external effect, and it is one which the war will help considerably, will be, and certainly ought to be, an increased interest in the musical activities of the different parts of the Empire by all who are both Britons and musicians. The encouragement of such activities, and especially the encouragement of creative talent, in the widespread domains, may demand occasional sacrifices of our own aesthetic pleasure. But if it is to lead to a real awakening of a musical sense which shall be one of the binding forces of the Empire, it will be worth while. In aesthetic matters we are all very prone to selfishness; this sacrifice, therefore, will be a very refined and consequently a very difficult form of Imperial patriotism. If we are robbed of aesthetic pleasure by such untoward circumstances as war or personal affliction we yield it heroically. To do so for the less heroic and altogether voluntary reason of helping to create a

great Imperial asset of no tangibility and little market value, and one, moreover, which we ourselves will probably not live to see, is more difficult. It is a sacrifice, however, which will have to be made if we as an Empire are to take the place in artistic matters which we take in matters of commerce, of general education, of civilization itself. The writer quoted earlier has a footnote to one chapter in his book on "Music and Nationalism" which is very suggestive in this respect. "By the mere exhaustion of possibilities", he says, "the time cannot be far off when the Empire will reach a point where there can be no further expansion. Given such a case, where the nation has at once great wealth and the opportunity of peaceful reflection, the musical results should be on a scale of strangeness and immensity hitherto unknown. One must, however, confess that, though it may be possible for the nation to come to such a period of mental contentment as far as its white Empire is concerned, such a state of mind seems fundamentally impossible so long as the anxieties involved in its domination over alien races remain."

True; but the British Empire is rapidly ceasing to be a group of alien peoples under the domination of a central power. The alien races are becoming in every sense brothers in a great family of nations, and we are finding in some of them musicians who are preparing the way for a complete brotherhood in music as in citizenship. Some of them are, doubtless, in their own way well-nigh our equals in musical matters; but their way is not yet ours, nor is our way theirs. Whether the study we may make of Eastern music, or of that of Africa or the natives of America, will help this forward may be a matter of discussion. There are not wanting those who agree with the present writer in thinking it will do so. The Imperial spirit has certainly given rise to a degree of study of such subjects among enthusiastic and happily situated amateurs. It remains for the profession to take

up the study in a sympathetic as well as a scientific attitude, and discover whether the gulf between the different styles of music cannot be bridged.

Orientalism of a kind is not new in music, though it has up till recently been of an *ad captandum*, if not of a spurious, character. The fuller appreciation of the character of both the people and their music which has been arrived at in more recent years, however, has brought us nearer than ever before in our sympathies and our modes of artistic expression. For technical reasons the study of oriental music is now encouraged by the more advanced and enterprising professors, and there is no reason why the particular Oriental music studied should not be that of our own Empire. The races which in the foregoing quotation are designated "alien" are doing their part in the way they are taking up European and Western music. There will be little to wonder at should there, ere long, appear another Coleridge Taylor who will again prove that musical genius, even as we understand it in our narrow application, is not confined to white men.

But even with regard to our "white Empire" we know all too little of what is going on, and take it too much for granted that England, and even London, is the only centre really worthy of serious consideration. Only recently a letter was published in that vivacious little French-Canadian musical journal, *Le Canada Musical*, pointing this out and mentioning the names of quite a large number of Canadian composers. Possibly these composers are one and all mediocrities; or they may all be men of high talent and strong individuality. Whichever they are, however, they are unknown not only in remote parts of the Empire, but in most quarters in Canada. Without going into the question of the merits of individual cases it may be said that until British musicians the world over show more regard for their fellows within the Empire there will not be the musical advance which there ought to be.

In matters of musical education things are somewhat better than the actual condition of music generally. In some parts of Greater Britain they are approaching maturity very rapidly, the methods of teaching being of the best and most up-to-date, as the most modern ideas are being thoroughly tested, and, if found to be good, being freely adopted. Their teachers are not only enthusiasts, but are equally able and well-equipped, some being natives of the provinces in which they are engaged, others being Europeans or Americans of high standing. For all ordinary purposes the musical education obtainable in such places as those named is second only to that obtainable in London, Paris, Naples, Petrograd and the great German conservatoires.

It is not in educational matters alone, however, that the Colonies have progressed and developed with rapidity, and at the same time with solidity. Both choral and orchestral music in some of the great colonial centres are in a better condition than in similar centres in the Mother Country.

It would be untrue as well as unfair to Britons both at home and beyond the seas, however, to suggest that the conditions obtaining generally with regard to the art of music are as good in the Colonies as in England. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and other parts of the Empire, are still, so far as the larger portions of them are concerned, colonies in the narrower sense of the word. Their resources are employed chiefly in matters which neither demand nor encourage the practice of the Fine Arts. Even those centres which have developed the artistic sides of their life to a high degree have done so only in recent years. Though the leaders in such centres have the advantages of youth (not necessarily as individuals, of course, but as communities) and generally of clear thinking combined with strong sensitiveness, they have not the advantage of any long tradition in these matters. They have to

depend, too, to a certain extent upon professors and teachers, and even upon leaders, from other countries; from England, France, Italy, Russia and Germany. Toronto is an excellent example of this, with its choral singing developed to compare favourably with that of Sheffield, Birmingham, or Vienna, and its several excellent teaching institutions. One of its leading conductors is a native of Ontario, another is an Englishman who settled in the city twenty years ago, while a third has only just arrived by invitation from England. Of teachers some of the most successful are a family born in Russia who some time ago started a proprietary concern which has developed into a considerable conservatoire.

Too much emphasis must not be laid on the fact of the dependence of Colonial centres upon outside leading, however. In every active centre of artistic life there is a large degree of this, and if in England there are natives such as Stanford, Parry, Bantock and Bridge as leaders, there are also foreigners and men of foreign extraction like Brodsky, Richter, Matt-hay and Safonoff. What is of importance is that these places have a sufficiently strong musical life to attract those whom nature and circumstances have endowed with qualities of leadership. Such men will not readily settle in places arid of talent or taste in those subjects in which they themselves excel, so that their presence is a sure indication of at least good ground to work upon.

Questions of the future development in any direction of the art of music must always be difficult to answer, and most of all is it difficult, nay impossible, to answer such a question as that of the development of an Imperial music in the way many of us would wish. With the work that is being done, however, and that which happier times will enable to be done, even greater marvels than the unification, as well as the extension, from within, of our Imperial music will be achieved.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



RS. ISABELLE EC-CLESTONE MACKAY contributes this "write-up" of herself and her work:

As this is to be an article about us, we will begin by saying that this photograph is taken under our own (rented) vine and cherry-tree. It is a beautiful tree, and last spring it grew six beautiful cherries. It grew them on the tip of the top-most branch, so that all that we had to do in order to look at them was to go upstairs to the attic. Often we sat there looking at them, not doing a thing! But this was not until we had exhausted the possibilities of the extension wall-mop and patent chimney-cleaner. Looking at them proved very instructive. We felt that never again would we wonder where the robin got his red breast. We knew!

We are writing this article because if we do not someone else may. And you know what someone else is! Someone else might say: "In this delightful picture we see our subject stealing a much-needed rest in her charming garden". This is pleasant, but is it true? No. The only thing stolen in this picture is the hat, and that belongs to the family. (It was really quite the latest thing when the photo-

graph was taken). As to a rest, anyone who has ever had a snapshot taken by a member of the family, with the remaining members looking on, will know how restful that is. True, within the radius of the camera all is peace. Such disturbing elements as there may be (three kiddies, of assorted ages, two dogs, four cats, the one-who-can-tell-you-how - to - take-a-photograph, and the bread-man shouting "Tickets, please!" have been kept out. But it is the task of keeping them out that has imparted that strained look to the eye.

Someone else might also say: "It will be seen from the book, carelessly clasped in the right hand, that our subject has been engaged in her favourite pastime of poetry study". That sounds splendid. Perhaps we had better let it go at that. You may believe it if you like. To make it still more impressive, we might add that the book is possibly a volume of Maeterlinck. He wrote poetry, didn't he?

Tearing itself away from the photograph, the article probably would proceed: "Our subject's literary career began at the age of — and has continued, more or less, for years". [The trouble here is that someone else would insert figures in those black



MRS. ISABELLE ECCLESTONE MACKAY

spaces—and almost anyone can do arithmetic nowadays.] “She has written two novels. The first one was known by the name of ‘The House of Windows’.” [Now, this is true. That *was* the name of it. But whenever any friend wishes to be extra polite she will say, “Dear Lady, I have just read your delightful book—er—something about a million windows, wasn’t it, or doorsteps, or something? Dear me! My poor memory!”]. “Her second book was ‘Up the Hill and Over’.” [This is also true, but we are quite as accustomed to it under the names our friends give it, such as “Over the Hill and Under”, “The Other Side of the Hill” and “Over the Fence is Out”]. This book came out about the same time as “Changing Winds” and several other good books. [This is true].

Our subject also writes verse. There was a book of it once which is now so rare as to be almost unobtainable.” [Quite, we have all the edition safely locked up in the attic]. “Some day there is going to be another book of verse (when the publishers get rich), and in the meantime we are given to understand, very privately, that a book of children’s verse is in preparation for Christmas. Children’s verse sells well. Think of Stevenson and Riley and Field! Yes, do think of them, think *hard*. There is much virtue in the psychology of suggestion. Now that’s about all. We have got through very nicely without revealing either our age or our weight or our favourite pastime or our fondness for moving-pictures and “Hearts and Faces”.

THE VISION OF THE BLIND

AN endeavour to compress into an article of this length, the story of Sir Frederick Fraser and his inestimable service to the Dominion of Canada, would be so futile as to savour of impertinence. The barest outline of his work in the past and the merest mention of his hopes for the future is all that can be attempted.

Sir Frederick's name at once suggests the Halifax School for the Blind, and when the history of Canada's progress for the last fifty years is written, the record of this institution will stand second to none as a sociological and patriotic achievement.

Men have been considered great for founding seats of learning; for endowing them; for presiding over them and moulding the minds of the young. Sir Frederick Fraser has virtually done all three! If he did not actually donate the money with which the school was started, it was due to him that the struggling institution did not collapse. If he did not actually present funds with which to carry it on, he presented to it his indomitable will and energy, without which money would have failed; and as for presiding—save for a few months at the very beginning, the School for the Blind has known no guiding hand other than his.

Charles Frederick Fraser was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, on January 4th, 1850, one of fifteen children. His father, Dr. Benjamin Fraser, was "the beloved doctor" of the country-side; his mother, a woman of great executive ability and a strict disciplinarian. At the age of four the little Frederick accompanied the older children to school and soon learned to read from a small Testament he had purchased for four-pence, out of his own pocket-money. Three years later an accident robbed him of the sight of one eye, and although everything possible was done to save his sight, by the time he was sixteen the boy was totally blind.

The next six years of his life were spent at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, and coincident with his graduation, he found a movement on foot in his native Province to start a similar school in Halifax. Mr. William Murdoch, a retired Halifax merchant, had left £5,000 for this purpose, and in 1871 this sum having been generously supplemented, the school was erected and opened. It was designed to accommodate thirty pupils, but only four were enrolled.

The young graduate of twenty-two, recently returned from Boston, did not immediately accept the invitation to take charge of the institution; he felt strongly drawn to the business world, but soon his sympathies for the blind became even stronger, especially when he realized that his commercial ability would be by no means allowed to rust from disuse, that the keenest business instinct would be required to finance and maintain the institution. He therefore began to think out schemes by which the public of Nova Scotia might understand the needs not only of the school itself, but of those who might become its beneficiaries.

All this is set forth in a remarkable letter addressed to the trustees, in which Dr. Fraser offered himself as a superintendent without salary until the financial position of the school should be improved. He advocated applying to the legislative bodies of the Maritime Provinces for a per capita sum in order that all blind persons within the Province might be assured of instruction in the event of their being unable to meet the price of tuition. He proved that such a Provincial grant was an economic measure, as well as being grandly humane; economic, because most blind people begged for a living or dwelt in poor-houses, so that if \$200 per capita per annum for seven years were spent in making them self-supporting, the Treasury would be advantaged, whereas the opposite would apply under the old system of spending eighty



SIR FREDERICK FRASER

dollars per capita per annum for life in the up-keep of poor-houses and similar institutions.

In 1873 Dr. Fraser took complete charge of the school, fighting for it with every breath he drew. He fought against the restrictions placed upon the courses of instruction; he fought against the public idea that it was an asylum for the afflicted when it should have been regarded as a school for a particular kind of student; he fought against senseless rules which impose a suggestion of helplessness and dependency upon the pupils, and he waged a hard battle against a lack of funds. In order to augment the latter, through public interest and sympathy, Dr. Fraser took on the mantle of a theatrical manager and travelled

from place to place with his "troupe" of children, who demonstrated what instruction could do for the blind. In 1881 Dr. Fraser inaugurated a different kind of campaign—he bought a horse and wagon, covered 1,100 miles and delivered forty-five lectures in as many consecutive nights, with the result that he gathered sufficient support to go, finally, to the Legislature armed with resolutions. These became an Act giving free education to the blind!

It would be interesting to quote just here his quaint remarks, untinged with bitterness, in which he proves that it is less difficult to educate a blind child than a seeing legislator; to describe the quiet, commanding, forceful, convincing personality of Sir Frederick, but he, himself, would prefer a passing over these things, and so we come to a third great campaign. This is his earnest desire to establish an endowment fund for the blind—for those who have to be taught in their homes, for the publication and circulation of books which the blind can read, for preventing blindness, and assisting those who have made a start.

Mrs. Charles Archibald, a personal friend of Sir Frederick, has truly said: "In the subtle process by which afflictions bravely accepted are transmuted into blessings, that very blindness which threatened at one time to limit his opportunities, has been converted into a source of benefit to hundreds of his fellow men and women. Such a man as this belongs not to one Province, nor to one city, but to the whole nation at large, and should be accorded an honoured place in the roll-call of those illustrious men who have been aptly termed, 'the builders of Canada!'"

MADGE MACBETH.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE CHURCH AND THE MAN

By DONALD HANKEY. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



SOPHISTICATED lady said the other day when the editorials which a certain newspaper offers from time to time on religion came up for a moment's comment, "Yes, aren't they so—sweet and provincial? One feels they have the flavour of the Middle Ages". The comment was not meant to be unkindly. Clever visitors to our country smile at the seriousness with which many Canadians seem to take the church. "And you seem actually to make prohibition a religious, instead of an economic question. It's funny," said one. Another said, "I notice that mechanics and labourers and business men still go to church in Canada."

The fact remains. Whatever may have happened to the church in Europe during the last fifty years, the church is still a factor in Canadian life, accepting the devotions of large numbers of men and women. To quite a fifth of our Protestant population the church is a sort of fetish, infallible and sacrosanct. To at least a half of us it is an accepted and more or less respected institution. Not more than one-third of us would call it obsolete.

It is still the fashion for wealthy middle-class families in our cities to go at least once a Sunday to an accustomed pew for public worship. And our artisan class is not as yet by

any means wholly alienated from the church's precincts.

But through our long summers the automobile is getting in its work. The scarcity of fuel and inclement weather of this winter will teach many to believe it is easy to omit a Sunday observance which has always been a bit of a bore. And also we are developing in Canada something of that alert hard spirit which, instead of neglecting the church's services as duties more or less guiltily evaded, makes a religion out of antagonism to the church and all her offices. The church must certainly learn to number herself to-day among those institutions and phases of our national life, like our educational system, our literature, our industrial methods and organization, which stand subservient to the hour of change. She is like to be recast or repudiated. Her insipid prayer-meetings and droned services and innocent sermons are about to be overtaken by their Nemesis; the earnestness of large numbers of her clergy and the devotion of large sections of her membership stands to face severe question as to the validity and sufficiency of its objective.

For, to the observant eye, it must be an admitted truth that "the church", as far as Protestantism goes at least, despite the outward flourishes of Union movements and missionary enterprise, is not holding a dominating place in Canadian life. Increasingly it is true that the professional classes of our society in town and city have less and less vital connection with the church. In our cities,

among the people who are in "big business", or are literary or artistic or professional, the evening dinner on Sunday is being substituted for the evening service of public worship. The "church" is being left more and more to the care of those classes in our society who are becoming less and less satisfied with her pretensions. At present she does not hold within her doors either the richest or the poorest: and the middle-class folk are rather obviously going out.

This constitutes the "problem of the church" for all the interested in the situation. Literature is accumulating. There are those who argue for more theology, those who shout for less, those who want a "social" Gospel, those who plead for a "spiritual", those who contend frankly that the church as a vehicle of religion is obsolete, those who believe with conviction that she can never die.

Of this last, apparently, is the author of this interesting book, Lieutenant Donald Hankey, who is best known to us for his "A Student in Arms", and who gave up a bright life in France and here enters the group of those who argue about the "problem of the church". He reveals himself as a rather ardent churchman. Every now and then there is revealed on his pages that serene and final attitude which, because it is so ultimate and unquestioning, frequently makes the "C. of E." faith the admiration and the despair of those outside its communion. There is something very beautiful and at the same time slightly pathetic about Hankey's enthusiastic description of certain men's and boys' organizations of a (to the church) radical kind which finally (to the church) managed to justify themselves. There is in his citation of the incident and the manner of it, all the lovely naïveté of the confessed believer, mingled with the struggling ardours of the emerging iconoclast. This, one imagines, is just the state in which many Canadians find themselves today on the question of "the church

problem". Many are desperately trying to do things that they think will justify the church, thus confessing the desperateness of their misgivings. Hankey catalogues the shortcomings of the church with vigour and insight. But he still clings to the church as a religious vehicle, indeed as *the* religious vehicle of the Christian religion. The failure of the church, one cannot interpret him otherwise in this book, though his "A Student in Arms" might be taken to suggest a different conclusion, would mean the failure of Christianity. There are many to question this conclusion. There are many to urge that the church, since the time of Constantine, has not manifested the vital genius of Christianity, that all her so-called progress has been a missing of the way, that she has not given the Kingdom of God to men as Christ would have given it. On the other hand, of course, there are those who will contend that the church and her sacraments is religion, that without her and these, her offices, men and women lapse into "materialism" and death, that the measure of zeal for the church is the measure of zeal for Christ.

Hankey makes a contention that has become somewhat hackneyed in our ears of late. He contends for a "shortened Bible", less of controversy and organization, "fewer long kords, less philosophy, less mystery, more simple statement of vital and practical truth". He says on a certain page: "The Gospel in its practical bearings is simple enough."

For many minds statements and contentions like these will not settle "the problem of the church", but will rather serve only to indicate its acute aspects. Which may be regarded as progress of an acceptable kind.

It may be possible that "the church problem" of to-day is simply symptomatic of more or less of a crisis in our religious life. If so, any discussion of "the church problem" should be but as the by-product of the larger process of analysis and discovery

which must go forward, which will go forward whether we will or not, in the religious life of our generation. This being the case, it will matter little whether a man be churchman or dissenter; and the theology of a church denomination will be beside the point, as the literature of a religion will be beside the point if either is urged as solely sufficient or all exclusive. Churchmen and dissenters, denominations and sacred literatures, are all of them essentially by-products, phenomena produced and tossed up into visibility as the great quest goes on upon the earth. If we think in this way we shall be able to undertake without panic that eternal inevitable reconstruction of institutions and traditions which seems the natural method of man's progress.

Donald Hankey's little book is the book of a churchman, but a churchman with such a sincere approach and such a winning serious clarity that lovers of contributions to the problem will prize it. It is sold in Canada for sixty cents.

*

THE TREE OF HEAVEN

By MAY SINCLAIR. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

ARE other people's children really as delightful as the children of Francis and Anthony Harrison? Our own children are, of course, but it surprises us and does us good to realize that, outside our own family, there may exist Michael and Nicky and Dorothea and John. Also the attitude of Francis Harrison to her flock of four makes us wonder if women have not forgotten a little how perfectly adorable children are? Haven't we been hearing a lot about responsibility lately and not so much about joy? Miss Sinclair's book almost inclines us to shift the emphasis.

This is in the first part of the story—the part where Francis and Anthony sit out under their tree of heaven (which Anthony always de-

clared was only an ash) and watch their three sons and one daughter growing up to fill their happy world. Later on, they find that sons and daughters have worlds of their own, worlds into which fathers and mothers cannot follow them. We see Michael and Nickie and Dorothea and John each growing into a separate world, a world created by the separate soul of each, and bound together by little save love and tolerance. Only after much turmoil do they evolve these worlds. At first it seems that the great swirl of pushing, sweating, restlessly striving humanity will drag them all under. Dorothea almost disappears in the vortex of the suffrage. Michael almost loses his soul through a frantic effort to save it. Nickie, who "doesn't care, but just goes on", is the safest of any of them, yet even he is in danger through the generous chivalries of his own nature.

Then comes the war. Miss Sinclair's study of the varying effects of the outbreak of war upon these varying natures is certainly a wonderfully fine thing. It will rank with "Mr. Britling", if not even higher than he. It is honest, sincere and unstrained. We are not just told things—we are made to understand them. We know why Nickie leapt to the war, why Michael shrank from it, and why John took it all in his stride. We know why Dorothea, who sacrificed her lover upon the altar of woman's freedom, now sacrifices her love upon the altar of freedom for all mankind. We see how Francis and Anthony, who had not thought that they loved England at all, now find that they love her better than anything. We see them draw together in their emptying world.

Miss Sinclair is a lover of plain speech, so that anyone who believes that plain speech about certain facts of life should not be offered to young people will probably not pass this book along to their families. But we are growing out of that kind of prudery. Our need now is to discriminate

between speech which is free and clean and speech which is free and nasty. Miss Sinclair's freedom is of the clean kind.

Altogether "The Tree of Heaven" is a seriously fine book, a book with a soul, a book not unworthy of its importance as an exponent of the tremendous experience through which the war-scared world is passing.

*

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

BY RHETA CHILDE DORR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE writer of this entertaining chapter in troubled Russia's recent history reached that country shortly after the first revolution, when the Czar was compelled to abdicate, and remained for several months. Her account has been gleaned mainly from witnesses near the centre of things, and supplemented by her own experiences, it throws much light on happenings in topsy-turvy land. That Mrs. Dorr has lost some of her illusions is evident by her statement that she went to Russia "a Socialist by conviction, an ardent sympathizer with revolution", and that she returned "with the very clear conviction that the world will have to wait awhile before it can establish any co-operative milleniums, or before it can safely hand over the work of government to the man in the street".

*

THE SPELL OF CHINA

BY ARCHIE BELL. Boston: The Page Company.

FOR a decidedly fresh, chatty and informative travel book we commend this narrative of a tour in China. The author has a candid personal style of his own, and, seeing much, he gives his own impressions in sprightly style. Answering in his preface a question felt by many, How

much does a trip to China cost, he says, "\$1,500 to \$2,000 for five months". In other words, the tourist spends there about what he would spend in the United States.

There are many curious customs and scenes in China, and these are described in language not clouded by historical detail nor unfamiliar allusions. We have, for example, the chapter on "The Widows of Ah Cum", a delightful glimpse of Chinese domestic life. There are chapters on Shanghai, "The Paris of the Far East", on "Canton, the Incredible", on Tientsin—"An Oriental Berlin", and other equally fascinating topics.

*

SIX WOMEN AND THE INVASION

BY GABRIELLE and MARGUERITE YERTA. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is an account of life in the provinces of France that are occupied by the Germans, especially around Laon. It deals with the German occupation and the treatment that the civilian population there has received from the invading horde. Atrocities, brutalities and insults are related, but conditions do not appear to have been so bad as they were farther south, where the worst barbarities were suffered. There is an interesting introduction by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

*

TOMMY AND THE MAID OF ATHENS

BY JOSEPH HOCKING. Toronto: Hoder and Stoughton.

THIS prolific author of war-time fiction and characterization has a genius for depicting Tommy Atkins as he is when off duty, and one would suppose that that is as he really is or at least should be. His "Tommy" has had a tremendous sale, and this sequel, which is full of humour and incident, should be equally successful.

POEMS

BY CARROLL AIKINS. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

THE poetry of Carroll Aikins is not unknown to readers of this magazine, wherein some of it has appeared from time to time during the last few years. For that reason we shall not do more than announce the publication of the volume and quote from its contents:

GRAY SISTERS

She stood upon her life's tumultuous brink,
And all the happy seasons ran to meet
Her girlhood, and to gather at her feet
The flowers of youth, the blossoms white
and pink.

All deeds were hers, all thoughts, to do and
think,
All the unfashioned, all the endless sweet
Of love and life—these wove about her
feet
Their chain of years untarnished, link on
link.

And as she stood, still hesitant, a child
Unventured, unrevealed, the stainless vow
Of youth upon her young lips undefiled,
From the great outer emptiness there sped
Three passionless gray sisters of the dead
That kissed her on the eyes and lips and
brow.

*

MARCHING MEN

BY HELENA COLEMAN. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

CREDIT is due to the publishers for bringing out this volume of war-time verse by an author who though most favourably known as a poet in Canada is known abroad only to the discerning few. Among poets in Canada Miss Coleman has a place similar to the place of Alice Meynell in England. Her verse always is refined, lofty and of a fine, melodious quality. We quote "Oh, Not When April Wakes the Daffodils":

Oh, not when April wakes the daffodils,
And bob-o-links o'er misty meadows ring
Their fluted bells, and orchards fleeced with
spring,
Go climbing up to crown the radiant hills;
Not when the budding balm-o'-gilead spills
Its spices on the air, and lilacs bring
Old dreams to mind, and every living thing
The brimming cup with fresh enchantment
fills.

Oh, bring not then the dread report of
death—

Of eyes to loveliness, forever sealed,
Of youth that perished as a passing breath,
Of hearts laid waste and agonies untold,
Where here in every sweet Canadian field
Are heaped such treasuries of green and
gold!

*

TO THE CANADIAN MOTHERS

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT. Ottawa: Printed privately for the benefit of the Prisoners of War Fund.

THE poem which gives title to this volume is one of a collection of four which the author has devoted to a worthy purpose. All Mr. Scott's poetry possesses melody, rhythm, a beautiful conception, and much of it reveals a fine philosophical outlook: Why mourn the dead, that are the world's possession?

These, our immortals—shall we give them
up
To the complaint of private loss and dole?

We quote two of the three stanzas of "To a Canadian Aviator Who Died for His Country in France":

Tossed like a falcon from the hunter's
wrist,
A sweeping plunge, a sudden shattering
noise,

And thou hast dared, with a long spiral
twist,

The elastic stairway to the rising sun.
Peril below thee, and above, peril
Within thy car; but peril cannot daunt
Thy peerless heart: gathering wing and
poise,

Thy plane transfigured, and thy motor-
chant

Subdued to a whisper—then a silence—
And thou art but a disembodied venture
In the void.

But Death, who has learned to fly,
Still matchless when his work is to be done,
Met thee between the armies and the sun;
Thy speck of shadow faltered in the sky;
Then thy dead engine and thy broken
wings

Drooped through the arc and passed in fire,
A wreath of smoke—a breathless exhalation.

But ere that came a vision sealed thine
eyes,

Lulling thy senses with oblivion:
And from its sliding station in the skies
Thy dauntless soul upward in circles soared
To the sublime and purest radiance whence
it sprang.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

THE HAPPY ENDING

There is no more characteristic expression of American tastes than the bits of fiction which are found in many American newspapers. The first pages are full of unpleasant accidents, divorces, scandals, bank failures, crimes, abnormalities of every kind. They are facts, rather unpleasant facts, most of them. The editorial pages are full of scoldings and complaints and calls to duty. But somewhere tucked away in the back pages is fiction. It is always the same kind. Not a note of pessimism creeps in. There are trials, but there is poetic justice, quite different from the first-page kind. Virtue and industry are always triumphant after hardship and misunderstanding. The story takes the curse off the facts. Even a newspaper has to have a happy ending.—*Chicago Tribune.*

*

There had been a special preacher at the village kirk, and he had delivered a powerful sermon on behalf of a charity. As the congregation dispersed two old farmers walked off home, side by side, says *Answers*. "Weel, weel," said one slowly, "it was a graun' discourse—a graun' discourse!" "Ay, was it!" replied the other sadly. "He's a fine preacher! Mon, he's got a' the silver Ah hed in ma pocket! It's terrible expensive tae gang tae hear a preacher like thon." "Deed, an' a', it is!" agreed the first old farmer. "Git Ah've herd him afore. So or e'er I set oot this morn for the kirk, Ah took a' the money oot o' ma Sunday breeks!"

GREATLY INCENSED

A gentleman, rushing from his dining-room into the hall and sniffing disgustedly, demanded of Jeames, the footman, whence arose the outrageous odour that was pervading the whole house. To which Jeames replied:

"You see, sir, to-day's a saint's day, and the butler, 'e's 'igh church, and is burning hincense, and the cook, she's low church, and is burning brown paper to hobviate the hincense."

*

WHAT WAS SHE IN FOR?

A certain society lady who, delighted with a purchase of flowers which she had made, promised the florist that she would come the following Wednesday and buy five dollars' worth of flowers because, she explained, her daughter was coming out on that day.

"Oh, bless 'er," said the old lady in attendance. "She shall 'ave the very best bookay that money can buy. Might I ask what she was in for?"

*

AN IRISH RABBIT

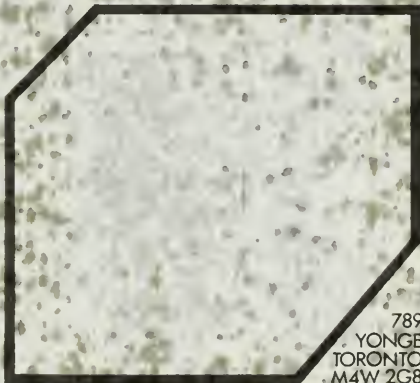
Pat and Dan went out shooting one day with one gun between them. Pat had the gun, but it was not loaded, and they started a rabbit rather suddenly.

Pat put the gun to his shoulder, when Dan cried out:

"Hould on, Pat. The gun is not loaded."

"Och," said Pat, "hold your tongue, man. Shure the rabbit don't know that."

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